

READ "That Flair for Being Glamorous"

Silver Screen

OCTOBER



10¢
IN CANADA
15 CENTS



Loretta Young

JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE

"Cleans better...costs less
...that's why I like it!"



**These advantages alone account
for the tremendous popularity
of Listerine Tooth Paste**

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

Solely because of the results it brings, millions of persons have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice with the fresh, cool flavor.

Listerine Tooth Paste does brighten teeth surprisingly. Improvement is noticeable after only a few days' use. Film and discoloring stains disappear quickly. The polishing agent is extremely gentle yet positive in action. Gritty tooth pastes have no place in today's dental care. If you are using one, try this better way.

You will be quick to notice the high lustre which Listerine Tooth Paste brings to your teeth and how much better your gums look and feel. How delightfully clean and refreshed your mouth is—just as you'd expect from a Listerine product.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more! LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

REGULAR SIZE TUBE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture



TRIBUTE PAID AT DRESSLER BURIAL RITES

By Marjorie Driscoll

WHERE the friendly sunshine through a golden window laid its infinite benediction on marble and bronze, they placed yesterday the tired body that Marie Dressler's gallant soul had left behind.

There will be sunshine in the corner of the Forest Lawn Mausoleum where she rests, and the peaceful coolness of gathering dusk. There will be sun and shadow on the grass and the flowers outside, and the song of birds and the hurrying silver feet of the rain.

Quietly, tenderly they said good-bye to her yesterday, a hundred men and women who lost a beloved friend when Marie Dressler died, in Santa Barbara last Saturday, but whose tears were hushed because rest and peace had come to her at last.

Flowers filled the Wee Kirk o' the Heather; flowers were massed on the lawn outside. And afterwards, the flowers, load after load of them, were taken to the infantile paralysis wards of the General Hospital where, during her last illness, Marie Dressler sent her own motion picture projector so little sick children might forget their troubles.

The organ music was only a breath at first in the hushed coolness of the blossom-fragrant church, as Catherine Lewis played for the last time for her friend.

"Going home—going home—I'm just going home."

A great white cross of flowers looked down as six men, who were Marie Dressler's friends, brought the casket of dull bronze slowly up the aisle; Clarence Brown, Jack Conway, Mervyn LeRoy and Charles Reisner, who had been her directors; William K. Howard and W. S. Van Dyke.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," intoned the Rev. Neal Dodd, and softly through his voice came the organ tones:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee."
They placed the casket among the flowers. It was very still in the little church. Outside, a bird began to sing.

The organ music rose again, and unseen, Jeanette MacDonald sang:

"For I shall see Him face to face,
And be with those I love once more."

Stately and comforting were the old words the minister spoke:

"The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

It had been such a long, brave struggle, before she had whispered: "I made a good fight, didn't I?"—and closed her eyes for the last time.

And then the farewell:
"The Lord bless and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you. The Lord give you peace."

Only those nearest and dearest were there when the crypt received Marie Dressler's body and the last benediction was spoken. The others had gone out through the great gates where the crowd still lingered.

Reprinted by permission from The Los Angeles Examiner

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER 1934

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER TWELVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

	PAGE
TRIBUTE PAID AT MARIE DRESSLER BURIAL RITES.....	
..... MARJORIE DRISCOLL	4
WITH MRS. WIGGS IN THE CABBAGE PATCH.....	14
..... PATRICIA KEATS	
..... <i>You Will Laugh Through Tears at This Picture</i>	
THAT FLAIR FOR BEING GLAMOROUS.....	16
..... ELIZABETH WILSON	
..... <i>Is It a Gift, or Can Anyone Get In on It?</i>	
DAYS THAT LEFT THEIR MARK!.....	18
..... MURIEL BABCOCK	
..... <i>Actual Experiences Mould and Change the Stars</i>	
"HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS SPELT GOOD LUCK FOR ME".....	
..... JEANETTE MACDONALD	21
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE IN HOLLYWOOD.....	22
..... JULIA GWIN	
..... <i>Many Picturesque Characters Gather in the Movie Capitol</i>	
THEY SHOULD HAVE THE BIGGEST SWELLED HEADS.....	24
..... BEN MADDOX	
..... <i>How Can a Star Keep from Being Conceited?</i>	
A GENTLEMAN OF HOLLYWOOD.....	26
..... GERTRUDE HILL	
..... <i>Henry B. Walthall, the Typical Movie Veteran</i>	
ISABEL ON HER OWN.....	27
..... LENORE SAMUELS	
..... <i>She Is Hollywood's Ninety Pound Jewel</i>	
STUDIO NEWS.....	28
..... S. R. MOOK	
..... <i>Pictures to Look Forward to</i>	
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL FOR 1934.....	47
..... <i>Vote for the Most Popular Man in the Movies</i>	
CARRILLO THE "GRINGO".....	48
..... HELEN FAY LUDLAM	
..... <i>Leo Carrillo Pretends to Be a Foreigner</i>	
"I HAVE GROWN UP" SAYS LORETTA YOUNG.....	
..... HELEN LOUISE WALKER	49
..... <i>To Love is to Change a Little</i>	

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.....	6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	8
LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE STARS.....	10
..... <i>Fan Mail Department</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	13
REVIEWS OF NEW PICTURES.....	50
..... <i>Compliments and Criticisms Without Fear or Favor</i>	
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT.....	54
..... <i>Kay Francis Selected This Dress</i>	
LOVELY HAIR—LOVELY GIRL.....	58
..... MARY LEE	
..... <i>New Ideas in Hair Dressing</i>	
"STARS MUST EAT".....	62
..... RUTH CORBIN	
..... <i>Desserts That Tempt the Beauties</i>	
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	74
..... CHARLOTTE HERBERT	
THE FINAL FLING.....	74
..... ELIOT KEEN	

ART SECTION—THE HOLLYWOOD HARVEST

ANNA STEN AND FREDRIC MARCH.....	31
MYRNA LOY, NOW OCCIDENTAL.....	32
FRANCIS LEDERER, PROMISING.....	33
"FASHIONS FROM EUROPE".....	34-35
..... <i>The Latest Parisian Creations Posed by English Stars</i>	
"GOING RURAL".....	36-37
..... <i>Actors on Location</i>	
THE GREATEST TEAMS OF THE SCREEN.....	38-39
..... <i>Team No. 1—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler</i>	
"COME TO MY ARMS".....	40-41
..... <i>Fame Comes to Lovers</i>	
PICTURE GIRLS ARE ALWAYS DANCING.....	42-43
..... <i>Rhythmic Exercise Brings Beauty</i>	
HOLLYWOOD INTERIORS.....	44
..... <i>Home Scenes of Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery</i>	
MARGARET SULLAVAN, REPEATS HER SUCCESS.....	46

COVER PORTRAIT OF LORETTA YOUNG

BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1934.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



Norma Shearer won
this award for "Smilin'
Through", Fredric
March for "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde" . . .
Chas. Laughton for
"Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE



NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

in *The* BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by Rudolph Besier
Directed by Sidney Franklin

REVIEWS

IN A FEW
WELL CHOSEN
WORDS

Let This Page Guarantee You
Many Pleasant Movie Evenings.

AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fine. A sophisticated comedy of the Renaissance—with Fred March as Cellini, celebrated artist and lover, Frank Morgan the skittish Duke of Florence & Connie Bennett his clever Duchess.

***BABY TAKE A BOW**—Fine. Just the fact that Shirley Temple is in this picture should make you want to see it. She's an adorable youngster, and makes quite a farce out of this "who's got the necklace" mystery. (James Dunn).

***BLOSSOM TIME**—Excellent. The tender romance of the composer Schubert's life brought to the screen by the British in a fashion that is highly commendable. Charming Viennese atmosphere, beautiful melodies.

***CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE**—Good. A film made from one of the most exciting of the Earl Derr Biggers' yarns, with Warner Oland again cast as the suave Charlie Chan who is always mouthing epigrams.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS—Fair. This costume picture with incidental music is one of the most amusing of the Wheeler-Woolsey comedies—but, you've got to like them to like it. (Thelma Todd & Dorothy Lee).

CRIME OF HELEN STANLEY—Fair. A real old-fashioned murder mystery with no modernistic touches—and with the usual prolonged inquest supervised by Inspector Ralph Bellamy. (Gail Patrick, Shirley Grey).

***ELMER AND ELSIE**—Fine. A nice wholesome domestic comedy with George Bancroft as Elmer, a piano truckman, who marries Elsie, a small town concert pianist. Roscoe Karns furnishes many of the hearty laughs.

FIFTEEN WIVES—Fair. As if one wife wasn't enough for any modern man! Yet here's a modern Bluebeard who had all of fifteen. Come and see what happens to them all. (Conway Tearle, Noel Francis, Raymond Hatton).

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Good. Robert Donat and Wendy Barrie (both of whom distinguished themselves in Henry VIII) in a merry little comedy imported from England.

***FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY**—Delightful. One of the most amusing of the newspaper yarns, with Charles Ruggles turning in a perfect performance. (Ann Dvorak, Eugene Pallette).

***GRAND CANARY**—Good. Romance on the high seas—with Warner Baxter as the disillusioned doctor, Madge Evans the titled lady disappointed with life, Zita Johann a missionary. Women will like it.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—Good. A rather unique murder theme with the husband (a lawyer) defending his own wife's admirer. (Ricardo Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal).

***HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Fine. This amusing and thrilling navy yarn goes to the very top of its class—and why shouldn't it, with Jim Cagney & Pat O'Brien to pep it up and Gloria Stuart to add a decorative note?

HOUSEWIFE—Fair. Triangles go on forever—in this case we have Ann Dvorak as the loving, patient wife, Bette Davis the office charmer and George Brent the undecided husband.

***JANE EYRE**—Good. How many of you have wept over Jane Eyre, the famous Bronte heroine? Although this is a bit antiquated, you'll love Jane, as played by Virginia Bruce, and Colin Clive as the masterful Rochester.

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—Fair. Ann Harding, as Vergie, is forced by circumstances into a "back street" arrangement with John Boles. A tragic tale which does not end any too happily.

***MAN'S GAME, A**—Good. A Tim McCoy film, with Tim a member of the fire department. There's plenty of excitement, and the kids will eat it up. Evalyn Knapp provides the romantic interest.

Shirley Temple
joins the popular
clean up wave.



the situations are a trifle time-worn. Cast includes Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Claire Dodd.

***SCARLET EMPRESS, THE**—Interesting. Jos. Von Sternberg directed this arty edition of Catharine the Great of Russia—and even if the drama is lacking we still have Marlene Dietrich in

many glamorous poses.

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Fair. Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous classic of New England comes to the screen in talkie form. Remember when Lillian Gish did it as a silent?—Henry B. Walthall & Colleen Moore in present cast.

***SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS**—Good. When the fleet arrives in Shanghai, Alice Faye, who warbles at a cabaret, has Lew Ayres (the pride of the Navy) on her trail. A rowdy farce with a familiar plot.

***SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Excellent. A fast-paced, amusing and exciting adaptation of a popular play—with versatile Miriam Hopkins tap-dancing to her heart's content and Bing Crosby crooning to your heart's content.

***SHOOT THE WORKS**—Fine. The plot is not original, but the way it's put over is so clever, so scintillating that everything seems fresh and new. Good music, amusing theme, and Jack Oakie, Dorothy Dell and Arline Judge.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Swell. Otto Kruger as the charming young chap whom the ladies can't resist. His decision to reform and "go staid" furnishes the basis of the amusing plot. (Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel).

***STAMBOUL QUEST**—Splendid. One of the best of the Espionage films to date—with Myrna Loy utterly delightful as the exceptionally clever spy out to catch a traitor. (Geo. Brent, Lionel Atwill, C. Henry Gordon).

THEIR BIG MOMENT—Fair. This latest ZaSu Pitts—Slim Summerville story boasts a mixture of comedy and melodrama. It also boasts a splendid supporting cast, including Kay Johnson, Ralph Morgan, Julie Haydon.

***WHOM THE GODS DESTROY**—Fine. A splendid characterization by Walter Connolly of a man who—in one black moment of fright—committed the unpardonable sin of playing the coward. (Doris Kenyon, Robert Young).

***WE'RE RICH AGAIN**—Most amusing. Even though they're on the verge of bankruptcy, those mad, mad Pages (so reminiscent of the Rimplegars) do the most outlandish things. A topsy turvy household that you grow to adore. (Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Grant Mitchell).

MONEY MEANS NOTHING

—Fair. There have been rackets on almost every known commodity—now we have one on automobile tires. A good cast headed by Wallace Ford, Gloria Shea & Edward Kennedy helps this along.

***MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE**—Good. Jean Arthur turns in a remarkably deft characterization in a Madame X type of rôle. Donald Cook, Dick Cromwell and Anita Louise in excellent cast.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—Good. A murder mystery that, oddly enough, is highly amusing. There's not a creep in all its six reels. How could there be with such comedians as Chas. Ruggles & Una Merkel in the lead?

NELL GWYN—Fine. An amusing episode in romantic English history, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II, the king who was completely bewitched by the rowdy, witty little actress who had no social background at all.

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG—Amusing. Gertrude Michael has her first big rôle in this spirited farce dealing with the cleverest of crooks. Paul Cavanaugh, Alison Skipworth, Leon Errol & Arthur Byron in cast.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Excellent. One of the better films. It is the characterization of an introvert, played splendidly by Leslie Howard, and his infatuation for Bette Davis, an undeserving waitress.

OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Fine. This is a W. C. Fields comedy—good for those who like his brand of humor. For those who don't, there's Joe Morrison, of Last Round-up fame, who warbles some fine new songs.

ON SECRET SERVICE—Good. A spy story of the World War. The plot is packed with intrigue and excitement and there are no battle scenes. Made abroad, with Greta Nissen & Don Alvarado in lead.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Splendid. Really, you shouldn't miss this film. It has everything necessary for an enchanting night's entertainment. The exquisite Grace Moore sings beautifully and Tullio Carminati is perfect in the rôle of her operatic instructor.

***OUR DAILY BREAD**—Fine. Watching two gallant young members of the city's unemployed trying to dig a living out of a deserted farm gives one a thrill that strikes deep into the heart. (Karen Morley—Tom Keene).

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Fair. Fight enthusiasts will enjoy this yarn, even though all

* Suitable for Children

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen
and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ **Edmund Lowe** ★ **Ruth Etting**

★ GLORIA STUART

★ PHIL BAKER

★ Paul Lukas

★ Ethel Waters

★ Chester Morris

★ Alexander Woolcott

★ Douglass Montgomery

★ Binnie Barnes

★ Roger Pryor

★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin

★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi

★ Alice White

★ June Knight

★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine

★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra

★ Sterling Holloway

★ Henry Armetta

★ Downey Sisters

★ Beal Street Boys

★ Douglas Fowley

★ Wini Shaw

★ Helen Vinson

★ Candy and Coco

★ Surprise Personality

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."

"Blue Sky Avenue."

"I Ain't Gonna Sin No
More."

"Somebody Looks Good
To Me."

"Don't Let This Waltz
Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND

Screen play by RIAN JAMES

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

"You're Telling Me?"

The \$10 Letter

MARY BELLE WALLEY of Butler, N. J., writes "When I think of movie stars, they arrange themselves in groups. Something after the manner of instruments in an orchestra. There's Garbo and Dietrich, Arliss and the Barrymores, Irene Dunne and Elissa Landi, Dolores Del Rio and Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins and Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy and Loretta Young."

Objection! Myrna has an alluring, secretive way, but Loretta is as open as a morning glory.

"WHY should the movies, where realism is concerned, be behind the best of modern books and grown-up conversation?" asks Jean R. Browne of Seattle, Wash. "Sugary sentimental pap is as bad for the mind as any filth could be, for the normal healthy-minded individual rejects the former as well as the latter."

They did not reject "Daddy Long Legs" noticeably, nor spurn "Lady for a Day."

"WE HUMANS do so crave illusion!" writes M. Collins of Chicago, Ill. "What we cling to—reread in books and go back to again and again in drama—are those tales and characters who create for us the illusion of undying romance."

That's just why we hate to read of divorces.

"I HOPE that in the attempt to please the public, the producer will not bend over backward and put red flannels on the chorus girls," writes Mrs. E. H. Roberts of Wauwatosa, Wisc. "It has taken many years for some of us to overcome the shock of seeing a pair of bare legs. With the brief bathing suits, shorts, etc., our children are growing up unconscious of their bodies. To keep that state of unconsciousness is rather splendid, I think, for the human body is after all a beautiful thing. Cleaning up the movies would seem to me a matter of building higher ideals, putting clean thoughts into young minds rather than covering up the outside."

Next stop Nudistville!

EVELYN TUCKER of New York City asks "Why not give us more actresses with such sweet and lovable personalities as Janet Gaynor and Jean Parker?"

Pretty good for little Jean to be coupled with Janet, the veteran.

"IN 'LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?' Alan Hale, in his character of both villain and Santa Claus, was lovable and charming," writes Helen Mayer of The Dalles, Ore. "I trust the directors will not submerge him again in minor rôles, since he has proved himself an actor of real finesse."

And he is the only actor with a theme song.

"MARGARET SULLAVAN in 'Little Man, What Now?' announces that she is in an 'interesting condition.' She continues her slim waisted way throughout the picture, and, just before the stork arrives, appears in a ravishing new creation, and is 'the last word' in willowy wispsness!" writes Mrs. R. W. Ballard of Charlotte, N. C. "Really, it must be marvellous. I've never had the pleasure!"

The yearning for realism!

"MISS DRESSLER proved that success depends on brains and courage, that neither good looks nor youth are essential," writes M. F. Doner of Seattle, Wash. "She also proved that popularity and wealth can be earned from plays that deal with the normal human interests of normal human beings."

Greatness is always simple.

"WHY do the producers think it necessary to change so often the title of a picture while it is being made? A good example of this is the new Jean Harlow picture. This picture has been announced under four titles, 'Eadie Was a Lady,' 'One Hundred Per Cent Pure,' 'Born to Be Kissed,' and 'The Girl from Missouri,'" writes Glen McCausland, Jr., of Lynchburg, Va. "This practice is very confusing to the public and often causes someone to miss a picture they wanted to see."

The Voice That Is
Never Wrong—
The Voice of
the Pee-pul!

\$10 for the best
letter and \$2 for
every other letter
printed. Address
"You're Telling Me?"
Editor, SILVER SCREEN,
45 W. 45th St., New
York, N. Y.

*Suppose we call them
after the star—"Jean's
New Picture." "See Jean's
August 1934 masterpiece."
"Today, Hepburn's Sixth."*

ALBERT TISCH of
Weirton, W. Va., writes:
"At last we have a dif-
ferent type of actors, men
with real dramatic ability.
I am referring to such
actors as Walter Connolly,
Charles Laughton and Ed-
ward Arnold. Puppy love
was getting too monotonous."

*The old dogs have their
day.*

"I wish to pay tribute
to one of the finest—Sarah
Padden," writes Mrs. Bes-
sie Toles of Colorado.
"Her stolid mountain
woman of 'Spitfire' was a
masterpiece, and again
she scores as the laughing,
fun-loving Portuguese
mother in 'He Was Her
Man.' She has bolstered
up many a picture."

*We get it—padden bol-
stered up. Hooray!*

SO BIG!

JEAN PARKER'S MEASUREMENTS

Head	21 1/2 in.
Neck	13 "
Upper Arm	10 1/2 "
Lower Arm	9 1/2 "
Wrist	5 3/4 "
Bust	33 "
Waist	24 "
Hips	34 "
Glove	6 "
Shoe	4 1/2 B
Height	5 ft. 3 in.
Weight	104 lbs. 12 oz.

Jean Parker, the
young and lovely star of
"Sequoia."

**Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe**

The story of one man
against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.



LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN

**"BRITISH
AGENT"**

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.
5. Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Fan Letter to Al Jolson

Dear Mr. Jolson:—

I am delighted to hear that you are about to start a new picture. I doubt if you will have such a wonderful song in it as "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," which I am singing yet. That song made a hit with me because I heard you sing it at the Winter Garden in New York, and it seems to express so perfectly the spirit that you have always given to us.

Here's good luck to your picture.

Sincerely,

Ann Lowry

Binghamton, N. Y.

Al Agrees With Ann

Dear Ann

What wouldn't I give for another "Rainbow round my shoulder."

But you never can tell I might get lucky, and may be

you can't hear nothing yet till you hear the new songs in my new picture.

If trying hard means anything I'll have great songs because

Anna I'm trying like I never tried before.

yours for better songs
Al Jolson

Carl Brisson's Fan Letter

Dear Carl Brisson:—

Gosh, I've got the whim-wams! I just saw "Murder at the Vanities," and at last they have discovered a real star. I think you are perfectly—well, I really can't express my feelings, but I do think you're swell. I hope you make loads of other pictures.

There's something about your attitude, the way you walk, and the little gestures you



Carl Brisson

The STARS WILL WRITE TO YOU

IF YOU ADDRESS YOUR FAN LETTERS TO THIS PAGE. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS—ASK A QUESTION

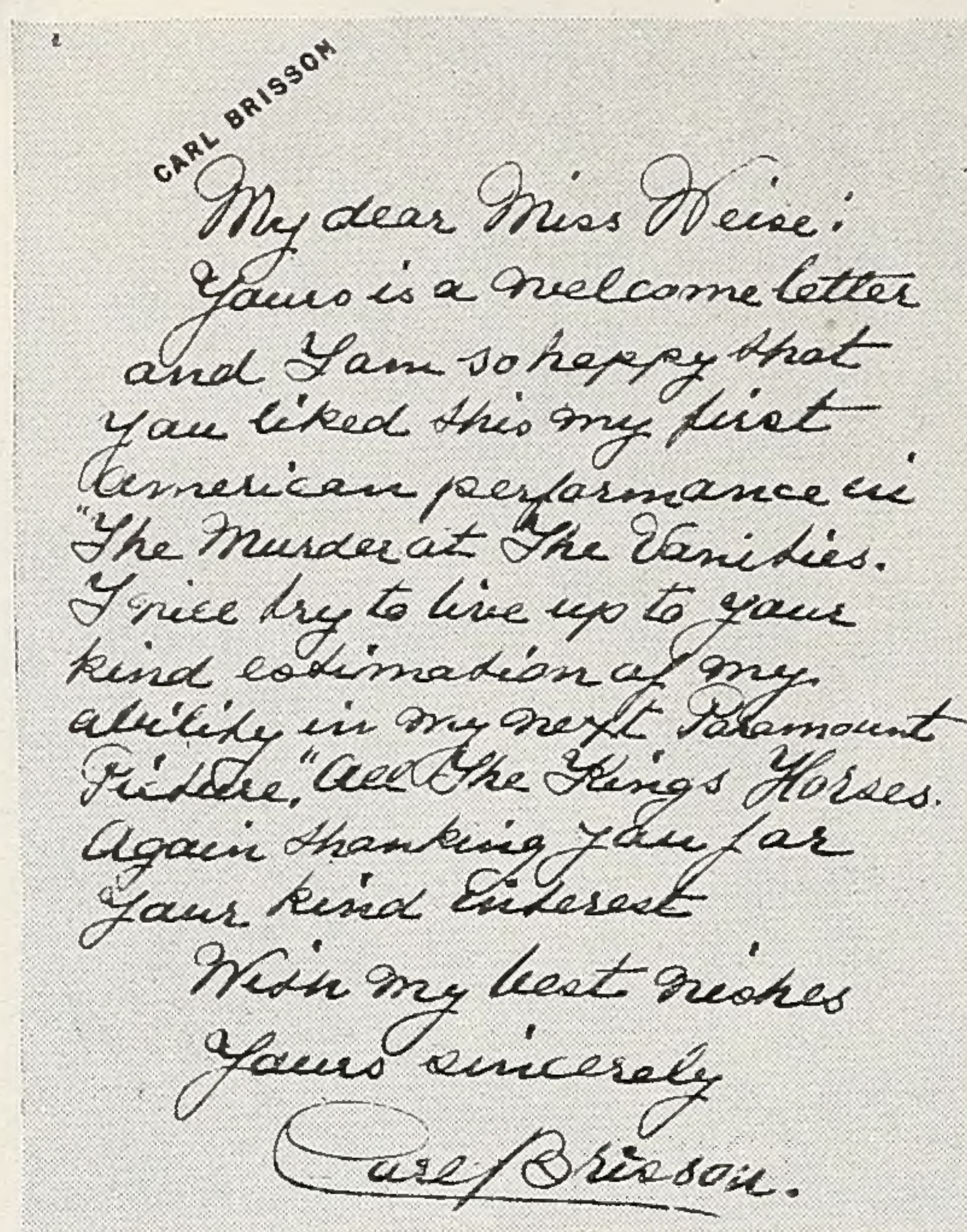
make with your hands, that everyone who sees you can't help but admire.

I would greatly appreciate an answer.

Very truly yours,

Margaret Weise
Lake Worth, Fla.

The Star Says "Thank You"



Frances Drake's Fan Letter

Dear Frances Drake:—

You have been one of my favorite movie stars ever since I first saw you act. I don't know you so very well, but, regardless of that, I do like your way of acting.

What is your home city and state?

I would like to know how you got into the movies and

what was your first part on the stage?

I am deeply interested in you. Loads of good luck, happiness and success.

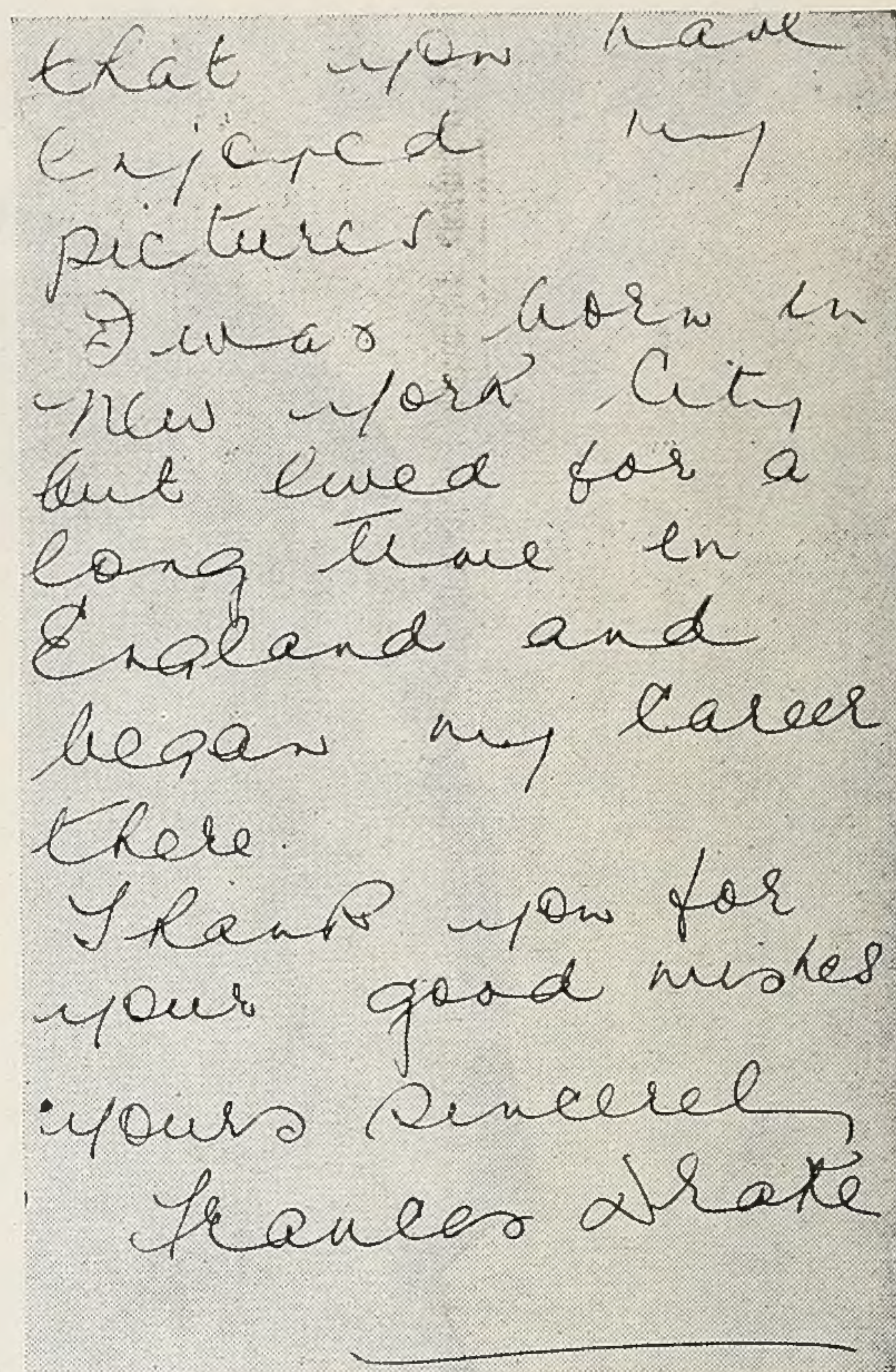
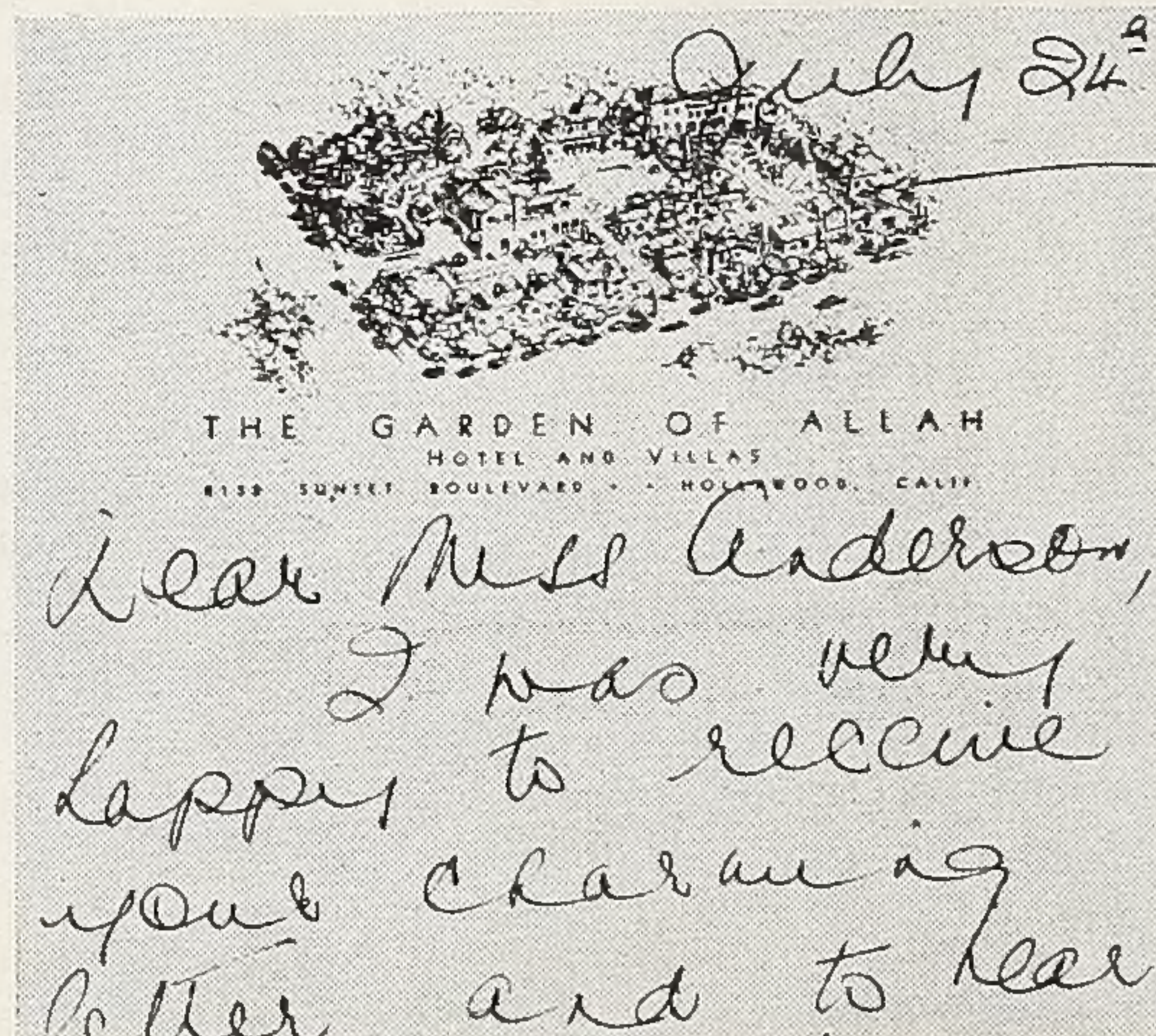
Respectfully yours,

Carmen Anderson
Wakefield, Mich.



Frances Drake

The Answer to Miss Anderson



Fan Letter to Ann Sothorn

Dear Miss Sothorn:—

Your charm and beauty added much to the loveliness of "Melody in Spring" and "Let's Fall In Love," and it is indeed refreshing to find such a vivid and delightful star nearing the peak of film success along with other Hollywood notables.

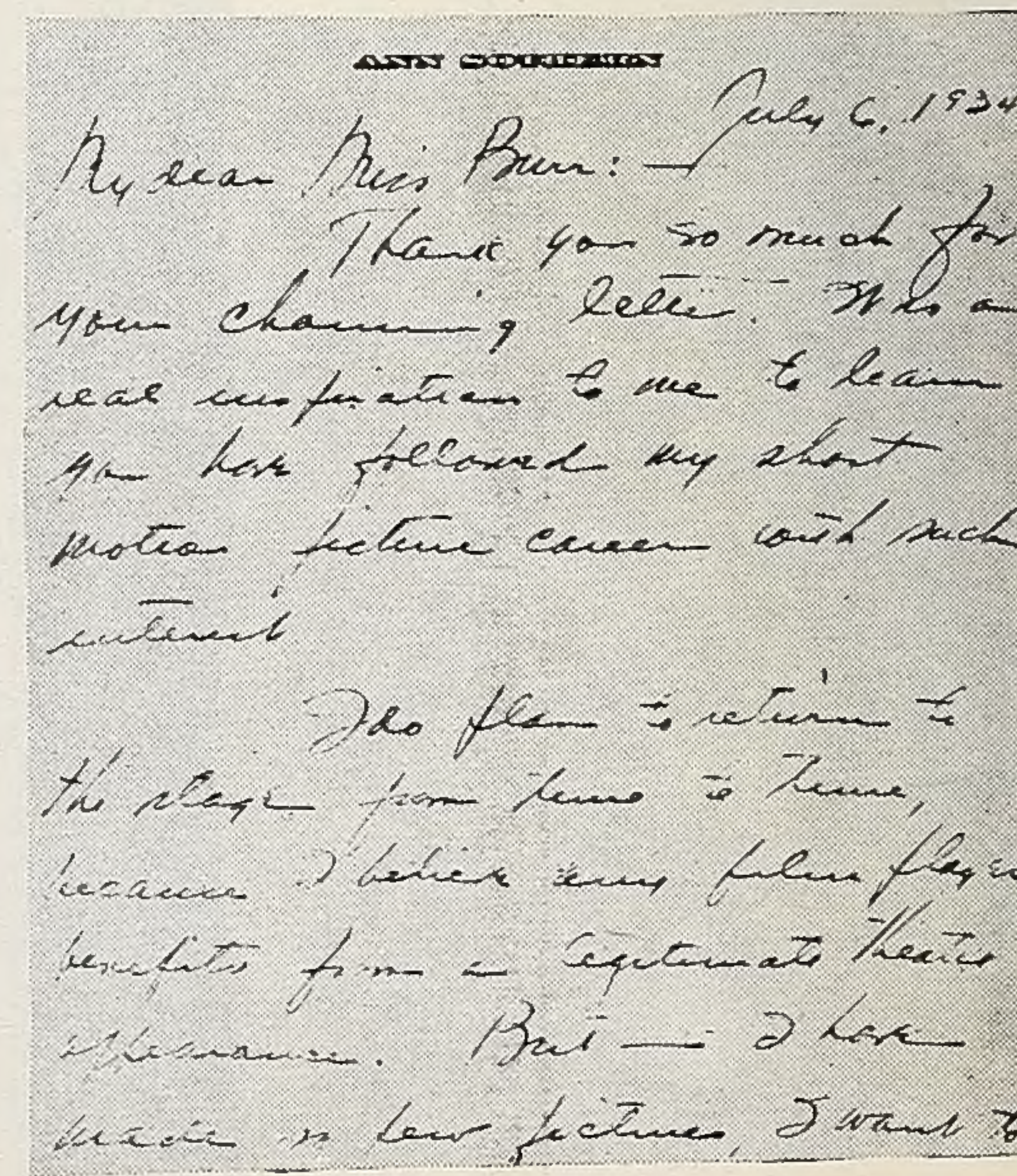
Do you plan to return to the stage? Do you believe that Hollywood offers more of an opportunity to achieve your ultimate aim than the musical comedy footlights?

Sincerely,

Marie Burr

Woodhaven, N. Y.

Ann Writes to Marie Burr



SILVER SCREEN

Keep I am depending on the
in the museum and I have
the films - come for a brief time
My deepest appreciation
to you for your good wishes,
and again my thanks for your
interest in me.

Yours sincerely,
Ginger Rogers

Mail for Ginger Rogers



Ginger Rogers

Dear Ginger:-
You are all that
your name implies
- peppy, buoyant,
radiant and utterly
lovely. I have often
wondered just how
you acquired and
are able to keep the
vitality which you
seem to possess.
Your figure is the
envy of thousands
of girls, everywhere.
How do you keep
your trim, slender
appearance-by

dieting, exercise, or both?

Please answer, Ginger, won't you?-for
I'm certain there are many more interested
in this question.

Virginia H. McDowell
Roncerverte, W. Va.

Ginger Answers Virginia

Dear Virginia:

Thanks for all the
nice things you said in
your letter.

I'm sorry I
cannot give you a recipe
for a nice figure, for I
have never even thought
of it before. In fact
I eat what I want
and while I play tennis
and dance, I do so just
for the joy of it, and
know as ex-celence. So--
you see, there is nothing
I can tell you, as much
as I would like to.

I guess a figure
is like the color of the
eyes or the hair, you
just have it.

Most Sincerely,

Ginger Rogers

Hollywood, California



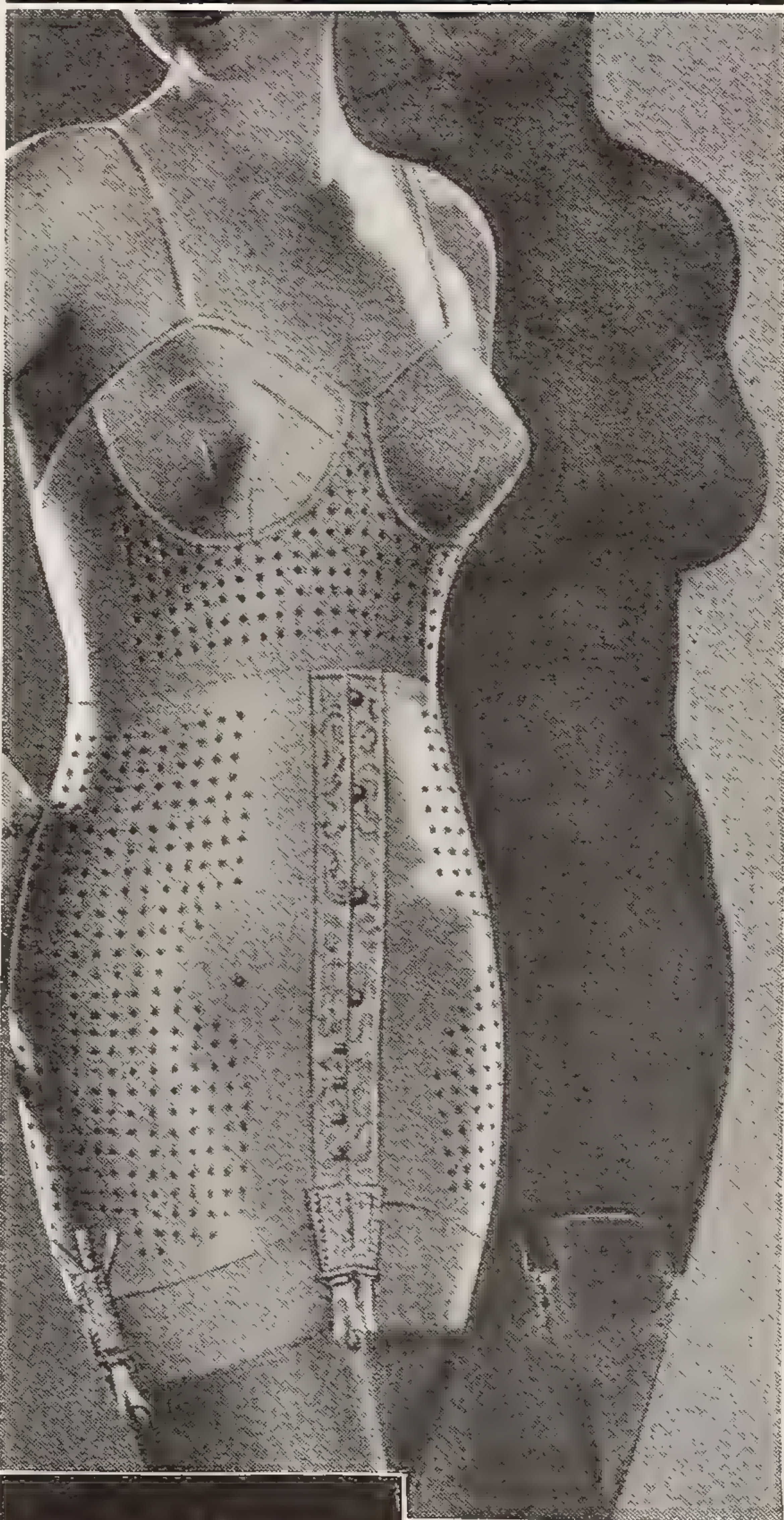
Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

.. or it will cost you nothing



W

WE WANT YOU
to try the Perfolastic Girdle.
Test it for yourself for 10 days
absolutely FREE. Then, if you
have not reduced at least 3 in-
ches around waist and hips, it
will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION

REDUCES

QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of
this famous Perfolastic Reduc-
ing Girdle takes the place of
months of tiring exercises. It
removes surplus fat and stimu-
lates the body once more into
energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations
allow the skin pores to breathe
normally. The inner surface of
the Perfolastic Girdle is a de-
lightfully soft, satinized fabric,
especially designed to wear next
to the body. It does away with
all irritation, chafing and dis-
comfort, keeping your body cool
and fresh at all times. A spe-
cial adjustable back allows for
perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days You Can Be YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "The fat
seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I re-
duced my waist from 43 1/2 to 34 1/2 inches," writes Mrs. B.
Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from
women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether
or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not
need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send
it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful
results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also
Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 4410 New York, N. Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET
describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere
also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



NOW-Double the life OF YOUR sheerest HOSE!

STOCKINGS—the biggest item in clothes expense—give DOUBLE, often TRIPLE wear when guarded by Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors. Patented, feather-light, they lock on the heel, prevent rubbing and resultant holes. Made of soft, pliable KEMISUEDE—durable, washable, free from dangers and objections of rubber. Slipped over stocking heel, they cling of themselves. No messy gumming, no stitching. Tu-Toned—Maltese color on one side, Nutmeg on the other. Reversible so that one pair goes with all colors of hose.

PREVENT BLISTERS AND INFECTIONS

Recommended by doctors and chiropodists to prevent painful, dangerous blisters. They stop chafing and bring soothing relief. Ask for Walk-Eze Stocking Protectors at SHOE STORES, and HOSIERY COUNTERS of DEPARTMENT STORES. Made for men and women and children.

If your local store is "out of" Walk-Eze, send 25 cents AND STOCKING SIZE to WALK-EZE Dept. B-3, 242 Wolf Street, Syracuse, New York.



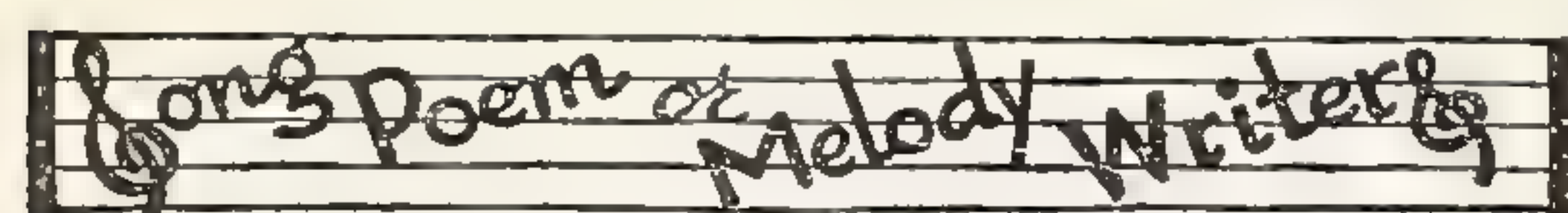
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play by note, Piano, Violin Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 11910 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.



AMAZING 50-50 PLAN

A REAL OPPORTUNITY! Music publishers looking for new song hits, ideas. Big Royalties paid! Popular professional song writer will compose music to your words, lyrics to your melody. Complete collaboration, editing, revising, arranging, including marketing service to Radio broadcasters, Music publishers and Movie Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE INFORMATION.

WILLARD HERRING, Box SL, Franklin Park, Illinois

TYPISTS

Extra Money for your spare time copying Radio Scripts, others. Interesting work. Good Pay. Experience unnecessary. Free Particulars. Write, enclosing stamp to

TYPISTS' ASS'N, 1713 Hunter Bldg., CHICAGO



A famous family, Rudolph Sieber, with Marlene Dietrich, his wife, and their daughter, Maria, at the polo matches. Marlene wore a jockey cap to be in the right spirit.

International

THE best guessing game being played in Hollywood now—and by practically everyone—is guessing whether Garbo will sign a new contract or go back to Sweden. Her contract with Metro will be all *fini* when she completes "The Painted Veil," and Hollywood is wondering what she will do. In the meantime, Garbo, as usual, says nothing. However, it seems that she really is warming up quite a bit to the studio that first welcomed her as an Ugly Duckling and then discovered to its amazement that she had become the most beautiful Swan of all times. For the first time since she became famous, La Swede has permitted the telephone number of her dressing room to be listed in the studio directory. Also, the studio knows where she lives! And instead of hiding away in a dark corner between takes on her picture, Garbo now comes right out in the open

and paces for half an hour at a time in the bright sunshine in front of the stage where she is working. You may be sure that studio employees and tourists take full advantage of this. But, just in case you might forget that she's Garbo, there's a guard with a gun standing at the stage door.

WHEN Mary Pickford heard that Doug Sr., was returning (she was in Chicago at the time), she said: "I cannot say what I will do until I have talked with Douglas." Anyway, she hurried home to tidy up Pickfair. And it certainly looks like peace and goodwill and a merry Christmas once more at Pickfair.

WHEN someone asked Anna Sten in an interview what she thought of censorship, she said: "Skeep eet." Smart girl, Anna.

NEW TITLES FOR OLD

Some of the New Pictures Have Brand New Names

"Straight Is the Way" (Franchot Tone) formerly....."Four Walls"
 "Lovetime" (Nils Asther) formerly....."Serenade"
 "Pursued" (Victor Jory) formerly....."Wanted"
 formerly....."The Painted Lady"
 "We Live Again" (Anna Sten) formerly....."Resurrection"
 "Chained" (Joan Crawford) formerly....."Sacred and Profane Love"
 "Happiness Ahead" (Dick Powell) formerly....."Gentlemen Are Born"
 "Belle of the Nineties" (Mae West) formerly....."The Belle of the Gay Nineties"
 formerly....."That St. Louis Woman"
 formerly....."The Belle of New Orleans"
 formerly....."It Ain't No Sin"

And One Starlet Also Got the Idea

June Lang formerly known as..... June Vlassek

Be sure to read Silver Screen next month. Enter the competition for a movie title and win one of the many prizes. No complicated conditions—just write two titles on the coupon. See November Silver Screen

Topics

for Gossips

Some People Do Not Like Suggestive Films and Their Name Is Legion.

Glenda Farrell will find in Silver Screen our sincere admiration for her great genius.



SILVER SCREEN

THE whole town's laughing about the wire that Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia pictures, sent to Director Milestone, who was out "on location" in the Pacific with "The Captain Hates the Sea" company. "Milly" had assured Cohn that he would only have to be on location for a week or ten days to pick up sea shots, but what with fogs and strikes in Los Angeles Harbor the company was flapping about on the ocean waves for almost four weeks. So Cohn wired: "For heavens sake, hurry and finish the picture stop The cost is staggering." To which the laconic Milly replied: "So is the cast."

THE picture is now laughingly called "Harry Cohn and John Gilbert and The Captain Hate the Sea." But the studio is looking for a new title, as they say there isn't any sex appeal in "The Captain Hates the Sea." It will probably end up by being called "It Happened One Night at Sea."

THE lovely sheen you see on Marlene Dietrich's hair, which gives it such a beautiful aura, is attained by sprinkling gold dust on it. You, too, can have an aura if you wish.

PHILLIPS HOLMES conscientiously saves every foreign stamp from his fan mail for the daughter of his favorite cameraman.

ELISSA LANDI was discussing actors and the art of acting with Mrs. Pat Campbell at a Hollywood party. Elissa said that she liked George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." "But my child," snorted Mrs. Pat, "he doesn't act. He merely behaves."

AROWHEAD SPRINGS is now the place to go around Hollywood "to get away from it all." Situated on the side of a huge mountain, in the outskirts of San Bernardino, about two hours' drive from Hollywood, Arrowhead Springs Inn has become a most popular rendezvous. It was there that Loretta Young fled to mend her broken heart after she and Spencer Tracy had agreed to go separate ways. And it was there that Lee Tracy went to regain his health before starting his strenuous Paramount contract. Jean Harlow rushed there the minute "The Girl from Missouri" (which had re-takes three times) was done to get over the strain of picture-making. Higher up on the mountain, Garbo and Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy have hide-away shacks where they fry their own eggs and paddle their own canoes on Arrowhead Lake.

HERBERT MARSHALL is the "most in demand" leading man in Hollywood at the present moment. He is working with Garbo in "The Painted Veil," and Norma Shearer is impatiently waiting to start "Marie Antoinette" as soon as he finishes the Garbo film.

WHEN Helen Hayes played in "What Every Woman Knows" on Broadway about seven years ago, she had, as part of her quaint wardrobe, a pair of stubby-toed, high-laced shoes to which she became very attached. When the play closed after a long and prosperous run Helen insisted upon keeping the shoes—just in case she might play "What Every Woman Knows" again sometime. But the years went on and no producer, either on Broadway or in Hollywood, seemed to care the least bit

that Helen wanted to play "What Every Woman Knows" again. So, finally, this last spring, when Kenneth MacKenna (Kay Francis' ex) opened in a New York play, she sent him one of the shoes filled with flowers—because Ken had starred with her in her favorite play. Well, of course, as soon as she had parted with the shoe, Metro bought "What Every Woman Knows" from Paramount and assigned Helen to the rôle. Now she wants her shoe back.

JOT down as "most embarrassing moments" Lyle Talbot's experience in playing an Indian in "The Dragon Murder Case." With the aid of a little dark make-up, Lyle was doing nicely, until a scene came along requiring him to go swimming. It seems that Lyle had been unable to get down to the beach this year to get his seasonal "tanning," and when he walked onto the set in his bathing suit, ready for the "take," the rim about his neck where the make-up ended and his "lily white body" began, was nothing if not startling! He lit out for the beach at once and didn't come back until he was a nice mustard color.

CARL BRISSON was quite the rage at Ernst Lubitsch's magnificent housewarming, which brought out most of the local celebrities. A cute little Wampas baby star, who had arrived with a big executive, started twittering: "Oh, I must meet Mr. Brisson. I think he is the cutest man. He's just adorable. I lu-erve him." A tall, handsome brunette smiled at her sweetly, and said with a slight accent, "I shall be charmed to introduce you, my child." It was Mrs. Carl Brisson.

[Continued on page 53]

WITH Mrs. Wiggs IN HER CABBAGE PATCH



Pauline Lord

By
Patricia Keats



Miss Hazy is married in style in the Cabbage Patch. ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields with Pauline Lord, Evelyn Venable, and Kent Taylor.

You Will Laugh Through Your Tears at the Tender and Charming Picture That Has Been Made From the Beautiful Old Story.

JUST a minute now, folks, while Patsy the Pest polishes up her crystal. My, my, the patter of little fly feet all over the darned thing. I'm going to look into the future and do a little nifty soothsaying about coming events that cast their shadows on the silver screen. So hold everything now while I go into my medium well done act and transcend into the Great Beyond.

Whoops! Is this a trance! And am I psychic! I see—I see—great joy for you—laughter and smiles and that old tug at the heart strings that brings tears even to the eyes of cold-blooded bankers—those who aren't in jail. I see more entertainment than you've had since you were a small kid and went to your first thrilling matinee at the Big Opery House.

I see all of you going to see "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and loving it and adoring it and wondering why in heck you haven't seen Pauline Lord before on the screen. I see you going completely batty over ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields, and Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor, and five of the cutest kids ever. And the Cabbage Patch—wait till you see the Cabbage Patch—and Cuby, the sway-back horse. Goodness gracious sakes alive, I'm getting all excited

over it myself—so I'm off to the Lasky Mesa where the Mrs. Wiggs company is on location, and I bet it's going to be some fun.

"Well, for lookin' at the promised land," as Miss Hazy says. Back in 1901, when Alice Hegan Rice wrote the famous "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," that was the way ladies had to swear. They couldn't say "dammit" or "for cryin' out loud" or—oh well, never you mind. And I must say Miss Hazy's little remark was very apropos when I arrived at the location and first glimpsed the impoverished desolation that graced the Lasky Mesa. Talk about "po' white trash"—why the place was simply reeking with "po' white trash." And I felt like a homing pigeon. I love "po' white trash."

And what a Cabbage Patch come gloriously to life! There was Miss Hazy's dilapidated but tidy shack, with its sign on the front porch "Miss T. Hazy Plain Sewing"—and you'd just know they had to crowd up the "n" and the "g". And, next door, the Wiggs shanty with its roof of flattened tin cans, its salvaged cracked window panes, its Chic Sales in the rear, its barren chicken coop, its wash tub, and the clothes line simply weighed down with union suits, long

drawers and corset covers. Neat but not gaudy. And on the corner was Mr. Bagby's General Merchandise—Est. 1892—with the window cluttered with lanterns and overalls and school satchels and fly paper in action, and something in velvet that the well-dressed Cabbage Patch lady might wear if her old man ever brought home four bits. And on the corner was Mr. Priddy's Junk Shop, wherein I found the most marvelous old baby buggies, dressmaking dummies, a sewing machine of the eighteen-ninety vintage, old mattresses, bath tubs (of the Saturday night variety) wagon wheels, broken china, old pewter—gosh, the swellest junk (antiques to you) I've seen since I went sight-seeing at Mt. Vernon. Oh, you've seen the Cabbage Patch hundreds of times. Every city has one. I always watch for them when I ride on trains. A little group of shanties, always "on the wrong side of the railroad tracks," with lazy mutt dogs and skinny cats and screaming children and gentle, uneducated folks who just don't seem to get the knack of making the almighty dollar.

The real Cabbage Patch, the one Mrs. Rice wrote about, was a settlement of poor people who lived down by the railroad

tracks in Louisville, Kentucky, some thirty-three years ago. But the Cabbage Patch you're going to see on the screen is a location set built on the Lasky Mesa (on account of the action of the story is supposed to take place in the winter time and that's the only spot in this section of California which isn't covered with flora and fauna—Hi there, Chamber of Commerce) which is some forty miles out from Hollywood and as hot as Hades. A little 112 is nothing—nothing at all—and if you think movie people don't earn their salaries just you try parading around all day in the broiling sun in a high-collared, many petticoated model.

As you probably know by now, Pauline Lord, the famous New York stage star, is making her picture debut as Mrs. Wiggs, and, according to Director Norman Taurog, Pauline Lord is going to be a household word as soon as the picture is released. She is so completely Mrs. Wiggs. I can hear her in my sleep describing the wandering Mr. Wiggs, "He was an awful mental man, Mr. Wiggs was. He didn't say nothin', he just sat and thunk. He set and thunk so hard he thunk himself to sleep." (I can appreciate Mr. Wiggs. I too can set and thunk myself to sleep any time

Thanksgiving Dinner (provided by those rich folks, Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor) and timid Miss Hazy says, "Seems like wishin's just wasted on me. I don't know as I ever wished real hard on anything that ever come out." Don't you just adore her? And then imagine Miss Hazy's embarrassment when she had to break down and confess that she had wished for a MAN on that pullybone. This is the first rôle worthy of her talents that ZaSu has had in ages—and if it doesn't mean a new high in Pitts, and a turning point for bigger and better Pitts pictures, I see a-goin' out in the Cabbage Patch and eat worms.

W. C. Fields—the inimitable W. C. Fields—plays the MAN ZaSu won on her wishbone—or to be exact she got him through a lonely hearts column. As Mr. Stubbins, broken down, gin-drenched, ham actor Mr. Fields is at his best. His wedding to ZaSu at the improvised altar in the Wiggs backyard is a scene you will long remember—but it's so hard to decide whether to laugh or to cry.

right now." Evelyn is a grand girl with a swell sense of humor and the rosiest cheeks and cleanest complexion which sort of shriek wholesomeness—but don't let it fool you—Evelyn can dance just as long and as late as you can. In the picture she's engaged to Kent Taylor, who plays Mr. Bob.

And the kids—ah, the little Wiggses. You'll recognize them all from former pictures: Jimmy Butler, the "Boka" of "No Greater Glory" and George Breakston, the little kid who broke your heart when he



Donald Meek as Mr. Wiggs, who "thunk himself to sleep," is watched over by Mrs. Wiggs—Pauline Lord.

there is work to be done.) When Miss Lord was asked why she had never accepted a movie offer before (she has been getting them for years) she said, "I agreed to do Mrs. Wiggs because the story is so good that the audiences won't notice whether I am good or not." Kinda smart, eh?

ZaSu Pitts, my favorite comedienne on the screen and off, plays the genteel and ree-fined Miss T. Hazy, whose poor old-maidish heart was just hankering for a husband. "Men are such mysteries to me," says Miss Hazy.

One of the most delightful scenes in the picture is where Mrs. Wiggs and Miss Hazy pull a wishbone the night after their

Those Cabbage Patch people are so real you just can't laugh right out in their faces.

It's interesting to know that Evelyn Venable, who plays Lucy Olcott, the rich young lady who is sort of a Lady Bountiful to the Wiggses, turned down the big lead opposite the world's greatest lover, Francis Lederer, in "The Pursuit of Happiness" to play a minor rôle in Mrs. Wiggs. Leads and heavy love scenes with matinee idols mean nothing to Evelyn. "I'd much rather have a rôle that suits my talents and tastes," she told me. "I'd rather play Lucy Olcott in Mrs. Wiggs than any other rôle

died in the same picture, are Mrs. Wiggs' two sons, Billy and Jimmy. The little girls, Eupeena, Asia and Australia (remember Mrs. Wiggs had quite a flair for g'ography) are played by Virginia Weidler, Carmencita Johnson and Edyth Fellows. Eupeena is the nasty little brat who was always threatening to hold her breath until she turned black if folks didn't do as she wanted them to.

Shortly after I arrived on the location, lunch was called—I always time my arrivals perfectly, I'm no fool. The old "come and get it" system is used when a movie company is on location, and no matter whether you are a star or a grip you've got to stand in line and piggly wiggly (help yourself—I had you that time). I fell in behind a hair-dresser and beat Miss Pitts by two extras, and if you think heat takes the appetite away you're all wrong. The lunches were sent out from a restaurant in

[Continued on page 53]

That FLAIR for BEING

Is It a Gift, Or Can Anyone
Get In On It?



Janet Gaynor has a gift of charm—unconscious, irresistible.

WELL, I'll never forget the day I decided to grab myself some Glamour. Practically all Hollywood was at Colleen Moore's cocktail party, and everybody was saying nice things to everybody else and not meaning them, and I was trying to make up my mind whether to go on to a preview in Westwood Village, or stay and see if the party would turn into a brawl—when suddenly it occurred to me that talent really didn't matter a hoot owl's hoot. There was talent and personality all over the place and personality certainly had the edge.

The thought depressed me so that I had another glass of shasta water and sat down on a Louis Quinze sofa next to Adrian, who does pretty things with his fingers for Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and other M-G-M beauties. "A Birmingham," said Adrian, "is worth two in the bush." Really, there ought to be a law! "I'll Sanctuary much," Adrian continued, "if you'll Chopenhauer or so with me." I always wonder why I ever go to Hollywood parties anyway.

Thoroughly depressed by then, I crept into a little niche at the end of the living room where I witnessed talent being ruthlessly routed by glamour. The pity of it all. There on the patio, shining luminously like Cartier's window in the afternoon sun, was Jean Harlow completely surrounded, completely enveloped, by one-third of the males in Hollywood, and the entire Press. The other two-thirds were busy bringing tea and caviar to Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and Mary Carlisle, and flipping quips, such as, "You old bat, you look too, too *devawne*." While over in a far corner sat one of Hollywood's most talented actresses discussing pomology (look it up yourself—I had to) with something in a beard and a twitch. And in the dining room stood RKO's greatest star, whose superb acting thrills you to the core every time you see her on the screen, expounding on Russia to a young writer, who hadn't been listening for the last fif-



Norma Shearer has both talent and a captivating manner.

When a girl is imitated as often as Garbo—that is compliment enough.



Joan Crawford was given marvellous eyes and makes the most of them.



The party settles itself around Jean Harlow, wherever she may be.

teen minutes, and who was desperately wondering just how he could abandon the Soviets and join the merry throng around Harlow who were simply doing nip-ups over Jean's joke about Little Aubrey.

Now I'm not saying that Jean Harlow, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers, and Mary Carlisle aren't clever young actresses, but I am saying that they have not the inspired genius, the divine gift, of a Helen Hayes, an Ann Harding, and a Margaret Sullavan. They never seem to win Academy Awards, those girls with Personality, but, believe me, at a party they win all the males in sight, and I'd rather receive gardenias from Franchot Tone and be kissed by Ronnie Colman any day (or night) than have the house cluttered up with a gold statuette from the Academy which always catches dust—the statuette, I mean, not the Academy.

Just glance over the list of "great" pictures of the last decade, now just for a second, please glance—surprise, surprise—there isn't a single Joan Crawford picture in the list! And still every time Silver Screen has run a popularity contest for the

last two years Joan has won it by a flattering majority. How come? How come you voted for Joan instead of Annie Harding, Gladys? I know—it's because the gal's got Glamour. On the screen she epitomizes Glamour. She's your Glamour Girl. Well, Gladys, it seems like if you've got that flair for being Glamorous you can thumb your nose at talent and tell genius to go sit on a tack.

Five years ago, when she first attracted attention on the screen, Joan Crawford couldn't any more act than the rabbit that comes out of Fred Keating's hat; but she had that touch of personality about her that made her win picture fame in no time. And Clara Bow—the one and only "It"

girl—in her heyday didn't know as much about the technique of acting as Flush knows, Flush of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." But I'll never forget the gala premiere of one of Clara's pictures in New York, which she attended on the arm of Harry Richman—and, eventually, in the arms of ten cops who rescued her just in time from her public. What a stampede that was, what a night of utter hullabaloo, I am still looking for the tail of my silver fox, the buckle off my right slipper, and a missing rib. Incidentally, across the street Mrs. Fiske and Ibsen were playing to an almost empty house.

GLAMOROUS

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Well, thinking about all this while hidden away in my little niche, which was pretty crowded what with Venus and me both in it, I decided to give up my career and go out and grab myself a huge mass of Glamour. I too want a chance at Bill Powell and John Gilbert. So, said I, I'll just see what tricks these dames use, and I'll get hep to them for myself. Whereupon I pulled my polonaise about me (Claudette Colbert says that polonaise is a Polish dance written in three-four rhythm. But that's the way with the French—we teach them a



Carol Lombard and a few feathers. She carries a suggestion of recklessness that fastens all eyes upon her hopefully.

little English and they think they know everything) and fled into the night, tipping over the young writer who was praying to heaven that he had heard the last of Russia forever.

The first week was Joan Crawford week. I decided that Joan's flair for being glamorous was chiefly the way she has of looking intensely into your eyes. You have a feeling when Joan looks at you, with the intensity that only a Crawford can command, that nothing has ever mattered before, and nothing will ever matter again. It is The Moment. Well, if I could make Clark Gable realize that it is The Moment.

The titled Constance Bennett can adjust her fragile sweetness to win either the sophisticated or the intellectuals, the rowdies or the regulars.

So I did my eyes like Joan Crawford. I pulled my chin in and regarded the world from under upper eyelashes—which has a way of making the eyes look much bigger and the world much smaller, and gives that intense look. The rest of the trick is to pull the shoulders back and stretch

the neck until something cracks in the larynx. This gives that slightly suffering look which is the first stepping stone to Glamour. I practised that trick for a week until my neck and shoulders ached pitifully, and my friends declared I had

[Continued on page 60]



Ruth Chatterton, a real actress, one of our greatest.

DAYS

*Actual Experiences
Mould and Change
the Stars.*

By Muriel Babcock



"An actor," says Warren William, "must follow the lessons to be learned from life."

MOVIE stars can make as big and as pretty fools out of themselves and take as hard falls as you and I.

Have you ever thought: "Well, I won't do that again. *That* taught me a lesson!"

Or, as Stan Laurel might put it, "I knew I shouldn't have et that!"

Well the movie stars feel that way, too. Listen to a few things that have happened to them and you may feel more comfortable about your own self.

Clark Gable looks big and strong and self-reliant, but Clark has had that silly feeling. And in regard to a horse, of all things.

It was in the first flush of the Clark Gable craze. Gable was the man of the hour, the big strong he-man who had overnight become the flappers' delight and THE boxoffice sensation. He'd had his salary raised and was beginning to think of small movie star luxuries such as high-powered cars, jewels for his wife, lazy days at Del Monte and polo ponies.

"And so I went to Del Monte prepared to give myself a good time," he told me, a grin spreading over the Gable face. For he's not only a good looking devil, but he has a sense of humor and tells a story on himself with delight.

"I decided I'd learn to play polo from Tyrell Martin, the British expert, a wow of a player who held forth at Del Monte. Certainly I could ride—all I wanted to know was how to bat balls. Handle

a little polo pony? Of course, what did they think I was!"

"Tyrell shook his head, warned me that these innocent looking little ponies were spunky, quick as lightning and comparable to nothing I'd ridden. But I paid no attention."

Gable stopped to light a cigarette. He grinned and then said: "Sure, I did a Prince of Wales that first afternoon and spent the next two recuperating. I tripped my own pony with my own mallet and she threw me so quickly I didn't know what was happening. I never bruised so easily or so thoroughly before. And, boy! I was henceforth known as the Prince of Wales on that field. Luckily the story didn't get back to Hollywood and I've never told it before. Yep, that taught me a lesson. Never brag about something you don't know about."

To look at and to listen to W. C. Fields, you'd never think that this good-natured, red-faced, red-nosed fifty year old had ever enjoyed a serious moment. He couldn't look foolish because he's always being foolish. Hah!

Mr. W. C. Fields told me he used to save his money. A long, long time ago, his mama told him that he should put by for his old age, so that he could be comfortable and secure and happy. And so Mr. W. C. Fields did put by a tidy nest egg as he cavorted his way through life.

Boom, came the stock market crash while he was trying to enlarge this nest egg. Mr. Fields had \$150,000 left. He put "the remains" in the Harriman National Bank. No more investments for him. A good safe bank. Well, you know the Harri-



Gloria Stuart found that nails with coloring are shocking to the scholarly minds of college professors.

That Left Their Mark!

man bank folded and in the folds were the Fields' bank notes.

"And now do you know what I do with my money," said he to me as he lolled in his shirt sleeves on the grass at the Paramount studio. "I spend it just as fast as I can. I went and bought myself a trailer, the biggest most expensive automobile trailer I could find. Silly thing, but I enjoy it.

"You oughter see my sun bath cabinet—the minute you close the door, the temperature goes way up. Swellest thing I ever played with. And my golf equipment—there's nobody living with prettier clubs than W. C. Save my money for my old age. Applesauce! I learned my lesson. I spend it."

The moral of the following yarn told me by Una Merkel is directed toward you girls. And, it is, *use hooks and eyes, not snaps, on your step-ins!*

Una was walking down Holly-



Paul Lukas found that a dreaded experience is seldom as unpleasant as you imagine it will be.

wood Boulevard one fine day when she felt something slipping about her ankles. To her horror, she discovered she was losing her panties. In great confusion, she stepped out of them, picked them up and clutching them to her rushed into the nearest store, which turned out to



Una Merkel would have a comedy experience, but it taught her a lesson.

be a men's haberdashery.

"Please," she said to a startled clerk, "may I use a dressing room for just a minute?"

He led her, as she thought, past hundreds of curious eyes to a fitting room where she donned the panties. She emerged, scarlet with confusion, and practically loped out of the door, the clerk looking very curious.

Miriam Hopkins has a reputation for never planning a minute ahead. Friends complain bitterly that you cannot count on her for any given time. She will never commit herself to dates.

There's a really serious reason behind this. In her youth, the little Hopkins was bent on a great career and studied, worked, planned to that effect. She wanted to be a toe dancer. At 17, she fell and broke her ankle and learned she could never dance again.

"It was a tragic moment in my life," she said. "I then and there made up my mind never to plan for anything again, because my disappointment was so great.

But I did plan for other things. I fell in love and became engaged. It ended tragically. Later, I married with high hopes. This didn't work out.

"Now I make no plans—for anything. I let each day come and live that day as it is. Life has taught me a lesson—never to count on anything."

Have you ever been so high in the clouds that you weren't really conscious of what was going on about you? Have you ever been so thrilled and excited about good fortune that you were "ripe" for anyone to make a fool of you?

Ann Sothern is a young lady who has just begun to taste her first success in Hollywood. She was here several years ago and flopped. Now, suddenly this spring, she found herself an overnight sensation.

"I started to ride on high," Ann remarked. "I was so excited I was practically unconscious. And when fans began to call me by name and ask for autographs, I thought I'd burst. I signed 'em right and left with a gladsome smile until one day my bank called me. There was a check there for five thousand dollars properly made out with my signature. Thank God, they were hesitant about cashing it and telephoned [*Continued on next page*]

me first. I had signed it in someone's autograph book. Careless I was in not looking closely! I sign my autographs in backhand now!"

Paul Lukas has turned into quite a philosopher and all because of his experience when he first made talking pictures. A sensitive soul, Paul worries at the slightest opportunity, so when he first heard the records of his foreign sounding voice, with its fascinating accent, he was quite beside himself. His career, he knew, was over—despair hung a funeral wreath 'round his shoulder and with heart bowed down he mourned his wasted life. Imagine his surprise when these very quirks and twists have been particularly liked by the public, and even, in fact, imitated by others. Paul Lukas says—"That taught me a lesson. Never worry over fears and there is no use worrying over facts."

Ann Harding cannot bear the sight or smell of roast duck, because she once said in the hearing of a dozen friends that she adored it. She ate roast duck at their dinner parties for the next three months, until at last she rebelled.

Gloria Stuart, who came from the sedate campus of Berkeley to the noisy movie lots, acquired a liking for brilliant nail

polish. She made an engagement recently to meet her former speech instructor, Professor Neumayer, at luncheon in Pasadena, and sallied forth in her best bib and bonnett and—new nail polish.

"My child," said Professor Neumayer, after the first greeting, "what *have* you done to your finger nails! I wanted you to meet some friends of mine and I have told them you are not like a movie queen. You are simple and sweet."

Gloria repaired to a drug store for some nail polish remover. "I'd forgotten," she told me, "just how conservative university people were. I was dreadfully embarrassed but I would have been more so had I embarrassed my instructor."

Did you ever hear the tale about Ben Lyon's marvelous valet? Ben found a manservant that he thought was about the best in Hollywood. He bragged about his perfect training. Until—one day, Ben met the valet dressed in Ben's new suit. The man was such a good servant that that incident was passed over, but when similar embarrassing things occurred, the valet went. And the next servant Ben hired was a gent who stood six feet tall, had massive shoulders, and who couldn't possibly get into a Lyon suit!

Here's a story with a happy ending. Warren William has two Scotty dogs which he adores, but which, he admits, are hellions. They ran away the other day and went cruising in the vicinity of a chicken ranch. Before they could be captured they had killed nine broilers.

Well, the ranch owner was pretty mad. He didn't know whose dogs they were but he placed them at a filing station with instructions to the attendant not to give them up until his bill of \$9.00 for the chickens was paid.

"I found my little dogs," William told me, "and I willingly paid the bill. But, imagine my surprise when I received a sack of nine chickens along with them."

And not to be outdone, the actor left \$25.00 for the rancher, pretending that a reward had been offered.

And you think that movie stars do not get into foolish jams. Ha, my pretties, if you have read this far, you KNOW they do. So take comfort. The next time an insecurely fastened petticoat falls off you on Fifth Avenue, or you fall flat on your face in Grand Central station because you were gaping stupidly into space, remember Hollywood trips and falls too. And Hollywood realizes, as Stan Laurel plaintively puts it, "I knew I shouldn't have et that!"

CAMERAS *that* CLICK!

Picture Subjects Are Found in All Sorts of Places, From Portrait Galleries to Tree-Tops.



Anna Sten and Fred March are at the top of the Cinema tree in very truth. Mamouliau climbs up to direct the shot.

Constance Bennett in one of her *Iris March* dresses, for Michael Arlen's "Green Hat"—whatever they name it after the censors have trimmed it, and we don't mean decorated.



"Hollywood

Has Always Spelt

Jeanette MacDonald
Is at the Top Now,
But Then She Al-
ways Was.

By
Mary
Sharon

GOOD LUCK

For

ME"

"The Merry Widow" has always been a piece that carries its players to the heights, but Jeanette MacDonald doesn't need boosting.



Jeanette with Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." Pre-war days live again in the catchy tunes that dad used to sing.

HOLLYWOOD has been blamed for many wrecked lives, ruined careers and broken hearts. However, once in a blue moon, it works a miracle for somebody, and it doesn't hurt to hear about these cases when they happen. It helps to balance the scales a bit sometimes.

Hollywood has worked a miracle for Jeanette MacDonald. She says so herself.

I hadn't seen Jeanette since she came out to play opposite Chevalier in "The Love Parade." I had just missed seeing her at a dozen different places, because she had always just gone or I had to leave before she arrived. So, although I had heard many favorable comments about her beauty and charm, I never gave them a lot of thought. I supposed they were "yes" flatteries to a ruling queen of the moment.

When I met and interviewed her on her arrival in Hollywood, there was nothing unusual or startling about her. Nothing to make her stand out from the hundred and one other actresses who were trying to get a foothold in pictures then. She was merely a charming, soft-voiced little blonde girl.

I remember when I first met her, she was wearing a navy-blue silk dress with long sleeves, no gloves, dress a little large for her and a close-fitting felt hat. She was not wearing any make-up, and, sitting in the office where there were a number of stenogra-

phers wearing both rouge and lipstick, she looked very pale. Almost anaemic.

I visited her on the set of "The Merry Widow" today and I have never seen anyone so completely transformed as she has been. Beautiful, poised and magnetic, she has little in common with the girl who first came to Hollywood, except her lovely voice and friendliness.

In the beginning, she was a little too much in awe of Hollywood. Now, she is sure of herself and fits gracefully into the setting provided for her. She dominates every scene without seeming to do so.

There may be more beautiful girls in Hollywood than Jeanette, but I dare anybody to dispute my assertion that there are none more glamorous. She is exciting. She sweeps you off your feet. To quicken the tempo of everybody's pulse is no small matter, yet Jeanette does it as easily as I might dunk a doughnut.

I arrived on the "Merry Widow" set a trifle earlier than she did. It was a regal set, with walls and pillars draped in crimson velvet, and old-fashioned gas lights lending a soft glow to the scene. There were gorgeous cigarette girls, dressed in form-fitting gowns that reached to the floor. Hundreds of beautiful women at the small tables, dining with their escorts. Dozens of Albertina Rasch dancing girls in their beruffled white costumes, with myriads of pleated flounces edged in black; big, white satin picture hats with plumes of black curling over their edges.

Beauty and allurements ran riot all over the place. Yet, when Jeanette made her entrance, there was a burst of involuntary applause. When she sang, you could hear a pin drop in the farthest corner, everything was so still. Her loveliness was breathtaking. She was wearing a satin gown, with the laces and ruffles of the early nineteen hundreds.

I had not expected to see her for more than a few minutes as it was a "big set" day. However, an unexpected interruption gave us time for a lengthy chat. One of the dancing girls got kicked by her partner and, while the make-up girl took her away for treatment, Jeanette and I renewed our acquaintance.

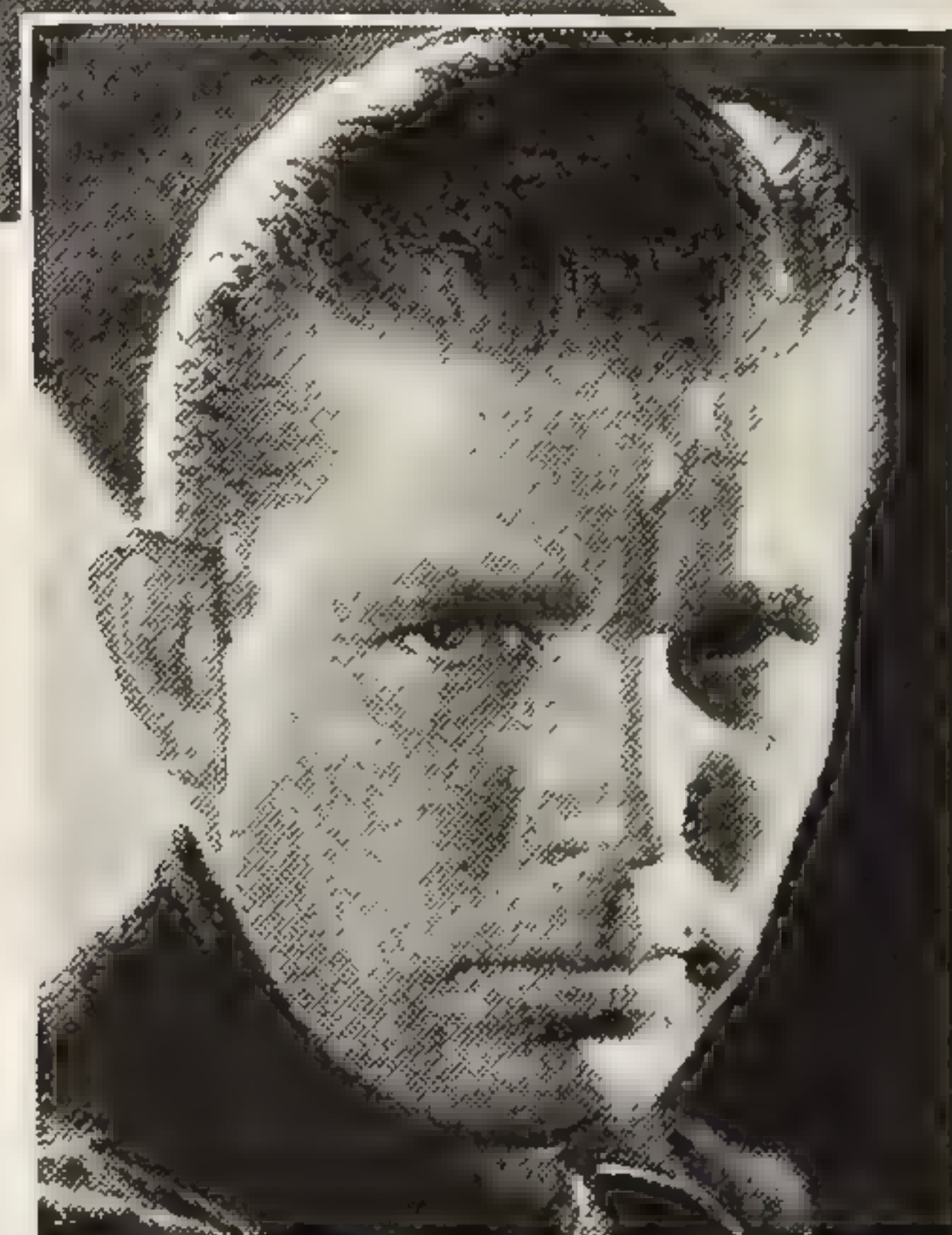
"I asked her to tell me how she acquired so much poise and glamor. She was very frank about it.

"I owe Hollywood for everything good that has happened to me," she confided. "I know I dress much better now than I did when I first came, because I have [Continued on page 56]

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE IN Hollywood

By Julia Gwin

Because Bruce Cabot roughed it once, he can take it easy now.



Jack Holt brought to pictures a real world seasoned character.



From Ireland comes George Brent.



Pictures have benefited by Charles Bickford's sturdy masculinity.

IF YOU have traveled about a bit, met men and seen places, you will inevitably, some day put your feet under a table in the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Perhaps, if you have worked and sweated a little here and there, have felt the blown spray of the Atlantic and the sting of a dust storm in some tropical desert, you will feel a little contemptuous of the men in Hollywood who paint their faces with make-up and pretend to be rough and rugged.

But we would advise you to keep such thoughts very, very closely guarded, look respectfully at your neighbors at the adjoining tables and to revise your ideas of the men you have classified as "softies."

They are good looking fellows, poised and gallant, with the courtly charm and grace of gentlemen of leisure. But "softies" they are not, and it is this that Hollywood is proud of. There probably isn't a place from Port Said to Singapore that holds more of these gay soldiers of fortune, these adventurous, footloose wanderers of the waste places than does this movie town of California.

Suppose you should admire the diamond your dinner companion is wearing, and, as you express your interest, you try to impress her with your knowledge of precious stones. Soft pedal the authority in your voice. Better by far that you ask George Brent to step over and say it for you, for George knows all about diamonds—their composition, how they are mined, from the crystallizing process, which makes them possible, to the color and cut of Tiffany's most expensive stone. George should know. He spent nine months as a worker in a diamond mine, wresting from the bowels of the earth gems which might even now be gracing his lady. Not content with this, he served for two years as a secret service agent for the rebel leader, Michael Collins, during the Irish Rebellion. Quite a considerable fellow this George Brent.

Or, it's just possible that with the war scare topping the headlines you would like to know more of its agony and terror, of the horror of trenches and the chatter of machine gun fire. In Hollywood these things need not be left to your imagination. Call over Ronald Coleman and let him tell you of the ghastly days and nights he spent as a private with Kitchener's "Contemptibles," that gallant "First Hundred Thousand" of England's army to land in France, in the first battle of Ypres. He received his baptism of fire in the front line trenches and was wounded during an advance at Messines. He has staggered under heavy shelling, the terrifying song of "Minnies" in his ear, as he carried the body of a wounded comrade, bruised and torn and sticky with blood, to temporary safety.

He can give you first hand information of the horrible, needless massacre which laid Europe in waste.

If you prefer to go into the matter even further, Victor McLaglen can tell

Many Picturesque Characters Gather Where the Make-Believe Settings Remind Them of Their Own Adventurous Lives.

you how, as a lieutenant with the Irish Fusiliers in Mesopotamia, they fought the Turks and Arabs, forcing their way toward Bagdad, of which he later became Provost Marshall. Ravaged by fever and short of water they ploughed painfully across the burning sands without even the relief of medical aid. War . . . he can tell you all you want to know about it . . . he knows it not as a great and glorious adventure but as stark, crucifying misery that tears the soul to shreds.

With a shudder of aversion you pick up a small book, lying beside you on the table, which your companion has brought along. It is a copy of Robert W. Service's poems. The pages open to the immortal songs of Alaska. But why waste time reading about these heroes from the Yukon country. And don't spout poetic lore. Away over in the corner, to your right, two faces look familiar. They might have stepped from the covers of a Curwood novel. Looks like Jack Holt talking with Victor Jory, a native born Alaskan whose adventurous spirit took him all over the world and made him one time lightweight champion of British Columbia. They will, perhaps, be discussing the days before Jory started out to see the world, when Holt was mushing over frozen trails in the far north, carrying government mails and looking after his fur traps, while waiting for the thaw to make it possible for him to get back to his claims and the search for the precious metal which had lured him to Alaska.

Suppose the waiter at your side has asked for

If Victor McLaglen had carried a camera he could have made some scenes for "The Lost Patrol" from the events through which he lived.



Big Nat Pendleton has an international reputation.



The charming Ronald Colman learned about life when Death marched at his elbow.



your order at least three times, but your interest in the faces around you has distracted your attention. He is becoming a bit pugnacious. Take it easy. If you are in need of assistance, why not ask the quietly dressed man at the table directly in front of you to show you how to handle the waiter. Yes, it's Nat Pendleton who, in his pre-picture days, won so many wrestling championships that it would make you dizzy to keep track of them all. He covered himself with so much mat glory that he became a member of the 1920 Olympic team. I'll bet this is the closest you've ever been to an Olympic hero. He'll undoubtedly know the proper way to put the waiter in his place.

But wait, who is that giant with the shock of red hair who has just come in. Looks familiar, but he's probably just another of those movie men who wars for the screen and fights with pulled punches. But don't be too sure of that. This man is Charles Bickford. Ever hear of him? He has stood, stripped to the waist, his sinewy muscles dripping with sweat and rippling like slow music under the play of motion which carries the coal to the gaping jaws of a fiery furnace in a ship in Roosevelt's fleet, on which he went around the world. Those mighty shoulders aren't an accident. They are the result of labor.

From somewhere near by a quiet voice, educated, authoritative, is speaking and you find yourself listening.

"Must have been a magnificent sight. They put 5 quarts of nitro in the pool this morning and brought in a new gusher."

Peeking around the edge of the booth where you are seated you spy a gentleman and a very lovely lady. He is wearing a turtle neck sweater and white slacks. He looks like a candidate for collegiate honors, lunching with a fair co-ed. Don't be deceived. It is Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames. There is the blood of an Indian princess in his veins. It may account for the urge which has impelled him to chase the rainbow of adventure over two continents. Bruce can back up his talk about gushers. He has waited expectantly on fields that oozed black slime, with derricks rearing their stark skeletons on all sides, and at the signal which heralded [Continued on page 64]

They SHOULD Have

By
Ben Maddox



Norma Shearer, whose "Barretts of Wimpole Street" is expected to be one of the great successes of the new season. Fredric March and Charles Laughton are in the cast.



SOME "smart fella" has just defined Hollywood as the place where even the midgets have delusions of grandeur. Now I have bumped into almost everyone but a Little Man in my constant snoopings about town. I can't enlighten you on midgets, but I can tell you how the really worthwhile people in pictures react to their success. Conceited, snobbish, high-hat? Well, movie stars ought to be—considering the spot we've got them in!

They are famous for their personal charms. They're highly-paid, admired and desired. And they can't help knowing it because they are always being reminded of their superiority. Suppose you or I were as popular and as pampered—! But come, come, Marie. We'll go into *that* during the next rhumba. Meanwhile, let's proceed to cases.

Disclosing details about the movie mighty is my business, but you mustn't worry. I have no intention of reeling off a lot of whoppers. I shan't proclaim that every star twinkling down the boulevard of dreams is an angel. Fact is, I've never seen an angel herabouts, 'cause angels do not act! Until one pops along, look with me at those who should have the biggest swelled heads in Hollywood today.

Norma Shearer, unquestionably more than any other woman star, ought to have delusions of grandeur.

Why? Because without a doubt she has more than any woman in town. She has

an A-1 career which grows more brilliant with each passing year. She has the satisfaction of having carved out that career herself. Then she has love, a marriage which has stood the only true test—time. Furthermore, with her husband producing her pictures, she is assured of excellent rôles.

Combining stardom and wife-hood permanently is an achievement that is most enviable. To top her triumphs, Norma has the joy of motherhood.

So what? So Norma Shearer's head should stretch from thar away over to thar! But does it? If you only knew her personally you certainly wouldn't ask.

Getting into her presence is not an easy deed, I'll admit. Naturally she couldn't be three women-in-one—star, wife, and mother—if she didn't make every minute count. Which is precisely what she does. Efficiency is Norma's "secret." Even when she's loafing you sense that she's deriving some

He receives more fan mail than any male star on the Fox lot, but Warner Baxter is still a regular fellow.

the Biggest Swelled Heads

When All the World Knows You, and Goes Out Of Its Way to Say "Hello," How Can a Star Keep from Being Conceited?

great good from just lolling around!

When you do crash through to Norma in person, what do you find? A woman who is as friendly and gracious as can be. Her home is typical. Rather than quencing it in a vast Beverly estate, she has chosen a lovely but comparatively small beach house in Santa Monica. Everything in this miniature French château is in perfect, modernistic style. But it definitely is not grandiose. There is no home "theatre." When Norma and Irving want to view a new film, they just pull up a screen from the floor at one end of the living-room. Remembering that both of them earn top salaries, this modesty is astonishing.

You would imagine that Norma would have a secretary trailing her around. All she has is Ursulla, her colored maid. Norma isn't the sort who has to be pushed. She thinks for herself and Ursulla is chief carrier-out of



Katharine Hepburn is to make "The Little Minister," and your grandmother will tell you that there never was a finer play.



"The Thin Man" is such a Wow that Bill Powell and Myrna Loy simply must do some more.

the orders she has to give.

On the Metro lot Norma is treated with the utmost respect, not awe. She retains the same tiny dressing-room given her when she got her first featured assignment there, years ago. Garbo demanded and got a fancy private entrance. Marion Davies has a palatial bungalow. Shearer insists upon regulation working quarters.

To me the most marvelous thing about Norma is that she specifically *hasn't*

illusions of self-importance. This is borne out, for instance, by her refusal to go "society." She is content in her own domain.

"Being a social leader is a career in itself," she has often told me. "I have neither the desire nor time to entertain lavishly or attend rounds of parties."

The most revealing incident I can pass on to you, to point out Norma's wonderful modesty, is something that only I happen to know, because I was once the recipient of an unusual courtesy. I wrote an article quoting her at length and when I showed her my final draft, she said, "This last paragraph isn't just as I might express the thought. When do you have to send this in?" [Continued on page 59]

Henry B. Walthall, A Gentleman of Hollywood

His characterizations Have Contributed Many Fine Moments to Pictures Since "The Little Colonel."

By Gertrude Hill

MY SEARCH for Henry B. Walthall led me far into the High Sierras, California's magic mountains. Higher and higher I climbed, until at last I came to a trilogy of luxurious hunting lodges—one for Wallace Beery, one for Fred Kohler, and one for Henry B. I entered the last stronghold, and found myself in a great room writhing with furniture made of twisted manzanilla wood. There were deep pads of Indian rugs, mounted deer heads and long buried antiques from the forgotten mining towns of California's booming gold days. There were guns and knives and a row of purple bottles, all empty, but no Walthall.

Through Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills I tracked him, through ranchos and vacant lots, to his brooding Colonial home, recently abandoned. He owns so much of Southern California that the chase could go on for days. Almost every time you put your foot down you are trespassing on Walthall's property.

At last, weary and travel-stained, I made my way through a deep garden of sleepy flowers to an old Spanish doorway. The evening sun poured down over the warm red roof tiles and showered the white stucco walls with rose. I knocked on a big oaken door, and entered Walthall's last stand. Sure enough, there he

was, sitting in his authentic Spanish house in front of a genuine Adam mantelpiece! A man who would combine a casual Andalusian hacienda with a bit of frozen English formality would do almost anything. I clutched my five-pound dog closer, and stared at my elusive quarry.

Slim, graceful, rather short in stature, he smiled back at me. His iron gray hair, growing far back off his forehead, is long and flowing like that of an artist. His kindly, tired blue eyes are very deceiving, for, just as I thought they were lost in contemplation of something miles away, they lit up with a joyous, roguish twinkle. It was all most disconcerting. Really, if those critics who so mercilessly lambast Hollywood could know this actor, who is so gentle and



As President Madero in "Viva Villa," Walthall was unique. No one else is anything like him.

unassuming, it might influence them to sing another tune.

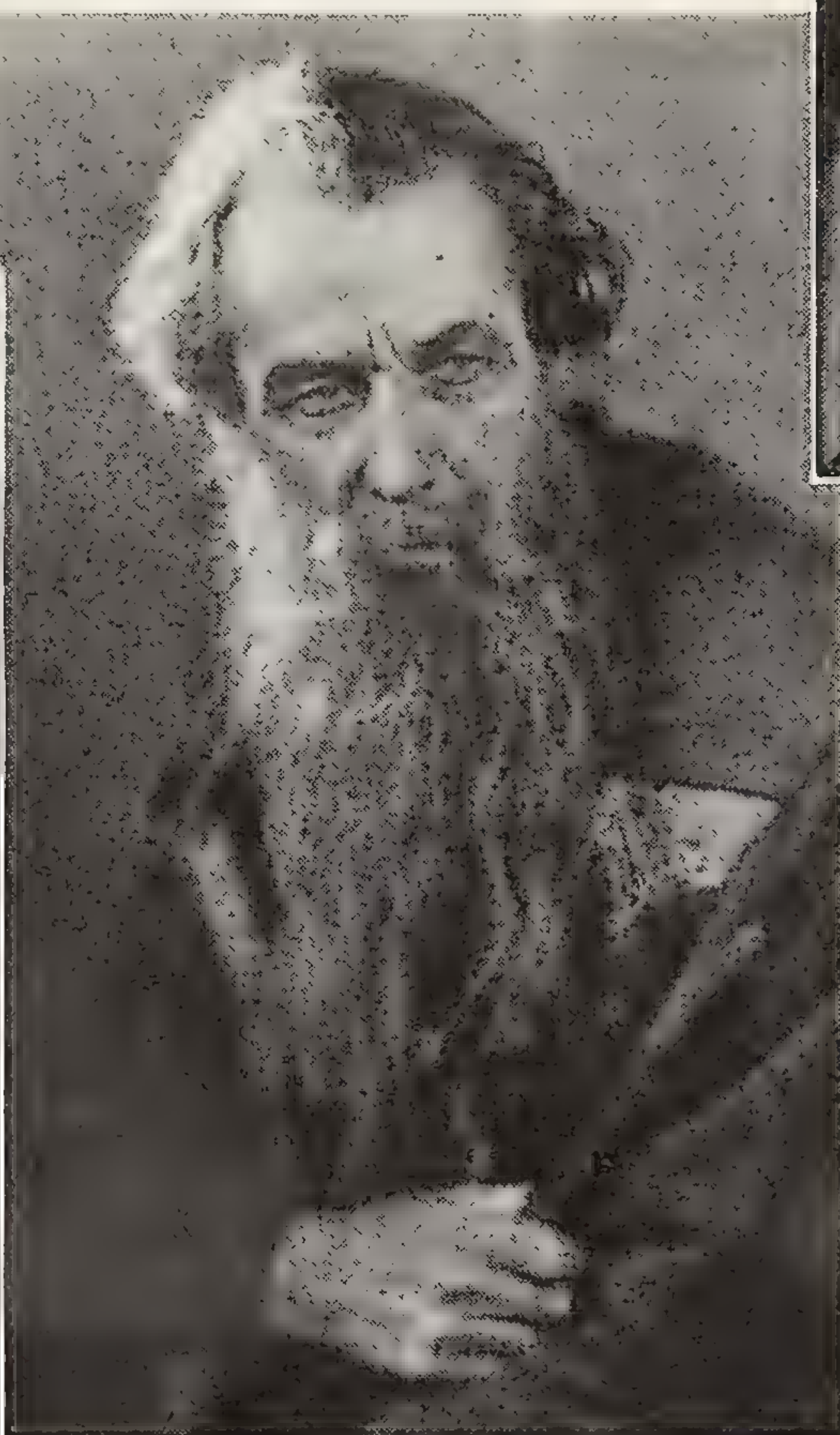
"Please, Mr. Walthall," I began. "They tell me you are a great man, a great actor. Are you?"

"Well, child," he answered, sliding down in his chair until he was sitting on the middle of his spine, "it all depends. Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I'm not."

Which was not getting us anywhere.

"I have never been myself in any part," the soft deep voice con-

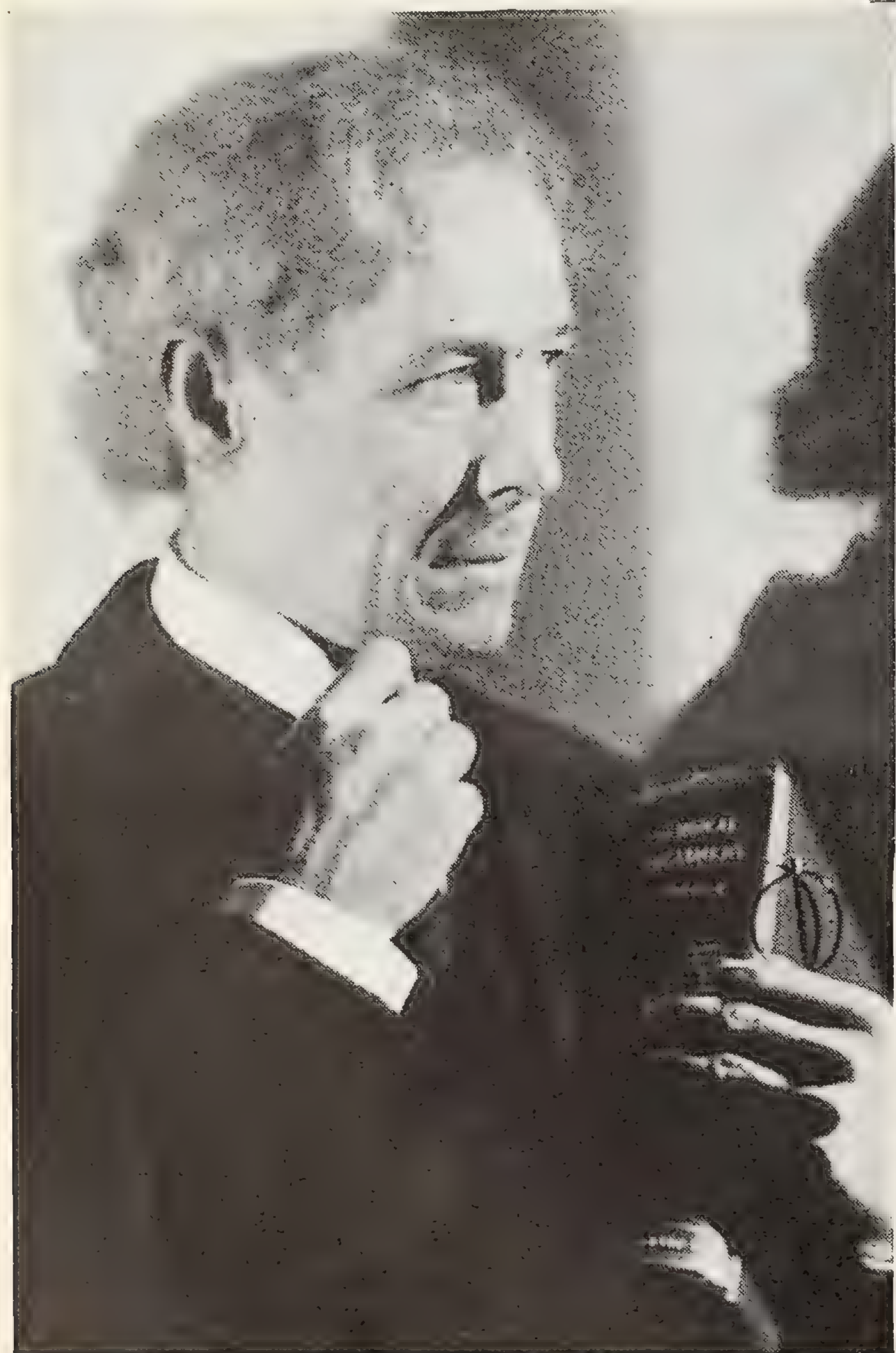
He just finished work as Roger Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter," a part he played before for silents.



tinued, "so I, as a person, do not enter into the discussion. However, when I played President Madero in 'Viva Villa,' I felt uplifted, exalted. Madero was thoughtful, powerful, gentle. He had to control the fiery Villa tenderly, but convincingly. If he had ever dared oppose Villa with physical strength, Villa would have knocked the stuffings out of him. My Madero wasn't going to the mat with any Villa played by Wally Beery. It was a lot safer for El Presidente to control his bandit boy-friend hypnotically." Walthall hesitated for a moment, and smiled. "I don't mind telling you the truth about my career, you understand, if you won't hold out for the whole truth."

I asked him if he had liked all the characters he had been on the screen—that is, with the exception of the villains, of course.

"On the contrary," he replied. "I liked the villains best of all. There is sauce to a villain. He has [Continued on page 56]



In "Men In White," Walthall gave his own special touch of sincere idealism.

ISABEL ON HER OWN



Isabel Is Hollywood's Ninety Pound Jewel

By Lenore Samuels

TWO years ago a slim young blonde named Isabel Jewel was playing a small but highly dramatic rôle in "Blessed Event" on the New York stage. So outstanding was her performance that, when M-G-M bought the play for the screen and commenced to cast it on the West Coast, they sent for Isabel to recreate the same part.

Although Isabel had often heard of Hollywood in those five years during which she played in mid-western stock companies, and also during the year in New York while she played in such hits as "Up Pops the Devil" and "Blessed Event," Hollywood had never heard of her at all.

Yet, when "Blessed Event" was released as a film, Hollywood sang her praises in the same key as they sang Lee Tracy's, the star of the piece. Which brings us, as do most stories on Isabel Jewel, to Lee Tracy. But not in the same fashion, praise be to heaven.

Prior to this, poor Isabel has generally been referred to as "Lee Tracy's girl friend." In spite of her obvious histrionic ability, Isabel never succeeded in lifting herself out of that social morass in which the fan writers, in their enthusiasm for love's young dream, had thrust her.

When I told her that "just to be different" I would like to present her to the fans as an individual personality that

could stand up bravely on its own account, she almost burst into tears. She was that grateful.

"It isn't that I'm not just as fond of Lee as ever," she assured me quickly, "but oh, we both get so tired of that phrase. Lee realizes, too, that if I'm ever to achieve anything that matters I'll just have to divorce myself from such foolish cognomens, or they will end up by spelling my epitaph so far as a screen career is concerned."

Isabel's a bit young to be referring to epitaphs of any kind as yet, and I laughingly told her so.

"That's just the trouble," she informed me. "I look so young, and yet I'm not the ingenue type at all. I look very wise and sophisticated on the screen, and yet young, too, and there's not always a part in a story written to my measure."

"When I finished my part in 'Blessed Event' there was a long, bleak stretch in which I did nothing at all."

"But you got such marvellous notices," I said in surprise.

"That's just it," Isabel continued. "I was typed as a dramatic character actress, and when sophisticated comedy rôles appeared on the horizon, they didn't consider me at all. 'You can't play comedy,' they informed me. 'You're only good for a dramatic part.'"

"Of course I had to abide by their de-

cision, although I was convinced that I could do a lighter rôle. Well, for eight months I hung on and on at M-G-M without any part at all. If it wasn't for Lee's constant friendship and his grim determination to buoy my spirits up, I would have left for New York a half dozen times during that empty stretch.

"Then came a few small parts with other companies—nothing that mattered much—and then, at last, a real break. I was cast in the Hollywood stage production of 'Counsellor-at-Law,' with Otto Kruger in the starring rôle. If you've ever been to Hollywood, you know that everybody goes to the openings of the legitimate plays. And 'Counsellor-at-Law,' which had made such a hit in New York, with Paul Muni in the lead, brought out all Hollywood's ace producers. I played the slangy telephone operator—the part was a gem—and I'm really not too modest to say that I got everything out of it that I could, including the marvellous press notices.

"That part turned the tables for me for a while so far as my dramatic career was concerned. Now all the producers insisted that I was a comedienne of the first water. Cast me in a dramatic rôle! 'Why, are you crazy, Miss Jewel, you're a comedienne. Who ever said you could do drama?' That's what I heard where-

[Continued on page 63]

Pictures to look
forward to.

STUDIO



Otto Kruger, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Chained," which is the story of some lovers who are chained to the wrong people. Since Garbo ate grapes in "Queen Christina," the California fruit growers contribute to every picture.

IF SOMEONE would just explain why things always have to happen to me in such a rush. At five o'clock—in the morning, mind you—my 'phone rings and it's Richard Hemming of Columbia.

"I've got two weeks off," he announces by way of greeting, "and I'm going up to Yellowstone Park. I thought I'd call you early so you could have a full day to get caught up with your work and go with me."

The idea of saying "No" never occurs to me so I fly around in a frenzy, cut myself shaving, start packing my other suit, put my old toothbrush into the grip, instead of my nice new pink one, and off I go without my breakfast.

At Twentieth Century

THE first stop is at the above studio, humming after a silence that has endured for months. The picture is "We Live Again," starring Fredric March and Anna Sten. Look at the cast!

"WE LIVE AGAIN"

Katusha Maslova.....Anna Sten
Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch
Nekhlyudov.....Fredric March
Missy Korchagin.....Jane Baxter
Prince Korchagin...C. Aubrey Smith
Aunt Marie.....Ethel Griffies
Aunt Sophia.....Gwendolyn Logan
Matrona Pavlovna.....Jessie Ralph

Freddie, as the Prince, is on his way home after six years away at school. With him in the carriage are his aunts—Marie (Ethel Griffies) and Sophia (Gwendolyn Logan). The carriage rocks and sways along the road towards the castle, but evidently all is not well. Freddie is arguing.

"Of course you're going into the army," announces Miss Griffies. "You'll spend the summer studying. There'll be no loafing.

We shall be very much disappointed if you fail to pass your officer's examinations."

"But, Aunt Marie," Freddie protests, "I don't like the army. I don't like what it represents. Why must I be an officer?"

"Because your father was one," Marie announces decisively, "and," she adds as if that were not reason enough, "your grandfather was one. Because," she concludes triumphantly, "the Nekhlyudovs have always served the Czar!"



Fredric March arguing with his aunts, Ethel Griffies and Gwendolyn Logan. It seems that Freddie does not wish to join the army. A scene from Anna Sten's picture "We Live Again."

Fine thing, I think. She might as well have said that because his father and grandfather and all the Nekhlyudovs had always been drunkards, Freddie had got to be one, too.

But Freddie, the nitwit, can't think of an argument like that.

Well, I can't sit here all day listening to him argue whether he's going into the army

or not and, anyhow, I'm not interested in what happens in Russia—at least not since Sten left it. So I start off the set, but Freddie catches a glimpse of me.

"Hey, you," he yells, "where you going? Come back here. I want you to see my new dressing-room which Florence fixed up for me."

It's elegant. A miniature bar, a studio couch, a couple of chairs, a make-up table, an ice box, a clothes press, a tiny bathroom and an electric fan. And the whole thing on wheels, so no matter where he works he can have his dressing room.

"Marvelous!" I murmur.

"Wait'll you see our new house," Freddie exclaims proudly. "Now *that* is something."

"What period?" I demand skeptically.

"French provincial."

At this point Miss Griffies, who plays Aunt Marie, sticks her head in the door and Freddie introduces us.

"I thought I recognized you," she smiles. "You probably don't remember me but my husband, Ted Cooper, often speaks of you."

Is my face red? Me that's always so touchy when people forget me. "I'm so sorry," I stammer. "How is Ted?"

"He'll be back next week. He's opening at the Playhouse in 'The Green Bay Tree.' Drop back stage and see him, won't you?"

The only way I can cover my embarrassment successfully is by leaving, which I do in short order.

On the Columbia Lot

I SKIP over to Columbia and the gods are certainly smiling on me. They have only two companies shooting—"Broadway Bill," starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, and "The Captain Hates the Sea," starring John Gilbert, Victor McLaglen and Alison Skipworth. They are both on location so you'll have to wait until next month for them.

NEWS

Wherever They Are Shooting A
Picture in Hollywood, Up Pops
S. R. Mook.

"I tried to get hold of you all day yesterday," Mary Bartol exclaims when I appear. "'Among the Missing' has been on location every time you've been over here and they were finishing up yesterday. I wanted you to see it before it went into the can."

"What a shame," I lie.

Well, I can't tell you about the picture now, but I can give you the cast. Here 'tis:

"AMONG THE MISSING"

Tommy Richard Cromwell
Aunt Martha.... Henrietta Crossman
Judy..... Billie Seward
Gordon..... Arthur Hohl
Smeed..... Ivan Simpson
Flannigan Ben Taggart
Rogers..... Wade Boteler
Abbott..... Harry C. Bradley
Mrs. Abbott..... Claire DuBrey
Capt. Drake..... Douglas Cosgrove
Connors Paul Hurst

"Don't you want to know the story?" Mary asks.

"No!" I shout, dashing out the door.

At Paramount

I MUST live right because everything is just going ducky. Three pictures in the works over here but one of them—"You Belong to Me," with Lee Tracy and Helen Mack, I've already told you about.

The most important one of the month, on this lot, is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

I step boldly on to the stage. It's a screwy set. At the back, in the doorway, hang some of those old rope portieres, and beyond that is a bedroom. I know it's a bedroom because there's a cheap iron bed in it. But this front room where the action is taking place, I don't know what it is. It may be a kitchen; because there is an old iron coal stove in one corner. Again, it may be the living room because in a corner is a living-room table with a nickel reading lamp on it. On the other hand, it may be the sewing room because in another corner is a sewing machine. It might even be the conservatory because on the machine is a vase in which some flowers are fighting for existence. But they're waging a losing battle and they look pretty droopy.

Before I have a chance to go into this further, Director Norman Taurog catches sight of me. "Can't you see that sign on the door?" he screams.



Much is expected from Francis Lederer, in the filming of "Pursuit of Happiness," because of his tremendous Broadway reputation.

"What sign?" I ask innocently enough, although I know perfectly well he's referring to the 'No Visitors' sign.

"What sign?" he gurgles, beginning to froth at the mouth. I always go out of my way to throw Norman into a rage. When it comes to frothing, there's no one in Hollywood can even approach him. "That sign which says, 'Positively no visitors without a production set pass.' That's what sign. And it says 'Positively,' too."

"I have a production set pass," I inform him when I can get a word in, and after he's wiped the foam from his lips.

"You've got a pass!" he yelps. "Where did you get a pass?"

"Julie gave it to me." Julie is his wife and that was about enough of that. Norman got very busy with a "take" about that time.

"Let's go," he orders.

I watch the scene with interest. ZaSu Pitts is fluttering around. W. C. Fields, in a frock coat buttoned wrong and carrying a silk hat, is facing her. At his side stands the one and only Pauline Lord. She is in a calico house dress.

"Oh, oh," quavers ZaSu. "There's a funny kind of something goes right through me when you speak of marriage."

"I—er—," Mr. Fields begins pompously, "I experience a similar sensation at the mention of the event. However," he continues portentously, "there is one thing I must know before the wedding bells ring out the joyous tidings: CAN YOU COOK?"

"Well," ZaSu falters, "I think maybe—"

But Miss Lord interrupts. "Can she cook," she breathes in a tone that leaves no doubt of it.

"Cut," Norm directs.

I glance curiously at Miss Lord. She has always been an interesting figure to me. She created the name part in "Anna Christie" on the stage, but that isn't why she interests me. A few years ago she opened in a new play in San Francisco. Suddenly, and without warning, she withdrew from it in the middle of the run. Approached by newspapermen for a reason,



G. P. Huntley and Dorothy Christy as they are discovered by Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance."

she blandly informed them that the part was not suited to her youth and beauty.

Nor is that all. Arriving on the Chief, she disembarked in Pasadena in company with Richard Arlen and his wife. "We'd like to get a picture of you and Mr. Arlen, Miss Lord," the cameramen asked as she stepped off the train.

"Is this beginning already?" snapped The One and Only.

You'll learn, Polly, old girl—some day.

Ed. Note: See page 14 for further gossip on "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

The other picture going over here is "The Pursuit of Happiness," starring Francis Lederer.

It seems Francis is a young violinist who has been conscripted into the Hessian army during the Revolutionary War. In New York he opens a sack of tobacco smuggled into camp by an American spy and finds a note offering forty acres of land to every soldier who joins the American army.

He deserts and finds his way to Joan Bennett's home, where she discovers him at the well. She turns a musket on him but he smiles engagingly and tells her she isn't holding it right. They are discovered by Joan's father—Charlie Ruggles—and Minor Watson—an American recruiting colonel.

He is taken into the house and what a swell set it is. Real colonial. Very rough and primitive—but attractive? Wer-ry attractive.

"Now, then," Minor begins, sitting down at a table and taking up a quill pen, "what's your name?"

"Maximillian Leopold von Obersdorf Christmann," Lederer volunteers, saluting and clicking his heels.

"What?" demands Minor.

"You can just call me Max," Lederer offers and smiles. "May I write it for you?"

"Yes. Here," Minor orders, giving the paper and quill to him.

"My rank, private," Francis says aloud as he writes. "Regiment Von Minnegerode. Age 26. Arrived New York 1776."



Taking the last scenes of "Four Walls," with Jack LaRue and Franchot Tone. And then they changed the title to "Straight Is the Way."

"Look here," Minor storms, "Am I conducting this examination or are you?"

Joan Bennett stops by for a moment—and is she a picture in her colonial costume! "Gene is furious at you," she breathes. "You haven't even called up since we're back from Europe."

"Gene" is Gene Markey—her husband—and if there is a man in Hollywood who has gone out of his way to befriend me it is he. I ought to be ashamed of myself. I am ashamed of myself. "I'll call him as soon as I get back to town," I promise, and duck. [Continued on page 64]

**THE LOVE STORY
OF ONE WOMAN
AND ONE MAN..**

That mirrors the emotions of
every woman and every man
facing the turmoil of the
world today.

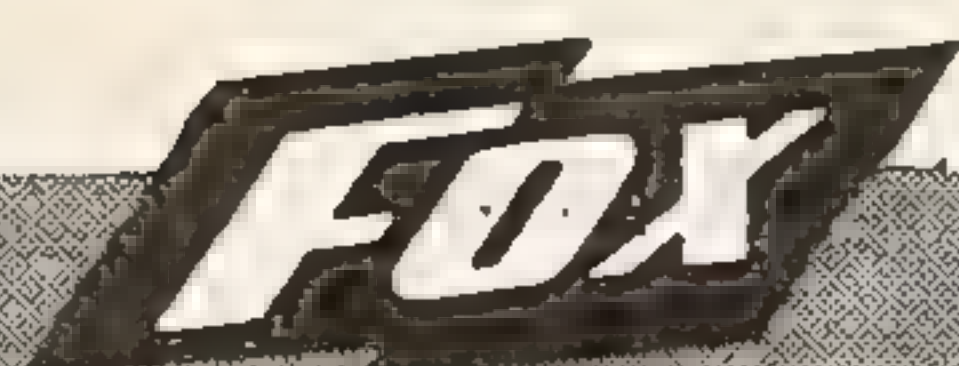
FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

**MADELEINE
CARROLL
FRANCHOT
TONE**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley



The Hollywood HARVEST

Any Day Now
the New Pictures
Will Burst Upon
You.



Fredric March is co-starred in the second Sten picture.

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN is directing Anna Sten in her second American screen play. The story is a new adaptation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and is now titled "We Live Again." Anna's first picture was a personal triumph for the girl herself, for her director and for the publicity man. Let us hope the adapter has better luck this time.



Anna Sten, a Russian in a famous story of her homeland (as it once was).

Kenneth Alexander

An Academy winner, Fredric March will give Anna Sten the support without which no star can do her best.



MYRNA LOY

A ROSE slowly budding and coming to bloom exhibits the same peaceful, unhurried tranquillity as Myrna. Her progress, since the "half caste" make-up was thrown out the dressing-room window, has been one quiet success after another—"When Ladies Meet," "The Thin Man" and "Stamboul Quest." She even spread her certain charm over the pugs and gangsters of "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—all in the days work. And then she was borrowed and cast with the also borrowed Warner Baxter (a team we could never have seen but for Columbia) in "Broadway Bill." All males appear at their best with Myrna. Can Baxter surpass Bill Powell as Myrna's man?

Clarence Sinclair Bull



In "Broadway Bill," Mark Hellinger's story, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter mingle with the horses and touts, the jockeys, trainers and bookmakers of the racing game.

The great race scene. Clarence Muse, Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter with pulses hammering to the rhythm of the pounding hoofs of "Broadway Bill"—that's the horse, Giddap!





FRANCIS LEDERER

THE Czech is a talented actor and Paramount has borrowed him for "Pursuit of Happiness." Now that he has temporarily escaped from the management which parked him in parka and mittens beneath a snowbank, and is to play with such talented Continentals as Charles Ruggles and Joan Bennett, we think you'll like him.

Ray Jones



Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in the film from the Broadway success in which that "bundling" scene occurs. You know, the bed with the board between them.



FASHIONS
FROM EUROPE

OATMEAL ensemble worn by Pamela Ostrer, English starlet. Note the hip-length cape with scarf ends thrown nonchalantly over the shoulder. The belt, which is of double dyed calf, has a chromium fastener. The beret is brown gros-grain ribbon, with amusing points standing up on the crown.

AT RIGHT. Miss Diana Cotton is seen wearing a scarf with hat to match, made of stitched taffeta in navy contrasted with gray.



SEQUIN gowns are returning in the new Fall styles. Veronica Rose wears this V neck creation and displays the new shoulder arrangement. She appears in "A Cup of Kindness," a Gaumont-British comedy.



GLENNIS LORIMER, Junior G-B star—and very pretty, too—wears a black angora frock which is fastened with thongs of white kid to match the belt woven through decorative eyelets.

By special arrangement with Gaumont British Picture Corporation, SILVER SCREEN Shows the Advanced Fall Fashions.

"GOING RURAL"

Location Trips Are Often Fifty Percent Work and Fifty Percent Picnic.

THE California sun first drew the distracted cameramen to California (in those days the emulsion on the films was slower) and while the movies have gone from arc lights to kleigs to incandescents, Old Sol still covers the waterfront and the far location spots. Ralph Bellamy told us recently, apropos of New York's sizzling July season, that he went on location at the edge of Death Valley last year when the thermometer was one hundred and thirty-eight.

Some famous location expeditions have set up regular tent cities. Other trips have been famous for the news that developed (Lee Tracy in Mexico for instance), and some have been tragic—like the one taken for that Columbia river picture—when three men were drowned. The players often object to going out to the wilds, to the snow country or prairie land, and then they usually turn to and transform the whole thing into a frolic—that's actors!



Clarence
Sinclair
Bull



Virginia Bruce may surprise you before the leaves begin to fall. She will be seen in "Dangerous Corner."



Clark Gable, on location for "Chained," rides his dappled gray and develops the old menace.

In "Peck's Bad Boy," Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searle go fishing for catfish. The man is O. P. Heggie.

The playful spirit gets into Robert Montgomery as he unloads the hayrack while Maureen O'Sullivan officiates in the hay mow.



Montgomery and
Maureen on loca-
tion for "Hide-
Out."

Barbara Stanwyck
and Frank Morgan
making "Lost Lady"
far from the Warner
Studio.

The GREATEST TEAMS OF THE SCREEN

TEAM No.

L





In "Flirtation Walk"

DICK POWELL AND
RUBY KEELER

SINCE "42nd Street," Dick has been singing his love songs to Ruby, and Ruby's charming manner, beauty and dancing feet have done their share to make Keeler and Powell the Number One Team of the Screen. Perhaps this is because, in addition to their personalities (personalities bloom everywhere on the screen), they are each solo artists in their own right, and both young and unspoiled.

SILVER SCREEN
OCTOBER, 1934.



In "Love-time," Nils Asther holds Pat Paterson, the new English beauty. This is the beautiful love story of Schubert, the great composer.



Ann Dvorak holds George Brent in "Housewife."



In "The Dragon Murder Case," Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay both face the camera and love can go hang.

TO MY ARMS"

*In Hollywood Your Allure Will Measure
Your Future and Fate Will be Exactly As
Kind As You Are Kissable.*

WHEN the lovely heroine pretends to yield to the handsome hero, she actually is submitting herself to her public, and her future will be just as bright as her lovemaking is appealing. Jean Harlow, in one of her early pictures, won all hearts by the eagerness of her embraces. No turning back for Jean.

In the studio, when a kiss picture is being taken, a little ripple of excitement touches the "grips" and "juicers," and while the lovers press together, lips seeking other lips, the old cosmic urge stalks across the world and destinies rock on their foundation,—sometimes, indeed, crashing into matrimony just from a studio kiss. Take

John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce or Sue Carol and Nick Stuart or Stu Erwin and June Collyer.

One touch and the fires burst forth—the beacon flares that guide lovers to happiness and make mortals strive toward noble ideals.



Kay Francis and Leslie Howard
in the much discussed "British
Agent."

The difficulty is to
keep from meaning
it too much, just Art
for Art's sake with
no loose ends left
over. Stuart Erwin
and Rochelle Hud-
son in "Bachelor
Bait."

PICTURE GIRLS ARE

Beauty, Romance, Thrilling Companionship and Exciting Embraces All May Be Found Upon the Dance Floor—And Perhaps Fame As Well.



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance in a picture titled "The Gay Divorce."

"You Belong to Me," a Paramount picture, sets Helen Mack and Arthur Pierson to whirling in ecstasy.

ALWAYS DANCING

THE Rhumba echoes back from the Beverly Hills, the Carioca lifts them out of their chairs at the Vendome—all Hollywood is dancing. Sometimes they dance for love of a partner, sometimes to parade a new frock, but usually because dancing moulds and fashions the figure, strengthens here and flattens there. The true Hollywood figure is the dancing figure.

Moving pictures, with fast and catchy dance tunes, often get fine publicity thereby, as did "Flying Down to Rio"—and imagine the plight of a picture girl, in such a film, who could not sway to a seductive rhythm or stamp her little castanet-like heels.

There are no better dancers than the girls of the studios, nor is there a spot on earth where talent is so generously applauded or more handsomely repaid. Every night club dance floor is a battleground where graceful forms swing to lilting rhythms and hard-headed directors watch intently, just as you might search a field of clover, hoping and hoping to find a four-leaved lucky one.

In the new M-G-M musical piece, "Student Tour," there is a new step which will set the world to prancing. It is called "The Carlo," and when you dance it with someone you love you take your heart and life in your hands.

Joan Crawford, in a swimming pool scene from "Chained," reveals her lovely dancer's figure which has been famous since "Our Dancing Daughters."

Old waltz tunes never die, and Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier dance today to the irresistible beat of the Merry Widow Waltz.





Clarence Sinclair Bu

IF YOU DROPPED IN ON MADGE EVANS—THE LIVING ROOM

THE walls are a deep cream, and the drapes are figured, the predominating color a rich henna red. This same color is used for the velvet covered couch

and the velvet lampshades on the tables at each end. The bases are white china. Oriental rugs are upon the dark wood floor.



THE DRAWING ROOM OF ROBERT MONTGOMERY

THE color scheme combines pale green walls with a darker shade for the heavy damask brocaded davenport and love seats. The pillows and occa-

sional chairs are of petit point. The secretary in the background, of typical colonial design, is of curly maple, as are the tables and bookstand.

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Three Paramount Stars Tell HOLLYWOOD'S Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, and of Sylvia Sidney . . . remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up . . . harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ *Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.*



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Featured in Paramount's "Cleopatra" Using Max Factor's Face Powder.



CAROLE LOMBARD, Featured in Paramount's "Now and Forever" Using Max Factor's Rouge.



SYLVIA SIDNEY, Featured in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess" Using Max Factor's Lipstick

POWDER . . . A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings . . . that clings for hours . . . that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up . . . that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert . . . black hair . . . dark eyes and olive skin . . . is Max Factor's Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up . . . Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.

ROUGE . . . A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth . . . as fine as finest skin texture . . . it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard . . . light blonde hair . . . fair skin . . . and blue eyes . . . is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. And, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.

LIPSTICK . . . Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony . . . and to keep lips lovely . . . must be permanent and uniform in color . . . smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Sylvia Sidney . . . to harmonize with her brown hair . . . deep creamy skin . . . and hazel eyes . . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Like the Screen Stars . . .

you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.

© 1934. Max Factor

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK



MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ 17-10-72

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	



Margaret smiles.



Generous mouth,
fine forehead—
Margaret has
perfect screen
features.



MARGARET
SULLAVAN



IF MARGARET SULLAVAN had never made "Little Man, What Now?" she would still rate your admiration for her performance in "Only Yesterday." She settled all doubts by again winning her audience with her frank and disarming charm. Her next picture will probably be "The Good Fairy."

WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE MOVIES



Robert Montgomery



Cary Grant



Clark Gable



Spencer Tracy



Fredric March



Wallace Beery

The Silver Screen Gold Medal Awaits the Votes of the Readers. It Will Be Awarded to the Most Popular Male Player in Hollywood.

ANNUALLY, SILVER SCREEN offers to its readers the opportunity to express their admiration in permanent form. This year the Gold Medal will be awarded to the Most Popular Man on the Screen.

The ballot below is one vote for any hero you care to select. The pictures on this page illustrate some of the best known of our screen heroes, but there are many others who will receive enthusiastic support at the polls. Any man or boy who plays in motion pictures is eligible to win the Medal. It will be sent to the one who receives the most votes.

Motion pictures marked the beginning of fan mail, and the idea of sitting down and writing advice or encouragement to a player, without any expectation of a reward, became a natural thing to do because of the feeling of gratitude that we all experience after we have had a delightful evening at the movies. It is but a step beyond writing a fan letter for you to help to present a more enduring token to your favorite. So clip the coupon from the bottom of this page and write upon it the name of the man you believe deserves the much desired title of "the Most Popular Man in the Movies."

There is no charge of any sort, neither is there any prize to be given to any reader for voting. This is purely an opportunity for SILVER SCREEN's readers to express in beautiful form their admiration and loyalty for a favorite.

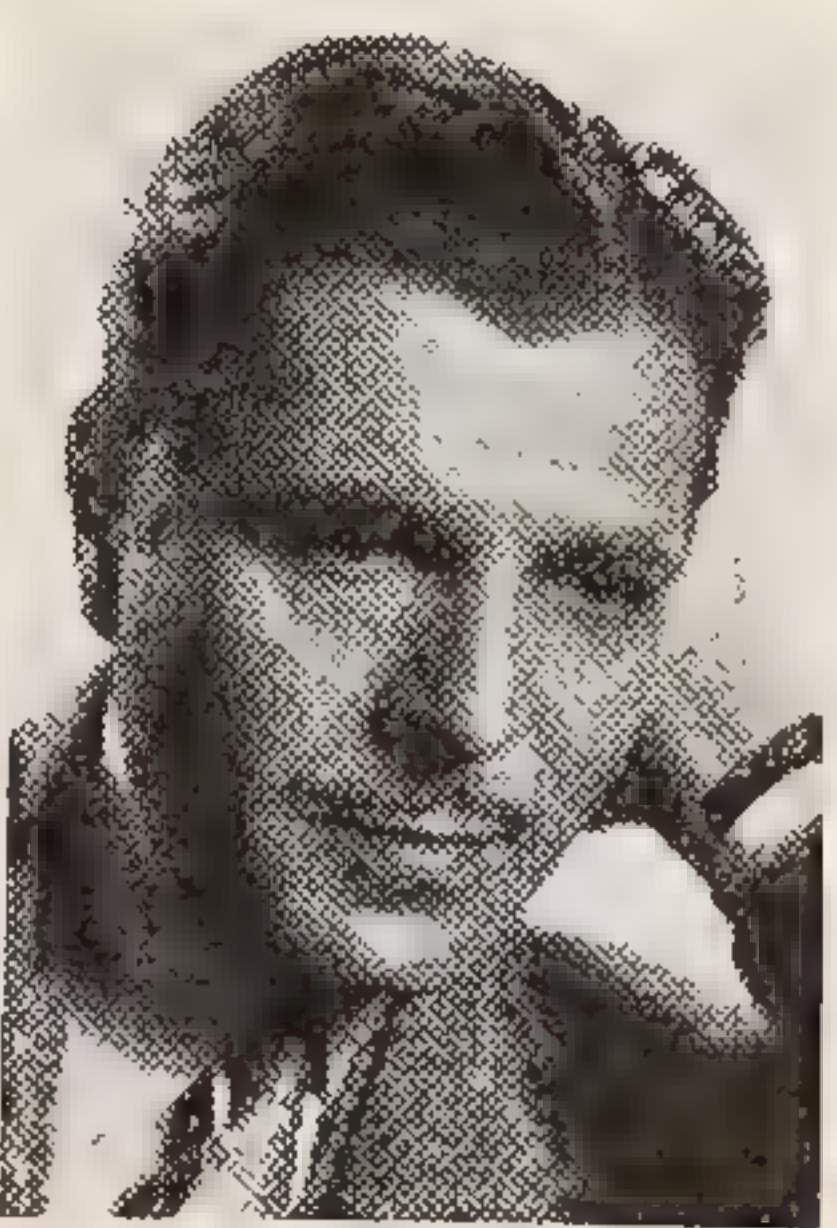
While the photographs on this page illustrate some of our handsomest players



Ronald Colman



Gary Cooper



Warner Baxter



Leslie Howard

and some of our busiest, the only point to be taken into consideration is which man you like the most. It does not matter whether he be young or old,

screen lover or character player. Your vote will be counted, and his name entered in the competition. This is your contest and the Medal will represent the voice of SILVER SCREEN's family.

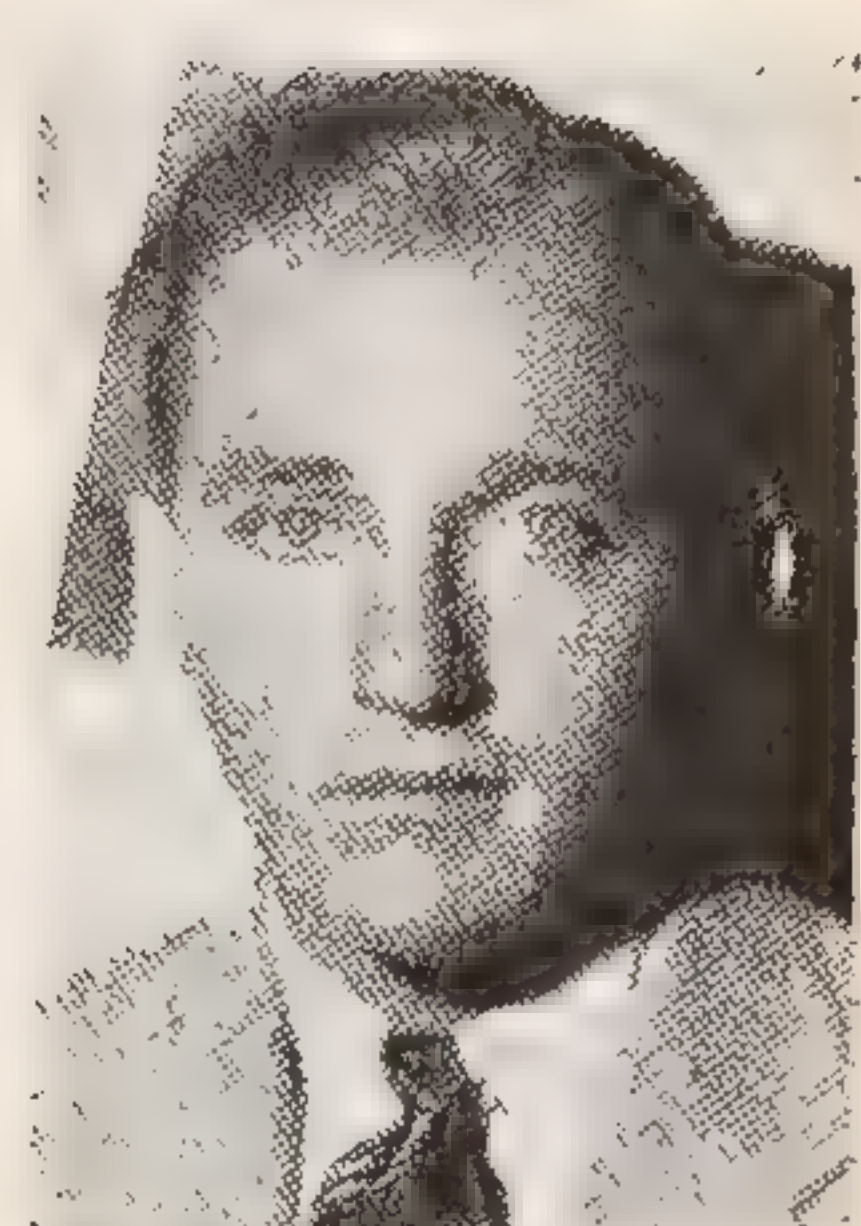
There is a sense of satisfaction in having your own judgment backed by the judgment of the majority. Can you pick the fortunate winner? Are you appreciative of the qualifications that win for Hollywood players the widespread fame

that they enjoy?

The Academy of Arts and Sciences has several times awarded honors to men of the pictures, but such awards do not establish which player is the leader in popularity. Popularity is a separate honor. It is the result of certain charms, perhaps, instead of talent. In any event, it is the highest prized honor in Hollywood.

Ballots received up to midnight on Friday, October fifth, will be accepted and tabulated. No vote will be counted unless the ballot which appears on this page is used. You may send in as many ballots as you wish. When the votes have been counted and the winner determined, the Gold Medal will be forwarded to the Most Popular Man in the movies and his name will be announced in a forthcoming issue of SILVER SCREEN.

Fill out the ballot below and mail today.



Bing Crosby



John Barrymore



Douglass Montgomery



James Cagney



Richard Arlen

Help Award the Silver Screen Gold Medal to the Most Popular Man on the Screen.

Gold Medal Editor,
Silver Screen,
45 West 45th Street,
New York City.

I vote for
to receive the Silver Screen Gold Medal for the Most Popular Man in Pictures.

.....
(Signed)
.....
(Address) (City) (State)

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.



Leo Carrillo, now signed to a M-G-M contract, has been making personal appearances. His California rancho covers eleven acres, all fenced. "Not," says Leo, "to keep things out, but to keep my friends in."

the "GRINGO"

Leo Carrillo Pretends to be a Foreigner,
But Actually He Descends from the
First Governor of California.

By Helen Fay Ludlam



I HADN'T seen the act Leo Carrillo put on at the Capitol Theatre in New York before I interviewed him there. If I had I would have saved myself considerable embarrassment. Naturally, having watched Mr. Carrillo through *Viva Villa* and other pictures, I was prepared to meet a dashing Mexican and there he stood at the dressing-room door, even to the sombrero.

With hands extended in greeting he said cordially in perfect English: "How sweet of you to come all the way up here to see me." I looked at him in astonishment.

Noticing my hesitancy, the man smiled. "I am Leo Carrillo," he said.

"But—but I thought—well, it's very stupid of me, but I thought you didn't speak English."

Carrillo threw back his head and roared with laughter. "You thought I was *immigrant*—yes?"

I pulled myself together slowly, as I listened to his perfect dialect. "I can only comfort myself by remembering that I'm not the only one you have completely fooled. Do you know, I don't believe half the people who see you on the screen realize that you speak English at all. And now I suppose you'll be telling me that you are an American."

An amused chuckle from Mr. Carrillo. "I'm afraid I'll have to if I am to give facts." And then this genial, gentle person proceeded quite calmly to take the wind completely out of my sails by telling me that he had been born in Los Angeles, which is my own home town, and that his people for generations back had been Californians. In fact, a great grandfather had been the first Governor of the state, and an uncle the first Mayor of Los Angeles. He was born down

in the Plaza near Olivero street, which is now the swanky place to dine when one visits the City of the Angels.

He owns a small theatre down there now, right near the old home site, where he and his friends occasionally make whoopee. Across the picturesque square stands one of the oldest landmarks of the state, a Catholic Church. Down that aisle walked Leo's mother and father toward their new life together, and in that same church Leo himself was baptized. His people owned miles and miles of California soil in the old days, and relatives still have ranchos and haciendas scattered about.

"Mr. Carrillo," my voice was very, very small, "where did you learn to speak Spanish?"

Again that deep infectious laugh. "Oh, all over and, besides, I went to Spain. The other dialects I also picked up in my wanderings. I've been to China, and I speak Chinese, but the lingo I use on the stage I picked up in San Francisco when I was a newspaper reporter. I knew Chinatown and the Barbary Coast when these two places were something to talk about. I hobnobbed with every interesting type I found down there, interested, because I was then a writer, in their slant on life, interested in the strange influences that brought and kept them there.

"Is that why you are able to understand your audiences?" I asked. Carrillo looked pleased.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," he said quietly. "I try to understand my audiences and try to give them what they want. Many people go to the theatre to forget the blues, and I wouldn't trade my job with any man living if I can make them do it. Caruso, who was my very good friend, gave me my first valuable tip on how to handle an audience. I had remarked about a brilliant matinee performance he gave when the house was slack, and asked why he hadn't saved himself for the evening when it was sold out. I'll never forget how earnestly he replied. 'Leo,' he said, 'if there are only two people out there—give them all you've got. Play to those two people as though there were a million. They have honored you by coming to your theatre; it is your job to see that they don't go away disappointed. From a business point of view you must also keep in mind that a small house affects the spirit of the audience. Empty seats give out an unfriendly atmosphere—cold. People go away undecided whether they have enjoyed themselves or not. The artist must make up for this lack of warmth; undo the chilling effect and send them out happy and enthusiastic.'

"Sometime later I happened to be playing in Chicago during a bad period of

[Continued on page 60]

"I Have Grown Up"

says

LORETTA
YOUNG

By Helen
Louise
Walker

To Love Is
To Change
a Little.

Her future has
the greatest
promise in all
Hollywood.



STRANGE things have been happening to Loretta Young—at least, I should say, they have left a strange effect. For she is at this moment the most discussed young woman in Hollywood. This is not entirely because of her recently announced "renunciation" of Spencer Tracy, although that has had something to do with it. Just what effect it has had I shall try to make clear to you.

Let's get some facts together before I try to tell you what I think is really happening to Loretta . . . what sort of person she was and what she is becoming. After "Man's Castle," Frank Borzage (whom I consider one of the three or four finest directors in pictures) told me that he considered Loretta the most promising young actress on the screen today.

"Do you think she knows it?" I asked him. He smiled. "She has not the faintest notion of what her possibilities and her talents are!" he told me. "She is just now maturing, but she has not matured enough to know what she has."

Darryl Zanuck waxed lyrical about her when he signed her on a long term contract for Twentieth Century. "Now we *have something!*" he gloated.

And yet . . . I talked with Loretta only a short time ago. "I want, more than anything else in the world," she said, "to marry, retire and have several children."

Loretta has a funny little way of sitting when she talks to you. She sits very straight in her chair, with her hands folded in her lap, like a child who is repeating its "exercises." She was doing that. Her eyes were simply enormous. Sometimes I think that Loretta's eyes are larger than Joan Crawford's . . . only Loretta's change color; while Joan's are always hazel-brown. Sometimes Loretta's seem a deep, deep blue, while at other times I am convinced that they are pure yellow.

There she sat, very straight, with her

little, rounded chin lifted, saying, "I want marriage . . . and children."

This was a girl who had recently renounced the man she undoubtedly loves . . . because he is married to another woman, because he has two children; because Loretta is a devout Roman Catholic and divorce and remarriage are difficult in her faith. Yet her faith makes her believe that she will eventually, somehow, achieve the happiness she craves and understands.

"Wouldn't it," I asked her, "be a serious loss to the screen if you were to retire?" Loretta said, "What?"

Her bewilderment was real and it was then that I began to realize what it was that Frank Borzage meant when he said she did not know what she had.

I talked with her about her new, growing maturity, while she moved restlessly about her dressing room. "I know this," she admitted. "I know that only recently have I begun to profit from, to assimilate my unhappy experience with Grant With-

ers. That was a school girl thing. It hurt terribly. But it did not *mean* anything to me until recently."

Her body is like an arrow. You watch her move, like a child, unconscious of her graceful motion. A lovely thing, when she moves, is Loretta!

"I have grown up!" she told me, suddenly. "I have grown up in the past few months!"

I asked her whether she thought her experience with Spencer had not deepened and helped to mature her. She gazed at me with wide, shocked eyes.

"It isn't just an *experience!*" she protested, in a horrified voice. And I realized that my term had been for her a desecration . . . I had been irreverent. Something cosmic and permanent has happened to her. No one knows now what will come of it. But it has left permanent marks on Loretta.

You see, Loretta went into pictures when she was thirteen. Pictures have been a job, a routine business to her, very much as school might have been to other young women of her age. Except that for Loretta's efforts, she has received pleasant and incomprehensible checks with which she could buy things for that scrambled, delightful, devoted family of hers.

The combined attitudes of her family and of pictures, in general, have had something to do with her immaturity. Pictures thought of her as beautiful, pictorially valuable and fairly innocuous. They treated her that way. She has thought of herself in that way. Her family has treated her as a beloved, if sometimes rather foolish, child, even after she returned home following her unhappy marriage. They have teased her, advised her, laughed at her, disciplined her.

Once Loretta learned that Ruth Chatterton always had dinner in bed when she was working on a picture. She dined from

[Continued on page 53]

Compliments and Criticisms
Without Fear or Favor.

REVIEWS OF

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

Rating: 90°—WORDS FAIL US—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

IF we get out our dictionary and line up all the flattering adjectives from "a" to "z," we will still not be able to do justice to this magnificent picture. It just happens to be a perfect example of perfect casting, perfect directing, and is as near a perfect picture as comes along every once in a blue moon.

Norma Shearer, lovely, fragile Norma of "Smilin' Thru," gives a beautiful and sincere performance that will shine brightly in your memory for years and years to come. To me Norma will always be Elizabeth Barrett Browning—and her first weak steps to the window to see the departure of her future husband will always be one of the most memorable scenes in pictures.

As the dashing, impulsive Robert Browning, Fredric March is utterly delightful, and when it comes to exquisitely tender love scenes Mr. March is the best on the screen today. Charles Laughton is splendid as the tyrannical father, who makes you so furious that it's all you can do to keep from jumping up there on the screen and punching him in the nose. And Maureen O'Sullivan is nothing less than sensational as Henrietta, the younger, love-sick sister. So grand is she in this rôle that you have a feeling that for the first time you are really seeing Maureen O'Sullivan.

You doubtless know the plot of this picture, the courtship of Elizabeth Barrett by Robert Browning, and how he managed to snatch her from the gloom and tyranny of Wimpole Street. Also in the excellent cast, and giving brilliant individual performances, are Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, Katharine Alexander, Ralph Forbes—and of course "Flush." Don't let the "Brownings" frighten you and call to memory the horrors of English III—this isn't a high-brow picture.

CLEOPATRA

Rating: 88°—BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY—Paramount

CLAUDETTE COLBERT as Cleopatra, that gorgeous, seductive Queen of the Nile, is the best idea the movie industry



The great team of Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in a wonderful picture, "Treasure Island."

has had in years. Claudette has everything it-takes to make a perfect Cleo, and she is so beautiful in those little Egyptian costumes that Travis Banton whipped up for her, you don't wonder for one instant that she enslaved the world's two most famous generals.

The picture itself, directed by the old maestro C. B. De Mille as you well know, is about the most lavish spectacle you have ever seen, and at times actually breathtaking in its beauty. But, with all its lavishness, De Mille never once forgets his story, which he has flavored with humor and drama and pathos so perfectly that you are thoroughly absorbed up to the final fade-out, though you know darned well that Antony is going to die by his own sword, and Cleopatra by the asp in her bosom. And you actually care.

There is a barge sequence that alone is worth more than the price of admission, and if you aren't thrilled to the core by the beauty of it, and the musical accompaniment, why I think you're just an old hunk of granite.

Warren William is excellent as Caesar, and his death in the Roman forum is far

more dramatic than it ever was in school. Henry Wilcoxon is perfect as the hot-headed, virile Antony, who arrived in Egypt with every intention in the world of capturing Cleopatra and taking her back to Rome in chains—but that was before the night on the barge in the Nile.

Other parts are small, but each one outstanding. There is Gertrude Michael as Caesar's wife, Joseph Schildkraut as King Herod, Ian Keith as Octavian and C. Aubrey Smith as a Roman general. And there are battle scenes and sybaritic orgies that are magnificent. And you mustn't miss seeing Cleo do her stuff.

BRITISH AGENT

Rating: 85°—KAY AND LESLIE AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—Warners

LUSCIOUS Kay Francis and Leslie Howard are teamed in this extremely clever and intelligent picture, with Soviet Russia as a background. It's a strong, dramatic story about Russia and her relation to England during the World War, and if you

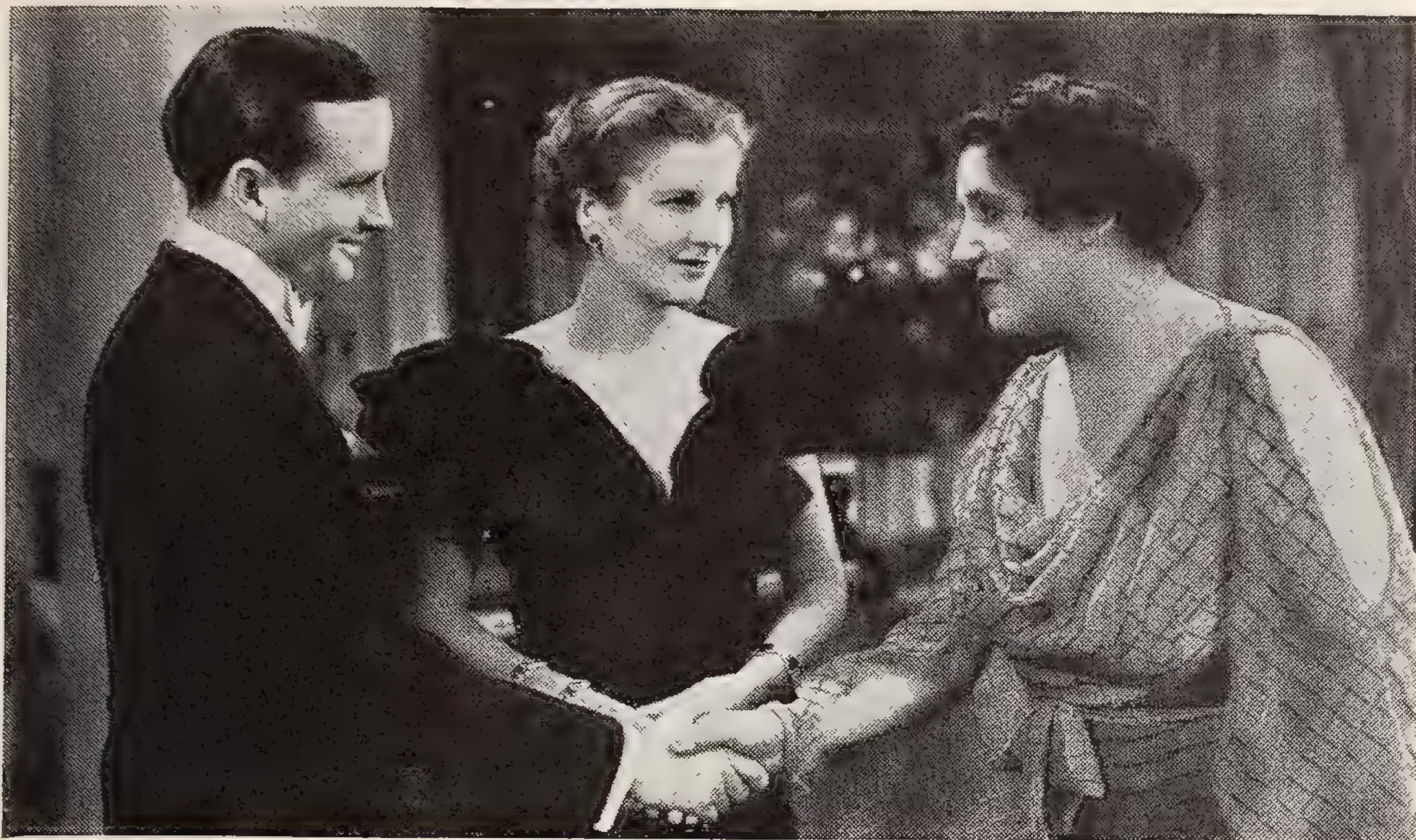


May Robson and Franchot Tone make the best of "Straight Is the Way."



The Cinderella motif again; Roger Pryor and Heather Angel in "Romance in the Rain."

NEW PICTURES



Frank Lawton, Diana Wynyard and Mrs. Pat Campbell in Galsworthy's "One More River."

have a yen for history, this is right down your alley. But don't think for one moment that it's dull—for there's more intrigue packed into it than in any cheap spy thriller you ever saw.

Leslie Howard plays Stephen Locke, young and ambitious diplomat, who is appointed by the British government to be its unofficial ambassador in Russia, to negotiate with the Russians to keep them from signing a separate peace treaty with Germany. He meets Kay Francis, who plays the beautiful Elena, an aristocrat who has become the secretary of Irving Pichel, the head of the Soviet secret police, and the two fall desperately in love immediately—but always there is Russia and patriotism standing in their way.

There's a happy ending—though this is one of the times we sort of wished there wasn't, for the picture reaches a powerful, dramatic climax which leaves you tense and breathless, and then the bells begin to ring and you know Von Sternberg must be in the offing. Also in the excellent cast are Bill Gargan, Phillip Reed, Cesar Romero, Ivan Simpson and Walter Byron. Tenin Holtz and J. Carrol Naish are

perfect as Lenin and Trotsky respectively. A picture that is well worth your while.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI

Rating: 82°—BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HERE'S a grand, slightly sophisticated and thoroughly enjoyable story cooked up by Anita Loos and John Emerson, the writing team who made "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" a household word. (Why in heck didn't Jean Harlow play Lorelei on the screen?) Anyway, here's the Harlow herself having a lot of good clean fun and looking like a million. She plays Eadie, a small town girl who runs away from her mother's beer garden, for bigger and better things in New York.

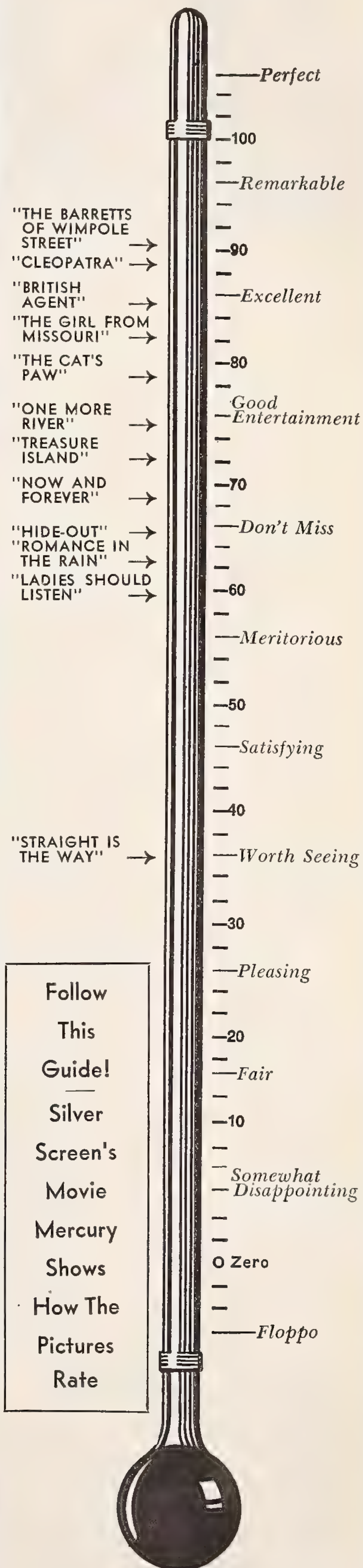
Eadie is determined to marry money, big money, and she has no intention of trading her virtue for anything less than a wedding ring and a marriage license. She goes after a couple of old millionaires, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore, but ends up with Franchot Tone, Lionel's son, and Franchot buys the ring.

There's swell dialogue, and frame-ups, and comedy scenes—and Patsy Kelly, who is one grand comedienne, and is rapidly climbing right up on top of the Hollywood ladder. Patsy sort of acts as Jean's chaperon—but, dear me, Miss Kelly falls for everything from a bell-hop to a gob. It's Jean who has the "class," and she gives everything to this rôle which is the best she has had since "Red-headed Woman." The censors cut out a few scenes I'm told, after the preview—tsch, tsch, too bad. [Continued on the next page]



In "Hide-Out," Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan show what can be done with *charm*.

SILVER SCREEN'S PICTURE THERMOMETER Degrees of Quality



Reviews [Continued from page 51]



Una Merkel, Harold Lloyd and Grace Bradley in "The Cat's Paw."

TREASURE ISLAND

Rating 72°—WALLY AND JACKIE TOGETHER AGAIN—M-G-M

ARE you a most devoted admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson? Did you sit up all last night simply reeking with pleasure over his tales of Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins and the Jolly Roger? Or was it one night twenty years ago. Never mind—young or old—you'll love the screen version of "Treasure Island" just as much as you did the printed one. Good old Metro has left Sex in the safe keeping of Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow for the nonce, and has brought to the screen the "Treasure Island" you know and love, chapter by chapter, from the time Billy Bones staggers into the Hawkins Inn that stormy night with his map of Flint's treasure.

Wally Beery is excellent as that charming old scoundrel, Long John Silver, the leader of as bloodthirsty a band of pirates as ever sailed the Spanish Main. Jackie Cooper, now getting to be quite a big boy, plays Jim Hawkins, the lad who sails aboard the Hispaniola with Doctor Livesey and Squire Trelawny in search of the hidden treasure. Lionel Barrymore is the rum-drenched, bellowing Billy Bones, and no child's imagination could ever conjure up a more dreadful Billy than Mr. Barrymore. Your favorite hero, Otto Kruger, plays Doctor Livesey, and Nigel Bruce is the rather dull but brave Squire Trelawny. Captain Smollett is played by Lewis Stone, and no one ever took his duty to the Union Jack more seriously.

Little Cora Sue Collins and Dorothy Peterson (as Jim's mother) have a few scenes in the beginning of the picture, but when the excitement gets under way those women folks just aren't needed and it's a man's picture from then on. There are thrilling scenes aboard the Hispaniola—which is a thing of beauty with its sails fluttering in the breeze—and an exciting fight at the stockade on the island, when Long John Silver and his pirates attack our heroes. If you liked Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," you can't help but like M-G-M's "Treasure Island."

NOW AND FOREVER

Rating: 68°—CAROLE, SHIRLEY AND GARY—Paramount

WELL, here she is, folks, the little girl you've been tearing your shirts over—Miss Shirley Temple, the cute little kid who has caused the biggest flurry in moviedom since Mae West first said—oh well, you know what she said. This time Shirley is Gary Cooper's little daughter, whom he hasn't seen since his wife died about four

years before.

Gary is one of those charming crooks who wanders over Europe and always puts off reforming until tomorrow—and tomorrow never comes. Carole Lombard loves him so hard it hurts and does her best to make him reform—finally even walking out on him. Gary decides to be a model father and brings Shirley back to France with him, is re-united with Carole, who just can't give him up, and the three live happily down on the Riviera until Gary needs some cash in a hurry, and an emerald necklace presents itself.

At the preview of the picture there was a tragic but logical ending—but since then there have been "retakes" and a new and happy ending has been tacked on. Gary is very lovable as the crook, and as the serious-minded young father who sits up nights reading "What Every Young Mother Should Know." There is far too little of Carole Lombard. 'Tis she who gives the picture vitality—and more vitality is just what the picture needs. Shirley is her own cute self again, but really shouldn't be made to sing silly songs, and hold up the action of the picture, simply because she is this year's "child wonder." Or am I just a crochety old meanie?

HIDE-OUT

Rating: 65°—GOOD CLEAN COMEDY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THANK you, no, we don't need any Dutch Cleanser today, for here's a comedy that's as clean and exhilarating as a breeze from the sea. It's another one of the "charm school" chain going around town now, but as long as charm doesn't get tangled up with the whimsies we can take it. The plot's rather weakish, but with Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan playing the young lovers, and never-fail Van Dyke directing, and some swell dialogue, you just naturally find yourself well entertained without a lot of old plots and sub-plots cluttering up the place.

Bob Montgomery plays a racketeer who is forced to hide out in the country when things get too hot for him in the big city. Of course he meets Maureen O'Sullivan, a sweet and lovable little country gal, and she teaches him a bit about farming and loving. The soul of the Bad Boy goes in for regeneration, and you know that when the Law is through with him he will return to the soil and Maureen. The priceless Elizabeth Patterson and little Mickey Rooney take care of the comedy, and are grand. Also in the cast are Edward Arnold and C. Henry Gordon.

THE CAT'S PAW

Rating: 78°—HAROLD LLOYD'S HERE—a Fox release

WHEN Harold Lloyd makes a picture it is always an Event. But this time Harold departs from his usual brand of comedy, which is generally just a string of gags tied together by a thin story, and steps right out into a full-blown plot. Personally I like it better than his slap-stick comedies—but how do you feel about it?

Harold plays a young missionary, brought up in China, who decides that he must have an American mother for his "children to be." He arrives in a typical American town and finds himself involved in a political mess. Practically overnight he becomes Mayor, and with delightful naivete and honesty he attempts to break the political

machine, which in time breaks him—but not before he has had a grand time frightening the living daylights out of all the nasty politicians and gangsters by using old Chinese methods.

Una Merkel is perfectly elegant as the cigar counter girl, who sort of takes Harold in charge and wises him up to American customs—and who eventually becomes the "mother to be" of his children. The picture could have used more of Una and her smart wit—in fact a lot of pictures could. George Barbier plays a dishonest politician, who is so amazed by Harold's honesty that he becomes honest. Alan Dinehart is a swell menace and Nat Pendleton and Vince Barnett have some ludicrous moments. It's a picture that every man, woman and child can see and get a big kick out of. Here's hoping Harold will keep on making comedies with plots.

ONE MORE RIVER

Rating: 75°—JOHN GALSWORTHY ON THE SCREEN—Universal

HERE'S a dramatic picture that will test your sophistication, for there's no charm, or glamour, or comedy about it. It's a sincerely honest and believable picture about a group of human beings who act like human beings. If you aren't sufficiently sophisticated, my pet, you may not like human beings who act like human beings.

The picture, as you know, is taken from Galsworthy's famous novel, "One More River"—and has been beautifully and intelligently adapted to the screen. The action takes place in England, and, with the exception of Jane Wyatt, the entire cast is an English cast, which makes the picture even more convincing.

It's a story of divorce—English divorce. Diana Wynyard, sick with loathing of her bully of a husband (played by Colin Clive), is on her way back to England and on board the boat from Ceylon meets Frank Lawton, a personable young man, but practically without a shilling. He falls in love with her, but she has been too badly hurt by one man to take him seriously.

Clive follows her to London, where she is living with her family, and when she refuses to return to him he has her and Lawton shadowed by a detective agency. Fate plays right into the detectives' hands when Diana and Lawton are forced to spend the night together in a parked car with a worn-out battery. That's all the evidence Clive needs and he starts his sensational divorce suit. A very slight plot as you can see—but it becomes intensely dramatic. In the cast are Henry Stephenson, C. Aubrey Smith, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Reginald Denny and Alan Mowbray.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN

Rating: 62°—CINDERELLA 1934—Universal

A CHARMING little romance that the entire family will enjoy is this modern version of Cinderella, and a Prince Charming who doesn't click. The dialogue is very gay and sprightly and the laughs are as wholesome as the romance.

Roger Pryor and Heather Angel are the young lovers—and quite a lovable pair they make. The story's about Heather, who shoots to fame overnight through the medium of a contest, promoted by a high-pressure press agent—Roger Pryor. There are many humorous situations—especially when Roger gets the bright idea that it will be swell publicity to find a Prince Charming to marry Cinderella, only to dis-

[Continued on page 54]



Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, in Hollywood where Jack is making a picture for his radio fans.

MORE GOSSIP

After the Censors Cut the Pictures
So the People will Not See Indecencies,
the Newspapers Print
Everything That Was Taken Out
So the People Can See The Indecencies!!!

NORMA SHEARER was quite funny the other day—when we were chatting down at her beach house—without at all meaning to be funny. She became very attached to "Flush" while she was making "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and wanted to buy the cocker spaniel. The dog's owner seemed to be very tickled to sell—and reasonably. And then came the preview of the picture with "Flush" getting a tremendous ovation from the preview audience. The next day when Norma asked "how much?" for the doggie, the ambitious owner announced, "A thousand dollars." "Why the man's crazy," said Norma. "A thousand dollars. Why he must think he has another Shirley Temple."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has received a fan letter from the Governor of Maine, which says, "This is the first fan letter I have ever written but I wanted to tell you that you are my favorite actress." She'll value it someday—but not today.

JOHN GILBERT is sending very red roses to Sally Blane, who is his latest girl friend. Madcap Jack always sends red roses to his girl friends. But Sally sort of plays the field.

FRANCIS LEDERER'S dressing room harbors one picture of Steffi Duna (supposedly the heart interest), one of Marlene Dietrich, and three of Joan Crawford.

"I Have Grown Up," says Loretta Young [Continued from page 49]

a tray, studied her lines for the next day's scenes, turned off her light at nine and went to sleep. Loretta, always rather delicate and inclined to tire easily, thought that a splendid idea and attempted to do likewise. But a bevy of hilarious sisters and their friends invaded her splendid isolation, circled the bed, giggling, "Ooooooh, look at the big movie star, conserving her energy for her Art!" Loretta finally threw bed room slippers at them and then got up and joined in the fun.

It is not an atmosphere calculated to encourage temperament or the taking of one's self very seriously!

Probably Loretta's appearance has had something to do with the attitude people have taken toward her. Without make-up, and with her hair pushed back of her ears, as she prefers to have it, she might be fifteen or a tall twelve. She has tiny, pale freckles and a nose which is childishly snub. Make-up emphasizes her breath-taking beauty, makes her eyes seem even larger, makes of her straight little mouth a vivid splash. It makes her seem older.

She built an elaborate house for herself and her family. Changed her mind half a dozen times about the design and the interior decoration. Now that it is finished

and they are installed, she wants a tiny, inexpensive cottage somewhere near it . . . "for her very own." A place where she may be alone when the confusion of that mad, merry household becomes too much for her.

She worships, reveres and leans on her mother, considers her sisters more beautiful and talented than almost any other women she has ever seen, regards "the baby," Georgiana, with a tender awe which is almost maternal. She cannot bear, after all these years in pictures, to battle for the parts she wants or for privileges which she thinks are her due at the studio. She begs for advice on all business matters and becomes helplessly confused if she must meet any definite issue concerning them.

Because she is not strong, she must watch her diet and exercise and, above all, must have a great deal of rest. These things have made her seem more of a recluse, perhaps, than she would be if she followed her natural inclinations. She loves parties and gaiety but she cannot enjoy much excitement, especially when she is working, because she must fight continually to keep from losing weight.

But she is growing up. Her desire for the cottage of her own is a symptom. She

is getting ready to try her wings alone again. She is very serious these days when she talks to you. There is a new dignity in her voice, in the way she moves, in the way she uses her hands.

Unhappy she undoubtedly is just now. But she is thinking of herself as a woman instead of as a child, as a separate and rather important individual instead of an inseparable part of that intimate little family circle. And she is giving the finest performances on the screen that she has ever offered.

If it so happens that she and Spencer Tracy are able to be married, I doubt very much whether she will retire from the screen . . . however much she thinks now that she wants to do that. She has, by this mysterious ripening process, become one of the most interesting women in pictures. I think she will continue to be increasingly interesting. She is becoming aware of herself, of her relation to life, aware of some power within her. And Hollywood is aware of her, is discussing her, speculating about her. The next year . . . or perhaps the next six months . . . may make Loretta one of the most important figures in pictures. Certainly, strange things are happening to Loretta Young!

Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch [Continued from page 15]

Hollywood, and each plate was piled high with fried chicken, sliced ham, a tomato, radishes, potato salad, celery, rye bread and a huge hunk of watermelon and a bottle of milk besides. You'd have thought those kids had never seen watermelon the way they went for it. The "cast and the crew" all get their lunch free when they go on location, but not when they eat at the studio—so this location business isn't so bad after all. But W. C. Fields is the only actor I have ever heard really admit that he likes to go on location. Mr. Fields and his stooge, Tammany Young, always arrive hours before their "call," and linger long after all the rest of the company has scurried back to Hollywood.

After lunch they did the scene where Billy brings in an old dying horse and mean Mr. Bagby informs Mrs. Wiggs that it will cost her two bucks to remove the

animal if he dies. Mrs. Wiggs hasn't seen two bucks since long before Mr. Wiggs went to the Klondike, so it's up to her and the kids and Miss Hazy to make the poor brute live. Miss Hazy gets her hot water bottle, and to see her gingerly placing it on the horse's neck is something to shriek about. They bathe him in hot water and put hot blankets over him and rub his feet—and, most pathetic of all, they feed him the last of the stew, which is the last of the food they have in the house. But, a miracle—the horse lives and, assisted by Miss Hazy, gets up on his feet. Mrs. Wiggs decides to name him "Cuby" because, "You know how Cuby, the country was. Kind o' weak when we went an' helped it out—and then it got on its feet again—"

Between "takes" ZaSu reads the Pillsbury Flour cook book and gets all excited over recipes. W. C. Fields tells anecdotes—

my favorite being the one about the longest sleeper jump in history. He took thirty-nine days to travel from Australia to Syracuse to keep a theatre engagement (he was a juggler then) and was canceled after the first night.

Kent Taylor starts humming "In the shade of the old apple tree" and first thing you know every member of the company has taken it up and is singing away like a revival meeting:

"In the shade of the old apple tree
Where the love in your eyes I could see
When the voice that I heard
Like the song of the bird
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me
With a heart beat that's true I'll be
waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree."

Reviews [Continued from page 52]

cover to his chagrin that he is in love with her himself.

That splendid stage comedian, Victor Moore, does a bit of scene stealing, and so does Ether Ralston, who's a tasty looking dish, and has a nifty line of patter. Here's charm for you, me hearties.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN

Rating: 59°—MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG—
Paramount

HERE'S as cute a little farce as you ever found on the summer Broadway stage. It bounces along merrily on rubber heels, and isn't a strain on any part of the anatomy. Cary Grant, popular young man about Paris, is so rushed with calls at his hotel (and from women, my dear) that Frances Drake, the hotel telephone operator, gets worried and starts the age-old custom of "listening in." She's in love with Mr. Grant herself, though he doesn't know her from Adam, so she just sort of

takes charge of his affaires d'amour via the switchboard.

She saves him from a couple of crooks, Rosita Moreno and Rafael Corio, but at the same time she gets everything so balled up that, to her horror, she finds she has made poor Cary engage himself to a frightful little frump, Nydia Westman, who is the heiress-fiancee of Edward Everett Horton.

But just give her time—and Frances straightens that out too. It's all very fast and amusing. Charles Ray plays a small part in the picture and at the preview got a tremendous ovation—which all goes to show that the public isn't as fickle as movie executives would like to have us believe.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY

Rating: 35°—WHY?—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

FOUR Walls do not a prison make, as the poet said, and neither do they make a good picture, as we said. Why a studio

ever saw fit to produce it in the first place is something that we can't understand, but then we don't understand the Russian situation either, so maybe the fault lies with us.

You'll die laughing when we tell you who plays the nice Jewish boy who calls his Mater "Momma"—that elegant gentleman, Franchot Tone. And poor Franchot isn't the only one miscast, for Karen Morley, who can usually do wonders with nothing, finds herself completely at a loss over her insipid rôle of a beautiful and good East Side Jewish orphan. May Robson as "Momma" manages to get by.

The story's about a minor racketeer, fresh from a five year term in prison, who loves his mother and tries to live up to her ideals. But there's a naughty wench and the call of the flesh, and that leads to an accidental killing, which, in time, leads to the end of the picture. Also in the cast are Gladys George and Billy Bakewell—and those two excellent mugs, Jack La Rue and Nat Pendleton.

Kay Francis Selected THIS DRESS for SILVER SCREEN'S PATTERN

The European Fashions Shown Last Month in Silver Screen, By Arrangement with Gaumont British Pictures, Are the Inspiration For This Beautiful Design.

PLAIDS are going to cast their reflection all over the stylescape this season, and if you weren't happy about this visitation before, you will be the moment you lay eyes upon this ravishing cape ensemble. It is guaranteed to convert the most faithful lover of plain materials into an ardent plaid-ist. To be frank, however, its plaid constitutes a small part of the charm of the outfit. It is the style of the thing which is so devastating. The beautifully fitting frock has a becoming vest topped by the most flattering of little collars that knots in the back. You can see it in the little sketch. And the flared cuffs of just the right depth—don't overlook them! The *pièce de résistance*, however, is the cape—cut as never cape was cut before. It is of exactly the length to make a woman look lovely and willowy. It flares to just the right degree across the back and it fastens onto two large oxidized silver buttons on the front of the frock, through buttonholes at each side, which are the chic creation of an artist's brain.

Did we hear you say "stunning! How I should like to have one like it!" You can—you can have the frock seam for seam and line for line. We have had the pattern made for you—exactly as you see it in the illustrations. It is a simple thing to make—anybody can do it! Even the woman who has never made a frock before. You see, a large, diagrammed sewing chart comes with the pattern showing how the different parts—down to the most minute detail—go together. And there are written instructions explaining exactly what to do and how to do it. In the final analysis the outfit presents no complications of construction. Haven't you remarked that really smart clothes very seldom do?

Send for your pattern today—you'll want this to wear with your fur scarf!

Pattern SS120 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric and 1 yard 39-inch contrasting.

Price of Pattern, 15c
Price of Catalog, 15c
Pattern and Catalog together, 25c

Send for the
Autumn issue
of the new
Pattern Book.



SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPT.
45 West 45th St., New York City

For the enclosed send to

Pattern of Dress with Cape (No. SS120). Size

Catalog? Yes or No.



Sally's pretty and Sally's smart!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

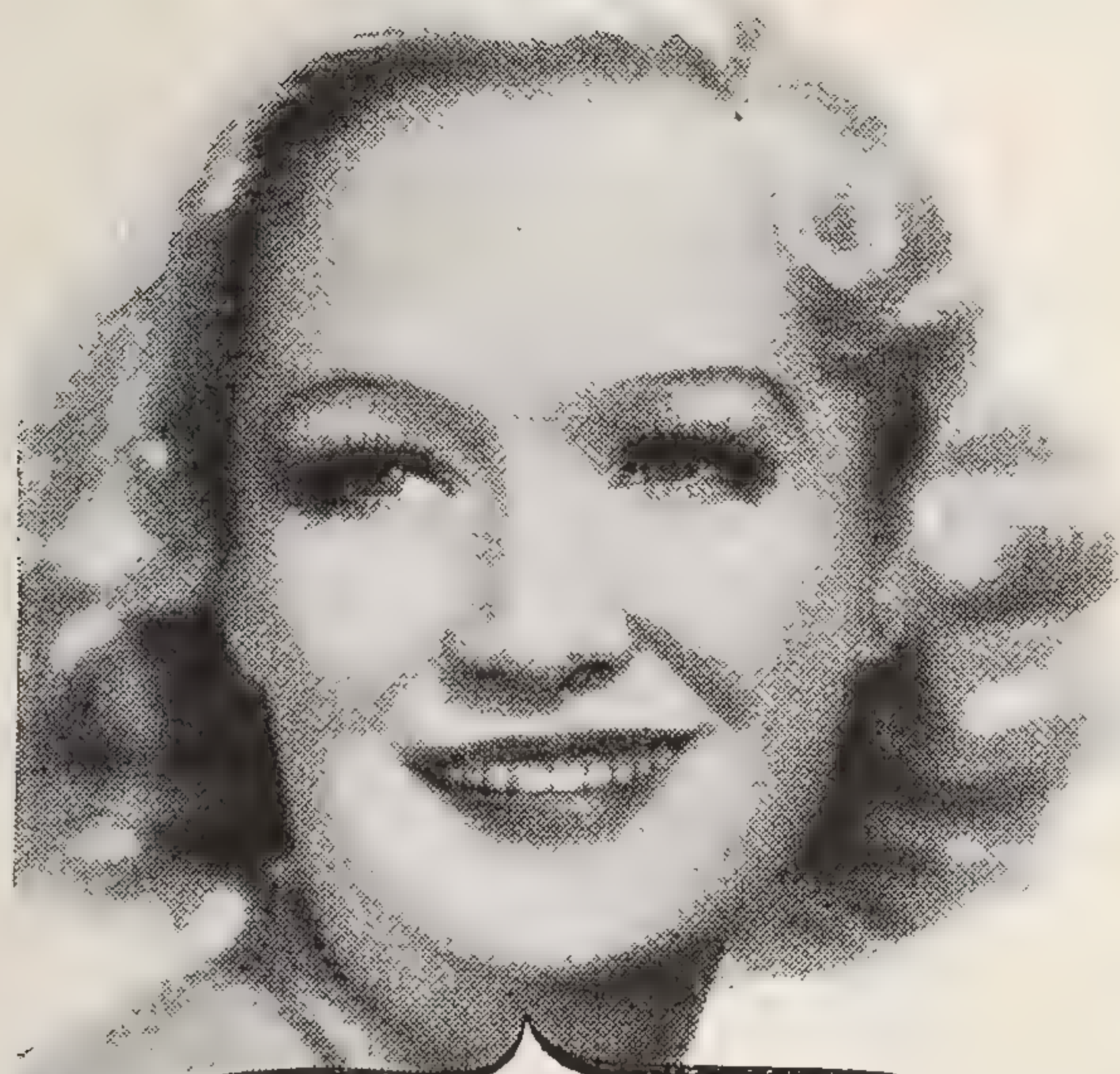
Have you seen warning signals of this distressing modern com-

plexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—black-heads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

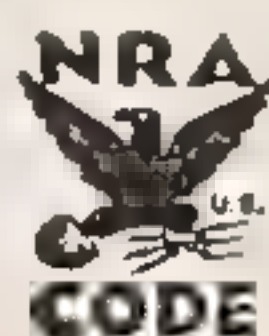
Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every *vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!



Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin



MIRIAM HOPKINS STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"



What About His Influence? *[Continued from page 26]*

originality. He is not bound by the conventions which put a fence around the juveniles and heroes. They have to act a certain way, or they muss up the part. But a villain—ah! Now there's a fellow for you. He can do anything he thinks of, and usually does. It is the villains of the world who break the monotony, add the danger and suspense, the drama and the spice. Without villains, where would the screen be? Or the stage? Or literature? They are the meat of art—villains!"

Little by little I was backing against that Adam mantle. There is something reassuring about an Adam mantle. It simply breathes disapproval of villains and all they stand for. The rest of the house was not so safe. It was Hispanic, as I told you, and Spaniards carry stilettos in their stockings.

"Take this rôle I'm playing now," Walthall continued, unconscious of my strategic withdrawal. "I'm Roger Chillingworth in the film, 'The Scarlet Letter.' I'm Hester's husband—Hester is played by Colleen Moore—and what a time I give that poor girl! I played the same part years ago with relish—and Lillian Gish."

More than any other actor, Walthall can look back upon the films and know them intimately. It all began in 1909 when he divided his lunch with a jailbird, in a one reel picture for the old Essanay Company. "The Convict's Sacrifice" was the name of the epic, and Mary Pickford was the heroine.

Twenty-five years later, we find Walthall again playing around with questionable characters. You'd think a man would learn, but he just can't leave them alone. It is in his blood. However, as that arch-bandit Villa's guiding star, Walthall turned in a performance that is heart-breaking in its sheer simplicity of art. He had to feel exalted to cloak the tragedy and pathos of Madero with such dignity and idealism. The man is a consummate artist to be able to hold his own in such a character against

the lusty animalism of Beery's Villa. A lesser actor would have made of Madero a weakling, a wan sort of fanatic. Inspired by Walthall, Madero lives as a white flame of sincerity and strength, spiritual strength.

Walthall was born on a wide plantation in Alabama many and many a year ago near a river that winds to the sea. He ran away from home and went on the stage, "God only knows how, or why," he says. Being a young boy, his first rôle was that of an old man. Since then he has played everything but female impersonations, and if he had been a Chinaman, he would have played those too, since no women were allowed on Chinese stages when little Henry began his career.

In "Birth of a Nation" he won his professional spurs and America's heart as the Little Colonel. He was the undisputed romantic lead in films at that time, despite his vigorous denials that he ever portrayed matinee idol parts. Lovely Mary Charleson, a great star herself, had no rival in the romantic field, either. So it was only right and befitting that they should consolidate such a wealth of romance and marry. Unlike almost all of the younger starring couples, Henry and Mary remained happy through the years, and are just as romantic today as they were when America thrilled to their pictured embraces. They have one little daughter, Patricia, who is in high school. It is a long time now since Mary has appeared on the screen, but Henry has kept on trouping.

"With the exception of a year in vaudeville and a year on the stage," he told me, "I have been in pictures continuously ever since 1909. If I'm lucky, I'll be in them until I drop. I want to take my last curtain call with my make-up on. I've been so many hundreds of different people down the years that it is hard to tell just what has become of the real Henry Walthall. But between pictures he manages to come to life and goes to the hunting shack on

June Lake, high up in the mountains.

"There have been several parts I would have liked to play, but they would not have been successful commercially, so it is just as well I never had a chance to do them. Queer, arty sorts of rôles, you know, that the public would not like at all. Unlike most actors, I have never wanted to portray 'Hamlet.' The reason Hamlet is so popular, I believe, is because he is a melancholy type of chap who can moon around for hours just talking about his troubles and philosophising on life. All he does is agonize and arouse sympathy. It is innate in men to want sympathy, and Hamlet has a juicy rôle. Personally, I'd rather have more action and less talking."

Walthall has no explanation to give of his continued popularity on the screen. Since his Madero rated such acclaim from critics all over the country, he has been offered long term contracts by two studios, but he will continue to free-lance. He wants to rest between films, and be able to choose parts that appeal to him. However, his agent allows him little peace, and is constantly demanding him for more films. Even while we talked, this ubiquitous agent intruded four times to interrupt us.

I left Walthall answering a rush call from the costumers. As my little dog pattered after me on the deep plum-colored carpet, past the rows on rows of books and the special caseful of rare first editions, we were both sorry to leave the odd personality so full of vivid complexities and rich memories.

It is impossible to classify Walthall. He is too distinct and different to be grouped with anyone else. Like his immortal Madero, he stands alone. More colorful than any character he has ever played, more emphatic, even in repose, he gives the impression of being a great man even more than a great actor. But he did confess that the time he felt the greatest was when a girl took him to be years younger than he really is!

"Hollywood Has Always Spelt Good Luck for Me" — *[Continued from page 21]*

gained a knowledge of what I should and should not wear. Close-ups have a way of showing what is wrong with clothes. I have learned to select every article of clothing carefully, because it is good business for an actress to be properly and effectively gowned and groomed.

"I do not think that my personality has changed, except that now I am happier and a little more assured. Success does that for anyone. It gives confidence and poise to know you are doing your work creditably. Fan letters, good reviews from critics, and fan magazines have helped me to acquire what poise I have. Travel has also helped. My trip to France did a great deal towards giving me self-confidence. I was given quite an ovation over there. They say I represent their idea of a real American girl because I do not smoke or drink. I have no inhibitions about smoking or drinking, but I think to much of my voice to place it in jeopardy. I have spent many good years in training and cultivating it and I would be foolish to do anything that might impair or ruin it.

"Fans have helped me tremendously to be the girl I am today. I have received a lot of honest criticism and advice from them. I corrected a number of bad habits of speech and ugly little mannerisms through their help. I once had a very bad habit of partly opening my mouth and taking a deep breath before I started to say anything. A fan wrote me about it and I corrected it in short order. Then, another

noticed that I kept moistening my lips during important scenes. I soon stopped that. Still another fan wrote me that I kept putting my fingers to my lips, when I was addressed, before I would answer. I cured myself of that. I pay a lot of attention to my fan letters.

"Sometimes I can't do anything about what they tell me. One of my Texas fans wrote me a beautiful letter about the way I am forced to undress in most of my pictures. I was unfortunate enough to undress in the first picture I made and I have had to do so in practically every picture since. I suppose I will always be asked to do so. I used to battle in an effort to get around it, but now I am more or less resigned. I guess it is the same sort of thing that happened to Jimmy Cagney. Because he socked his leading lady with a grape-fruit in the beginning, and was applauded and liked for it, now he has to keep it up. I don't like to undress. I do refuse to pose for undress stills, but I can't get around scenes that require such things in the picture.

"About my diet. I eat sensibly but never diet. As a matter of fact, I have a tendency to be too thin. I eat everything in moderation and enough to keep up my strength. I don't exercise, except for my dancing and I don't do too much of that. When I am on a picture I get up at 6:30, eat breakfast, go to the studio, work, rehearse, return home at seven and go to bed at nine. I am usually very tired when I work all day. Singing is strenuous work.

Strenuous and nerve-wracking. I have a competent Swedish woman masseuse come in three times a week when I am working and give me a body massage before I go to bed. This keeps my weight under control and it also keeps me in good physical condition. I find massage restful. I often have her finish by rubbing my head for me when I am ready to go to sleep. I am one of those persons who, whenever they have their hair worked with, get sleepy. Nights, when I am fidgety, I need only my head rubbed to get absolutely relaxed.

"I drink lots of water. This is as good as a tonic. It helps to keep one's complexion and eyes clear, too. I have learned to use eye-shadow effectively. Since working in pictures, my eyes have bothered me considerably. For that reason I use a wash of boracic acid each night before I go to bed. I have never used belladonna or glycerine in my eyes as so many girls do.

"I told the cameraman the other day that my eyes hurt me when I am under the lights and he said that if a person has eye-trouble, especially near-sightedness, their eyes usually photograph much better than ordinary healthy ones. So perhaps I ought not complain if they hurt a little now and then. I may be getting near-sighted and don't know it.

"Seriously, if I am any better looking or more appealing than when I first came to Hollywood, it is because I have tried to make the most of what I have. I used to practice walking up and down before a

full length mirror at home, because the screen showed me that I moved in jerky fashion. I learned to carry my head at a better angle and I corrected a very bad slouch.

"My hair was a dull blonde shade and I touched it up slightly with henna. Everyone thinks the red tone has improved it. Any woman or girl can easily do what I have done. I have merely watched for defects and have corrected them."

Jeanette is successful and happy in doing well the work that she loves. She lives quite simply with her mother in Beverly Hills. But she goes out much more now that her fiancé, Robert Ritchie, has returned from abroad. She had planned to meet and vacation with him in France at the close of "The Merry Widow," but was unable to do so when she signed to do two more pictures as soon as it is finished.

She almost lost a good fiancé, the day I visited with her. I was just preparing to leave when the boy brought her the cable from Robert telling her that the plane in which he was riding the day before had crashed. He was the only passenger to escape unhurt. All the others had been either killed or injured. Altogether, it was an exciting day on the set. Chevalier, who is a good friend of Ritchie's was almost as concerned as Jeanette, and she was as upset as any girl would be to know that the man she intends some day to marry had just escaped death.

The marriage plans of Jeanette and Robert have tormented Hollywood for several years now, but neither will say anything except that it won't be for a long time yet.

I think Jeanette is just a wee bit superstitious about tempting old lady Luck too far. She has received so much already that she is going a bit carefully where marriage is concerned. It has proved a jinx to so many careers in Hollywood.

A lot of folks think she is already married. I wouldn't know about that. I only know that during these last few years, Jeanette has changed herself from a good-looking little girl into a beautiful and glamorous woman. And she asks Hollywood to step forward and take a bow.

WE LOVE frank people. So we're crazy about Johnny Mack Brown for admitting he likes to sign autograph books. (Most of the stars do—but they pretend to be annoyed, or else very condescending.) And we love Madge Evans because she frankly admits that contrary to the popular custom in Hollywood she has absolutely no desire "to get away from it all." She likes Hollywood and moving pictures and hopes to stay around for a long time. And we like Claudette Colbert who explains that she "got a break" and that genius and talent had nothing to do with it.



Ann Sothern, who is one of the valuables in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions."

Is your hair **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY** to do these **New Hollywood Curls?**



The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. Curls, mind you—not frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** hair



This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If your hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment described below.

To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** hair

"WE GUARD OUR FEET as a concert pianist guards his hands"



● Lycette Darsonval, Première Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballet, won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

● To a famous dancer, foot care is of greatest importance. Not *all* foot troubles can be removed with Blue-Jay. But most of them are simply "corn troubles," ended in a jiffy with this safe, scientific corn remover. Corn pain ends instantly. In three days the corn is removed. Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dress-house.

25c at all druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses.
RADIO PROGRAM! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tuesday and Friday afternoons NBC.



Blue-Jay Scientific Method

1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
C is the strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.
3. After 3 days the corn goes. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

● **Free Booklet**—contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. SS-10

Name.....
Address.....

City.....State.....
© The Kendall Company

LOVELY HAIR—LOVELY GIRL

By
Mary
Lee



Ann Harding makes her beautiful natural blonde hair aid her to express the personality of every part she plays.

You Cannot Change Your Features But You Can Change Your Hair Style—And Be a Dozen Different Girls.

"WE MUST make her over into a totally different person," said the Director in the movie studio.
"That's easy," declared the Make-up Man.
"We'll do it with her hair."
And they did.

You have only to see Jean Muir in "Dr. Monica," or Sylvia Sidney in "Thirty Day Princess," or Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters," to realize that the way you do your hair determines the impression you make on people.

So, with this in mind, we interviewed a gentleman who has created some of the newest and smartest coiffures worn in recent pictures by your favorite stars.

We were just full of questions. First we asked him: "If a girl's face is too round for beauty, what can she do with her hair to make it appear longer, more nearly the perfect oval everyone admires?"

She can do a great deal! In the first place there is the new diagonal part. It is the best friend of the girl with a round face. She should swear by it and practice with it until she has discovered exactly where to place it. Remember that the way you part your hair is one of the most important things. It determines the success of your coiffure. Decide first whether this diagonal part is to start high or low on the side of your face. If you start it fairly high on the left side, slant it back across the top of your head until it ends over on the right side of the back of your head. If you start it low on the left side and slant it sharply, it should end just a little past the middle of the back of your head on the right side.

This is a most attractive slenderizing line for a full face. Watch for it in pictures. You will see it do clever things for round faces.

Then wear your hair softly over your ears. This also will lengthen and slenderize your face. I do not mean to have you push it too far forward. It should always look sleek and soft. But to draw it back severely and show your ears, is to produce the very effect you are trying to avoid,

that of width. Beware of bangs if your face is round. They will make it appear rounder. The only exception to this rule is the girl with a round face, whose hair grows back off her face, high up one side. Bangs if brought down over that part of her face will help shape it into becoming lines.

Suppose, instead of being round and full, your face is too long and thin for beauty. Then in order to make it look oval you want to shorten it. Brush your hair back off your face, showing all of your cheeks right back to your ears. Wear your hair soft and thick at the sides of your head. If you are having a wave see that it is brought back and out as far as possible on the side of your head. That good old stand by, a middle part, will make your face look fuller, especially if you bring your hair down on your forehead.

Sometimes a neck which is too long and thin will mar the appearance of an otherwise very pretty girl. If this is your problem, a clever hair style can be a real help to you. A medium bob will be most becoming. Let your hair come down far enough to cover the lower part of your ears. It can be a little longer in back than at the sides. A too long bob is not becoming, while a short one will only make your neck look longer. Do not yield to the blandishments of the gentlemen who cut hair and have it thinned too severely. Wear it full, soft and round in order to look your best.

If your neck is short and stocky avoid a long or medium bob. Get your hair up off your neck. Brush the curls UP in back. Even though you may feel that your neck is not a pretty one, don't try to hide it.

For evening a more elaborate hair style than that worn daytimes is appropriate. Many of the screen stars, who have had their hair bobbed recently, have had curls made of their own hair, which they pin in high up on the back of their heads for an evening coiffure. A little elaborate and theatrical? Well, perhaps. But mighty attractive if you can get away with it.

They Should Have the Biggest Swelled Heads

[Continued from page 25]

"I'll bring it in to you," she went on when she learned the story had to catch the evening's air-mail. "I'll work on a better ending and leave it at your apartment."

And she did! How simple it would have been to have requested I come to her home again, or that I hold up the story to await her pleasure! Can you visualize Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Sullavan, et al, demonstrating such consideration?

On a different occasion Norma remarked to me that 80% of the success of any star, including herself, depended on the plots, directors, photography, and exploitation the studio afforded. Very obviously she is not an *I* addict!

Many actresses have commented on Shearer's "luck" to me. I would add a letter. In my estimation she has "pluck." She has never forgotten that she started from less than scratch. That she was a poor, plain extra for two heart-breaking years before she won a break. That a genuine person is never ritzy.

The other feminine star with a legitimate cause for going grand is, of course, the inimitable Hepburn. Our capricious Katy currently holds the talkie throne as "best screen actress." It's hers until next winter, when the movie colony votes on the finest performance of 1934. By then "The Little Minister," on which she is busily engaged, will be confounding her competitors.

If you were tagged *best*, how would you react? Much has been made by writers of Katy's eccentricities. Perhaps you've been led to believe that she is riding rough-shod over her Hollywood associates. If so, you have overlooked the significant fact. She's been kidding her predecessors, the Cinderellas who persist in swathing themselves in the riches to which they've risen!

Remember, please, that Hepburn is a college graduate and hails from a distinguished old Connecticut family. Analyze her doings minutely and you'll note that there has invariably been method to her madnesses. She just realized Hollywood's gullibility and capitalized on it!

To everyone who does not intrude into her personal business she is the essence of friendliness. Back in California after the late unpleasantnesses (i. e. her Broadway venture and her Mexican divorce) she has settled down in a Bel-Air home which she shares with Laura Harding, her closest chum. When she isn't working she is exercising lustily daytimes, and at nights she is catching the outstanding previews.

At the studio Katy continues to be her "regular guy" self. It is this informality which has really endowed her with the reputation of being a law unto herself. She is the one big star who lunches in the Radio commissary, the rest retiring regally to their dressing-rooms. She plays handball and baseball with the prop men, between shots. She boosted Adalyn Doyle, her stand-in, into genuine rôles. Befriending one who has no money or pull is unorthodox! The trouble with the Hepburn knockers is that the queen is too democratic a damsel to suit the snooty.

Today in Hollywood, among the men, there are three who should have gigantically swelled heads.

Warner Baxter ought to be "taking it big."

He is the foremost romantic male at the Fox studio. Currently he has just finished the most coveted masculine rôle of the summer, the lead in "Broadway Bill," Frank Capra's successor to "It Happened One Night." He receives more fan mail than

any star at Fox.

So what? So Warner *hasn't* a swelled head at all. He is as genial as he is handsome. He adores his wife, to whom he has been married for fourteen years, and recently he moved her into a gorgeous Bel-Air mansion. Their new home is the epitome of luxury, but it is for themselves and their relatives. They didn't build it to show off. He continues to drive his own roadster to the studio and you would never think, to talk to him on the set, that he lives in splendor.

The reason? Well, Warner Baxter is "a regular guy." If he has splurged with the new house, it's because he once walked the streets of Los Angeles—hungry. And it's human to want luxuries when you have plugged away at a profession as long as Warner has. He made his stage debut singing and dancing in a vaudeville act, nearly twenty-two years ago. So now, in his early forties, he is reaping the rewards of persistence and kindness.

He would be furious if I publicized how many people he has aided. I will say, though, that I personally know how he frequently calls on acquaintances in distress, and materially helps them.

It will be betraying no confidence to repeat something I learned about him quite accidentally. The other morning I was buying a newspaper on the street corner. The sky was cloudy and a downpour threatened. I asked the lame newsboy what he did when it rained. "Oh," he beamed, "don't you see that raincoat hanging on the telegraph pole there?" I looked. "Mr. Warner Baxter worried about me, so he brought that!"

This seems to be the lucky season for Powells. William the elder—he's no relation to Dick the crooner—is bouncing about in positively a jovial fashion these

days. The inner nature of the man has again come to the fore. What with a flock of mediocre vehicles and a smashed love-life, he had been a dejected soul.

Finally his own boss, William Powell swore to me that he'd never be lured into another "chain-gang." Then Metro gave him some swell breaks and he's elatedly put his name on their dotted line. With a top salary rolling in regularly, a gorgeous new estate nearing completion in Beverly's swankiest sector, he could be overflowing with self-satisfaction.

I went to lunch at his house to see for myself. Yes, he has that same gentlemanly flair, and—pardon me—it's "luncheon." Distinctly so at William Powell's! But puffed-up? Not this wise individual. He told me point-blank that he attributes his renewed vogue to the fact that it is apparently nigh impossible for newcomers to receive the proper consideration from casting moguls!

He lives in genteel luxury. Why not? For thirteen years he struggled to repay the money he had borrowed to "stake" him as an actor. During those stretches in stock, when Broadway and Hollywood were vague visions, and during the frequent periods between engagements when he survived on as near nothing as a man can, he dreamt of the material ease he now can afford.

There is nothing gaudy or newly-rich about him. Nor does he ever refer in any way to his equally enviable rating with the local ladies. Having wealth and being charming company, and the personification of politeness, he is never turned down when he asks for a *date*. "Being a man of the world," he declared to me, "does not mean being a prune!" His actions speak louder. Experienced, but not blasé, his superb nonchalance is the enemy of "airs."

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER

depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, S. S.-10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Carrillo the "Gringo" [Continued from page 48]

weather. The attendance was poor and we all felt dispirited. I was tempted to play down to the temperature but rallied to the memory of Caruso's advice and did better than usual. My loyalty to an ideal was on this occasion swiftly rewarded. Between the acts a card was presented to me which read, 'I want to see you.' It was signed by Oliver Morosco. Our interview developed into my first Hollywood contract and started my picture career."

Caruso also initiated Carrillo into the proper method of eating spaghetti. He twirls it around his fork and it disappears somehow without mishap. Not only that but he is an accomplished consumer of Chinese food, eating like a native, with chop sticks if you please—and I want to tell you that that is sumpin'.

I told Mr. Carrillo that the reason I had been assigned a story on him was because my editor liked the easy, natural way in which he talked to his audiences, as though he and one other person only were sitting together swapping stories.

"How nice of you to tell me that," and he seemed really pleased, "because that's the way I feel and what I try to get across the footlights. Sometimes I feel that I have at least partially succeeded; at other times I have no definite reaction and wonder whether or not I have failed. Thank you for telling me that."

I felt quite set up. Somehow, when a person does something fine, we hesitate to remark about it because we feel that he himself must know that it was fine. But it seems that this isn't so at all. An artist feels deeply within himself, but he feels so much more than he is able to express that he is humbled by the thought of what he would still like to give. That quality alone preserves the artist in him. Once he thinks he has mastered every trick he ceases to be an artist and becomes a mechanic.

When Carrillo was a small boy his father stood him on his feet before him and traced a word across his forehead with his finger.

"What are you doing, father?" Leo asked.

"I am writing one word across your forehead, my son, that I want you to keep in your heart all your life."

"What is the word, father," the boy was strangely impressed.

"Humility," said his father gently, and the son tried to remember.

Perhaps that was why, when great men visited his father, which they often did, the boy left his play and was content to sit and listen to their conversation. One can learn a great deal by keeping quiet and listening to others. Mr. Carrillo feels that this youthful experience, together with his newspaper training, were the two most valuable things in helping him to under-

stand natures totally different from his own, and taught him how to reach them.

Carrillo never wants to be starred. There is too much responsibility in stardom and, besides, it cramps one's style of parts. He wants to play all kinds of characters, not all of them in dialect, but so far he has had a hard time to make the producers see him in anything but dialect parts. That's because he does them so well.

Carrillo has traveled with a rather different motive than most of us. He wants to *know* different people, wants really to understand them, not just tramp through their country, eating their food, drinking their wine and bragging about how much better everything is at home. Carrillo likes people. He speaks five foreign languages, as he put it with a twinkle in his eye, four and one other. The four are Spanish, French, Italian and Chinese.

"What's the fifth?" I asked briskly.

"Profane," he said chuckling.

Carrillo can't see this idea of changing his wife with every picture he makes. We happened to be speaking of several surprising divorces that were stirring Hollywood at the time. There are exceptions and divorce is sometimes necessary to the happiness and growth of both husband and wife, but this wholesale rushing into and out of what should be a beautiful companionship seems to him a woeful lack of character and nothing else.

He is very proud of his new rancho in the Santa Monica canyon, which is not far away from Will Roger's rancho. He declares that he can hear Will chewing gum from his terrace, and that he can reach out of his own window and clutch a handful of good California earth that grows wild azalias and fifty other wild flowers that fill his house with fragrance.

There's a barbecue pit at that rancho, and what fun he has with it. Every Sunday is open house and all his pals come and bring their friends. And what do you think? Remember a book called Ramona? Well, Helen Hunt Jackson was visiting the Carrillo family at Camulos Rancho, and it happened to be when a young senorita (who was Leo's aunt) was having, as Leo put it, a little necking party with an Indian lad. That was the germ that started the book that has become an American classic. Just how much is true and how much fiction in that tragically beautiful love story Leo did not tell me, but I gathered that the occurrence caused plenty of to-do in his family.

"Well, anyhow," I said, smilingly, as I remembered my former embarrassment, "I know now that you can say goodbye in English."

Carrillo smiled back at me impishly, as he murmured: "Adios."

That Flair for Being Glamorous [Continued from page 17]

a goitre or else my eyes wouldn't look so funny. And then it so happened that I met Clark Gable at a party on Saturday night, I upped to him and gave him the eye business with the maximum of intensity, while Mrs. Gable wasn't looking—but I regret to say Mr. Gable choked in his highball and immediately left to hunt mountain lions in the high Sierras.

The next week was Harlow week. One of Jean's best tricks, I have discovered, is to run her hand over her hair and give a voluptuous wriggle that elevates the left

shoulder and undulates—and how—all the way down. All together now—stroke, wriggle, elevate, undulate—take a deep breath and a mouthful of spinach and begin all over again. The undulating I found a little difficult at first, as I have never been to Hawaii or the World's Fair, but I found that with the aid of a good rhumba record I could sort of get a naughty rhythm to the thing. Well, I made the mistake of trying out my new Harlow glamour on one of those "private people" who don't count in Hollywood—and all I've got to say is that

if I ever meet that goop again I will black his other eye, the poltroon.

Then there was Garbo week, when I smoldered and combed my hair back from my face and didn't use any make-up except on my eyes, and sort of thrust myself at nature like a radiator cap. But Garbo week wasn't much of a success. I looked too silly with most of my eyebrows shaved off and I couldn't do without food long enough to get that emaciated hungry look. When I think it over I really believe that pernicious anemia did more for Garbo than Louis B. Mayer.

I'm pretty sure I could do the Carole Lombard snooty business, but I'll probably never get a chance at it, what with everybody being snooty to me first. Carole is swell, and it's a question whether she gives all those parties or whether everyone rallies round just to see her and the parties give themselves.

Well, Gaynor week was some fun. I decided that Janet's trick is to hold her head way back and look sort of coyly up at men out of big wide-open eyes. This trick makes you look childish—and is simply devastating to men, especially the big brute, protective type. (Naturally, if you're five feet nine, don't bother with this one.) And of course you've got to make your voice very sweet and gentle, sort of like Peter Pan calling to Wendy, or Mrs. Temple coaxing little Shirley to be a good girl and go do what the nice director man wants her to. Janet handles that voice business beautifully—it gets 'em, how it gets 'em—but I must say that every time I tried it I unconsciously lapsed into baby talk. One lamentable night I said, "Itty bitsy Betsy wanna go byebye" whereupon my best boy friend became violently primitive and then called up Carole Lombard.

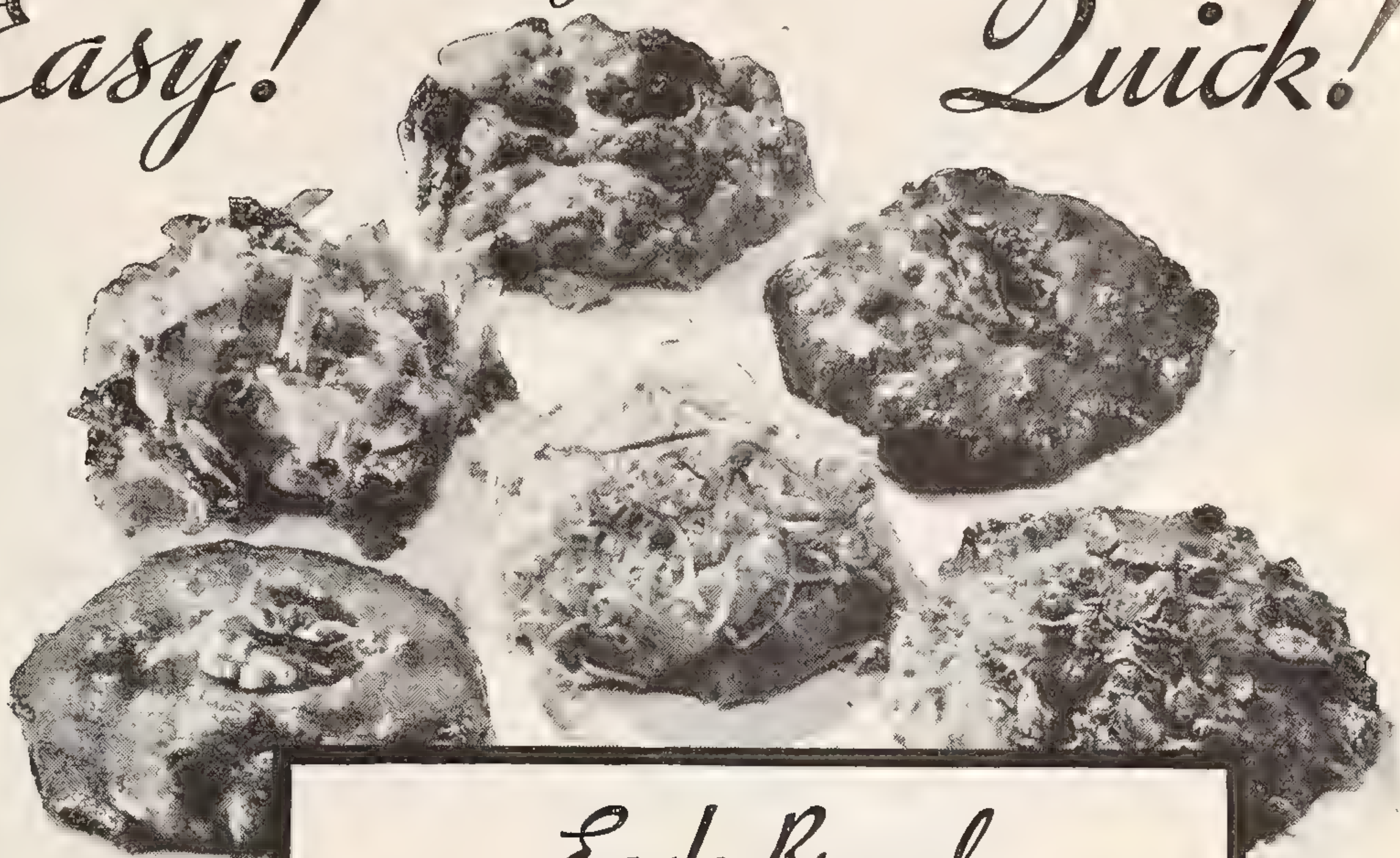
Well, it went on for months. I tried to be like Ruth Chatterton and cultivated a broad English accent and simply reeked with culture. Then I decided to do a Connie Bennett and went blandly along Hollywood Boulevard giving the famous Bennett smile—which caused the passers-bys to stare and then automatically point their fingers towards their temples. I became very brittle and sophisticated and was having a grand time insulting people, but suddenly I discovered that the back-to-the-soil movement was on so I started loping about like Jean Muir.

Norma Shearer lasted a month. To me Norma's brand of Glamour is the best. She's so fresh and clean and shiny, but with it all she has a tantalizing sort of mystery that's as unfathomable as the sea. Poor Irving Thalberg—that mystery glamour must have been pretty hard on him when he was courting Miss Shearer and didn't know exactly where he stood. She has a gracious manner and a hearty handshake that make you feel that she has been sitting around all day just waiting for you to get there. There's that gracious cordiality and then, suddenly, impenetrable mystery—and you have a definite feeling that you know absolutely nothing about Norma Shearer. So I scrubbed and brushed and practised a cute little giggle and a warm handshake and what I considered a touch of mystery, and was all ready to go to the Mayfair Dance where I knew I would meet both Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall. But they didn't even bother to speak to me. In fact no one particularly bothered to speak to me except one of the waiters who said, "Madame, your friend asked me to give you the key to your car and tell you that he has gone home with Miss Swanson."

Well, anyway, as long as there's life there's hope—and faith and charity, I trust—and this is Dietrich week and I'm working very hard on that eye shift trick. One, two, three, shift! So long, try to be good and see how you like it.

5-way cookies

Easy! Quick!



Eagle Brand

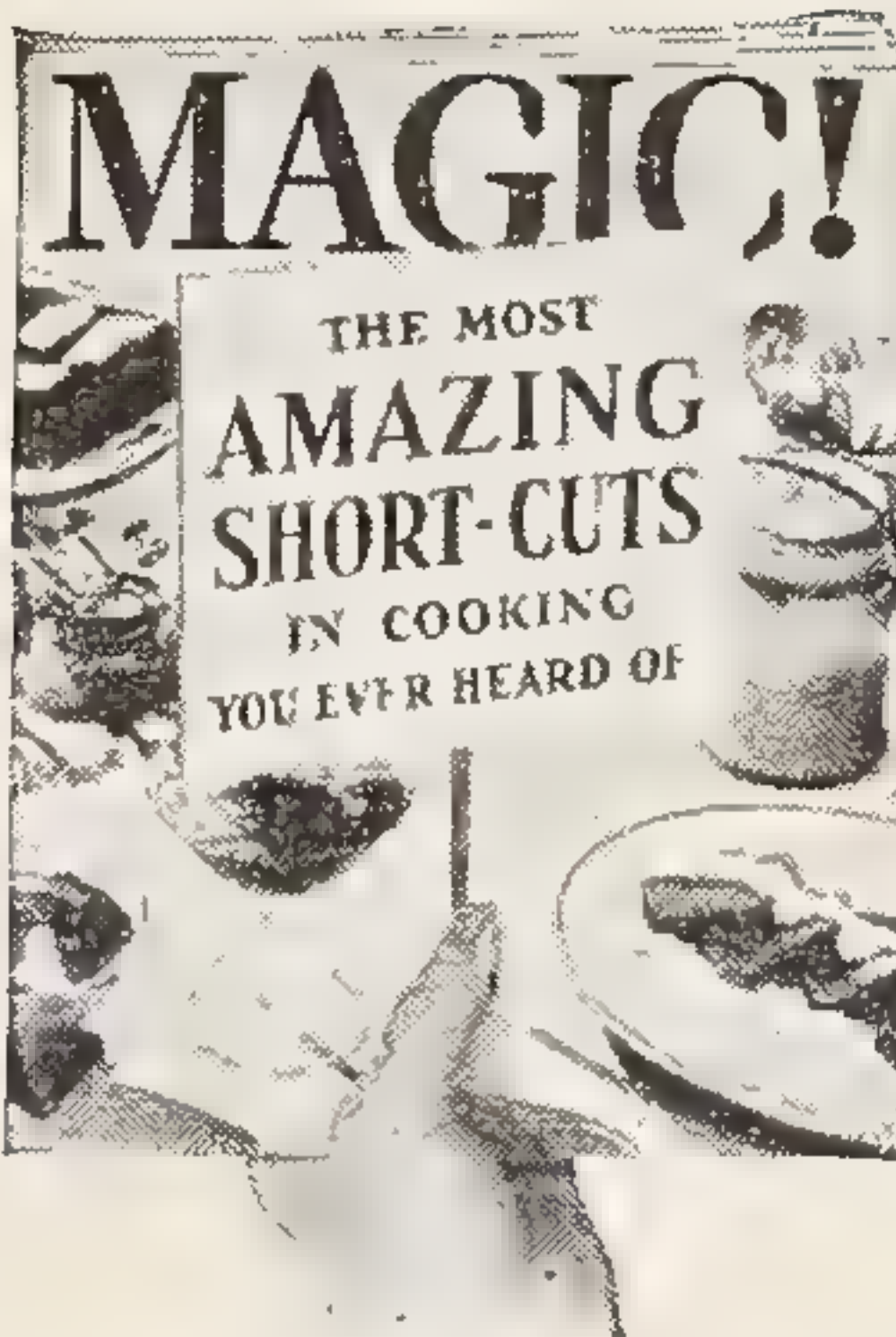
MAGIC COOKIES

1. Two Cups Raisins
or
2. Two Cups Corn Flakes
or
3. Three Cups Coconut
or
4. Two Cups Bran Flakes
or
5. One Cup Nut Meats,
Chopped

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup peanut butter

← Any one of the five ingredients listed at left
Thoroughly blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, peanut butter and any one of the five ingredients listed at the left. Drop by spoonfuls onto buttered baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes or until brown, in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) Makes about 30 cookies.

• No flour! No baking powder! Only 3 ingredients! Mixed in no time! Yet—whichever of the 5 ways you choose to make them—these cookies are crunchy, crispy winners! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and refrigerator). Address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU 104, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Print name and address plainly)

*Borden
Quality*

Play A Tune In 10 Minutes

On your Spanish Guitar, Uke, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. No knowledge of music necessary. No practice. Play first by number, then by note. Simply attach E-Z Player to your favorite instrument—press numbered keys and play.

FREE

instruction book with numbered tunes and chords comes with every E-Z Player. Start playing popular tunes by number right off the reel. Be the life of the party—the center of attraction—a radio star. Don't wait. Write today for 3-Day Free Trial Offer and Special Guitar Values. A postcard will do.
FERRY SPECIALTIES, INC.,
Dept. 3310 Evanston, Ill.



Sell PLAYING INITIAL CARDS

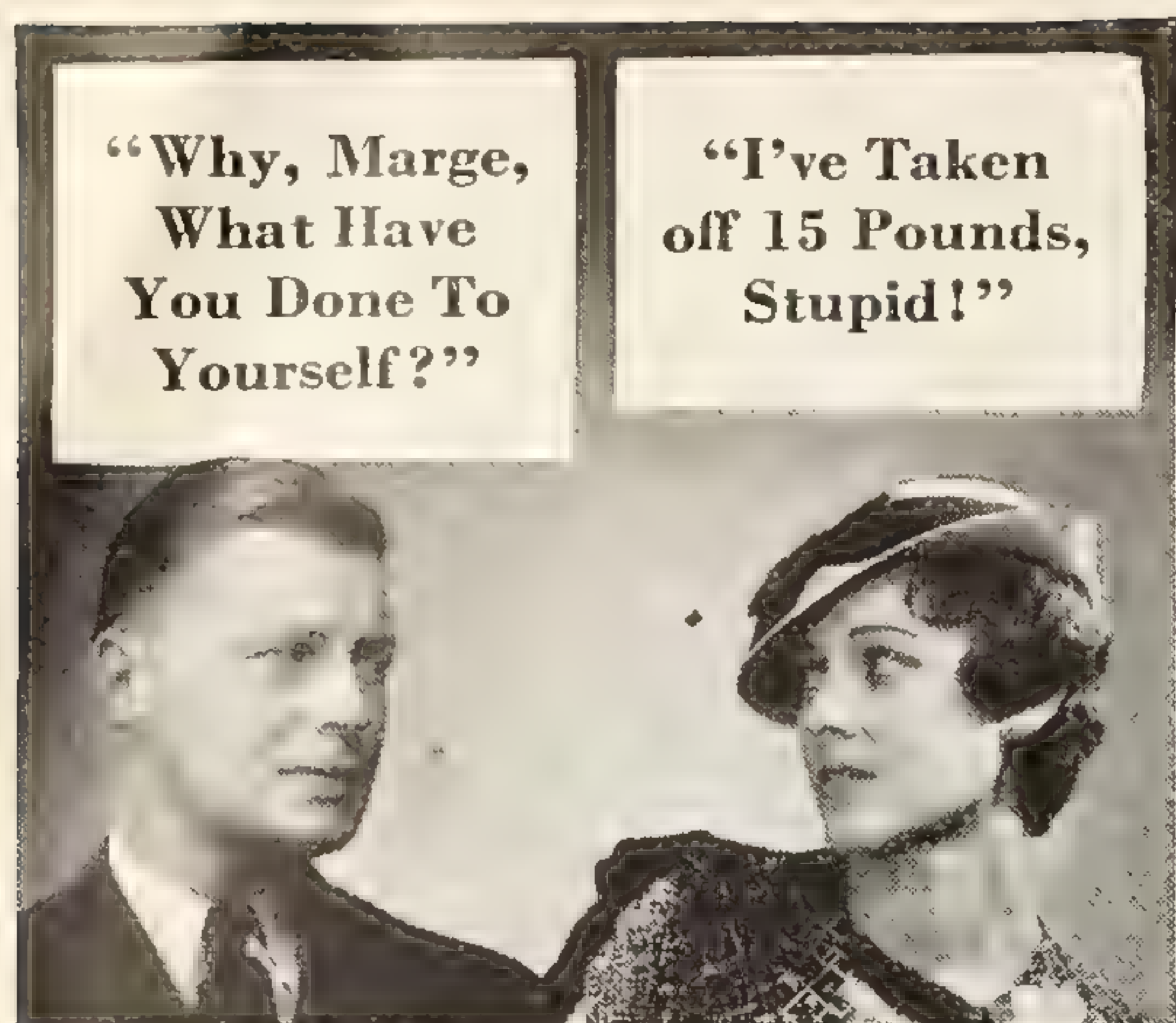


Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for our beautiful new line of Playing Cards, including the new Initial Card. Unique, smart styles; popular low prices! Liberal commission. Make your spare time pay big.

FREE Samples

You can start earning at once, just by showing attractive samples. Thousands of prospects near you. No experience required. Men or women, write for full information and sample outfit—FREE!

Any Initial. Many other special values. required. General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 47, Chicago, Ill.



he Thought:

And Added Ten Years to Your Face!

Now Rochester, Minnesota, points the way to safe and healthful weight reduction, without harmful dieting or dangerous drugs.

Send Coupon for FREE Book on HEALTHFUL Weight Reduction

WE all know these tragedies—overweight women embarking on rigid dieting or drug reducing programs, only to find that in losing weight they add years to their faces.

Most people become fat in one or two places—hips, thighs, etc. Exercise, diet, drugs take fat off the body generally—not exclusively where fat is excessive—in many places where it can't be spared. Hence come wrinkles, sagging chin, crepe neck, and other aging after-effects of "reducing."

Don't Grow Old—Reducing!

Massage takes weight off only where you have too much. Massage your hips, fat comes off; the rest of the body remains the same. Reduce only where you are fat.

The Hemp Massager is an ethical, scientific device, developed at Rochester, Minn., and now offered to the general public. It is the only mechanical device that duplicates the action of a professional masseuse's fingers. It weighs less than a pound; requires no electricity. It costs less than two visits to a masseuse. Not a roller, vibrator, padder. Massage helps circulation, makes you feel and look younger. Send coupon NOW for free book on massage. GET THE FACTS. Reduce by the method prescribed by the medical profession. Mail coupon now—before you forget.

COUPON

Paste on post card if you prefer

THE CONLEY COMPANY, Inc.
533 1st Ave., N. W., Rochester, Minnesota

Please send me FREE and without obligation your big illustrated book on massage for weight reduction.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

STARS MUST EAT

By
Ruth
Corbin

Desserts That
Tempt the
Beauties.

Muriel Kirkland can make Marshmallow Loaf practically irresistible.



YOU could almost take a bet—sight unseen—that a girl born in Yonkers would know how to cook. And Muriel Kirkland, who first saw the light of day in this small city adjacent to New York, could back up this bet. Because New Yorkers, for apparently no good reason at all, always use Yonkers (along with Brooklyn) as a target for jokes, Muriel didn't remain in that town very long, but moved over to New Rochelle, which is just as small a place but enjoys a swankier reputation. And Muriel, in her adolescent days, was all for swank.

After graduating from school, she commenced studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, later serving her apprenticeship in stock companies dotted hither and yon over these United States, never forgetting her kitchen accomplishments.

One of her favorite recipes, remembered from those early days in Yonkers and New Rochelle, when the kitchen regions were no mystery at all to the little Muriel, is for a dessert called Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf. When I cornered her recently at the Universal Studio, where she is working on the Dickens' story, "Great Expectations," she gladly gave me the recipe, and here it is:

Marshmallow Refrigerator Loaf

1/2 pound marshmallows	1/2 cupful water
1/2 cupful condensed milk	1/2 cupful chopped nut meats
1/2 cupful pitted dates	2 1/2 cupfuls graham cracker crumbs

"I cut the marshmallows into quarters," Muriel explained, "and then pour the water

over them. Then I add the Borden's Sweetened Condensed Milk, the chopped nuts, chopped dates and cracker crumbs. I blend this mixture thoroughly and form it into a loaf six inches long. When this is done I place the loaf into a deep mould, lined first with waxed paper. I let it freeze for about twelve hours. When serving, I cut it into slices like a loaf of bread, and sometimes, when I feel especially ambitious, I whip up some cream as a garnish. Now, how does that sound?"

I told her it sounded simply swell to me. That's why I'm passing it on to you. Try it sometime, and see if this little lady who hails from Yonkers doesn't know her pastries.

Another dessert favored by Muriel is Chocolate Bisque. And here is the recipe.

Chocolate Bisque

3 squares bitter chocolate	1-1/3 cupfuls Condensed milk
1 cupful hot water	2 eggs, separated
1/8 teaspoonful salt	1/3 cupful graham cracker crumbs

Muriel melts the chocolate in a double boiler. Then she adds the condensed milk and stirs over boiling water for five minutes until the mixture thickens. This is removed from fire and hot water and slightly beaten egg yolks are added. When it cools, the stiffly beaten whites and the salt are folded in. The freezing tray of the refrigerator is buttered and then lined with graham cracker crumbs before the chocolate mixture is poured over it and allowed to freeze. Four to six hours are allotted for freezing, and the Bisque must not be stirred during this time.

Isabel On Her Own

[Continued from page 27]

ever I went, and along came one wise-cracking comedienne's rôle after another. I was beginning to get a bit mixed up myself by this time, and thought I'd better pipe down about a dramatic rôle. Perhaps I had been a comedienne all the time, and I just needed Hollywood to discover the fact.

"Underneath I was still seething for drama, just the same, but on the surface I decided not to quibble. I had wanted a Hollywood career, and I was now determined to get it whether by the high road or the low."

When John Barrymore was planning to do "Counsellor-at-Law" on the screen, he conferred with Otto Kruger about the casting of various parts, and Kruger suggested Isabel Jewel as the only logical person in Hollywood for that of the telephone operator. Isabel was still at work on a picture at M-G-M, but she had been recommended so highly that Barrymore—the Barrymore himself—decided to hold up production for three days in order to get her. Isabel, who had been obliged to accept a good many set-backs in her checkered career, was almost overwhelmed with happiness. She also felt very humble to think that a Barrymore, who had only to raise his hand to get what he wanted, should desire her services and, not only that, but wait three whole days for her arrival. If this wasn't getting somewhere, well it was a good imitation anyway.

A good many screen players have thought John Barrymore rather tyrannical to work with, but not so Isabel. Instead, she accuses him of having a superb sense of humor. Although he may be extremely taciturn when he is studying his lines on the set, the moment he is free his drolleries have the entire cast in constant giggles. And he is always eager to assist minor players with the reading of their lines, provided, of course, that they're not too proud to admit that he may know a trifle more about this business called acting than they do. So far as Isabel herself is concerned, she is deeply grateful to both Kruger and Barrymore for the pressure they have brought to bear on her budding career.

One day, while Isabel was working in a small part in "Advice to the Lovelorn" at Twentieth Century, Lucien Hubbard, an important M-G-M producer, came over there to look at some of the rushes. He was on the lookout for a girl to play the leading feminine rôle—that of a sophisticated chorus girl, who was to be apporioned several highly dramatic scenes in a forthcoming Otto Kruger picture called "Women in His Life." Madge Evans, an M-G-M contract player, was too much the ingenue for the rôle, which called for a certain superficial hardness masking a warmly emotional nature.

Isabel, who had already been signed to play a small part in "Women in His Life," knew just whom Hubbard had in mind when he came to look at the rushes of "Advice to the Lovelorn." But she said tantalizingly: "Please look at my rushes, too, Mr. Hubbard. You'll be surprised, really. It's the first time I've been the tiniest, weeniest bit pretty on the screen. I was quite bowled over when I saw myself."

Mr. Hubbard smiled at her as he might at an eager child who is not used to such attention, but he looked, nevertheless, with the result that Isabel captured that coveted rôle opposite Otto Kruger and U. I. Merkel was cast for the rôle Isabel had originally been set for—that of a wise secretary.

To listen to Isabel, it was all quite wonderful after this. For the first time she realized what it meant to be a player of

Charm him tonight...

with a complexion that stays
MIRROR FRESH
all evening long



New face powder stays on from
4 to 6 hours...*thanks to newest*
discovery of RICHARD HUDNUT

WIN his compliments all evening long with a complexion as fresh and smooth as the moment you left your mirror. You can, you know, because Richard Hudnut has perfected a new kind of face powder.

This powder, rightly enough, is called *Marvelous*. It clings as you've always wanted powder to cling—and never thought it could. It actually stays on from four to six hours by the clock.

Marvelous, indeed, is a different kind of powder, a different blend, developed by the Richard Hudnut laboratories after years of searching for a new, longer-clinging powder. The Marvelous blend contains a substance entirely new to face powder—with a remarkable power to cling to your skin. In a sense, it becomes part of your own skin texture.

Marvelous Face Powder, therefore, never

looks *powdery* on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion *of your own!* And think of it—this flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What's more, Marvelous Face Powder stays on without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

Put Marvelous Face Powder to *any* test. So sure are we of the results that we will send you free trial packages of Marvelous in four new, popular shades—so you may select your own shade and compare Marvelous Face Powder with any face powder you wish. (Note coupon.)

Or, if you'd rather not wait for the postman, you can buy a box of Marvelous Face Powder right now—at any drug store or department store. The cost is amazingly low. Only 55 cents—and the box is *full-size*.

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS
Marvelous Liquefying Cream...Tissue Cream...Foundation Cream...Hand Cream...Skin Freshener...Rouge...Lipstick...Eye Shadow...Only 55¢ each

Free

RICHARD HUDNUT
693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

K-1

Please send me, free and postpaid, trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder in four popular shades—also Marvelous Makeup Guide.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



55¢

MARVELOUS Face Powder



**TRY THIS
BETTER
WAY**

**STOP PAIN...
REMOVE
CORN**

**DRYBAK
CORN PLASTERS**

6 SUPERIOR FEATURES

1. Twin tabs hold plaster firm, smooth. No bulging.
2. Special Drybak backing is *waterproof*—not affected by bathing.
3. Won't stick to stocking.
4. Inconspicuous.
5. Keeps clean.
6. Individual medicated centers—safer, more effective.


Also try DRYBAK BUNION and CALLUS PLASTERS

**BOX OF 12
25¢**

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Learn to Play

Sample Lesson in Piano, Organ, Violin **FREE**



To prove how quick and easy our modern method of teaching is we will send a typical lesson absolutely free to any child or grown-up who would like to become a musician. Our home study course is complete, the most successful that we know of in America. Lessons are conducted with individual instructions and recitations at the mere price of service, supplies and mailing. We have thousands of accomplished graduates and students. You will not be disappointed. Send for the free lesson today. Address American College of Music, 1311 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED!

ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

for immediate consideration
M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31 St., New York

consequence. Expert hairdressers experimented with her lovely golden hair until they had achieved the most becoming coiffure for her type. As her cheeks are quite thin, cosmeticians did all sorts of marvellous things with make-up so that, when the lights were thrown upon her, her face would not exhibit deep hollows under the cheekbones. Accommodating cameramen photographed her two profiles as well as her full face from every conceivable angle, in order to determine which way she photographed best. And, to cap the climax, Adrian, that peer of designers, who has dressed such celebrities as Garbo, Shearer and Crawford, was commissioned to create an entire wardrobe for *La Jewel*!

No wonder Isabel's deep blue eyes flashed like sapphires, no wonder deep golden glints glowed from her soft, wavy hair, no wonder her frail shoulders squared themselves briskly in a brave effort to carry triumphantly those exquisite but heavy furs which Adrian thought she required to give her added poise and more height. (She is only five feet one and weighs a mere ninety pounds).

It was while Isabel was spending a brief vacation in New York recently that we gossiped about all this. Tucked, from her slim white throat down to her lovely pedicured toes, in a quaint Chinese Mandarin robe, she looked more like a college girl than a sophisticated actress who desires, above all things, to play highly emotional rôles. She talked easily, quietly, in between times sipping a cup of black breakfast coffee that stood on a table by her chair.

"No wonder you're thin," I admonished her, "you should be gulping beakers of malted milk like Fay Wray does."

"Yes, ma'am, I know," Isabel tried to

console me, "I should be drinking milk, but really nothing makes me gain, so why bother? Anyway, as long as Mr. Adrian can pile clothes on my shoulders I'll never look as thin on the screen as I really am. Don't you think so?"

I assured her that she really wouldn't, and she breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed for a moment, until I prodded her with some last-minute questions.

Although Isabel is not from the South, she finishes off her sentences with the familiar "Ma'am" that some of the Southerners use. She really hails from Wyoming, and got the habit from the cowboys.

Her father was a doctor who first sent her to school in Minnesota, and later to college in Kentucky. Then came the theatrical bee in her bonnet, which seems to be buzzing right merrily out in Hollywood just now.

As for Lee Tracy—of course they're still great friends—why, during those eight bleak months when nary an assignment came her way, Isabel's sole pleasure and hobby was keeping a scrap-book of Lee's clippings. And, even now, with an honest-to-goodness long term M-G-M contract tucked lovingly away in her pocketbook, Isabel still admits that she has but one true hobby—keeping ADDITIONAL scrap books of Lee Tracy's clippings.

There may be a divergence of opinions about this hobby of Isabel's—it really is a normal one, although only a frank and very honest woman would admit its existence—but I hope you're all agreed that this extraordinarily ambitious and intelligent young actress should not be written down in the annals of screen history as "Lee Tracy's girl friend."

After all, there may come a day when Lee will be referred to as "Isabel Jewel's boy friend."

Soldiers of Fortune [Continued from page 23]

a new pool felt with hard bitten pride the crude oil spatter in his face.

And so, my friends, take care how you scoff at Hollywood. Her soldiers of fortune are the real thing. They are genuine... not pretenders, as you foolishly imagine. They have actually experienced life in far places. They know. As citizens of the world they have followed the winding road with a song in their heart; they have felt the breathless expectancy of the gamble of death and answered the lure of strange places, of turbaned heads and yellow skins... they have known cherry blossoms in Tokio, the snow-swept barren passes of

Tibet, the glamour of the languorous South Sea Islands, bizarre and wild and passionately alive.

And because these soldiers of fortune remember those other glamorous days they are able to bring to pictures, realism—authentic and convincing.

And so, when the day arrives that finds you with your feet under that table in Hollywood, make the most of your opportunity. Study the square jaws and steady eyes of these men. They have always been pioneers and daredevils—colorful and reckless. They are Hollywood's Soldiers of Fortune.

Studio News [Continued from page 29]

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

Max Christmann....Francis Lederer
Prudence Kirkland....Joan Bennett
Aaron Kirkland....Charlie Ruggles
Comfort Kirkland....Mary Boland
Col. Sherwood....Minor Watson
Thad Jennings....Adrian Morris
Meg.....Barbara Barondess

At the Fox Hills Studio

ONE picture shooting here, and it's the last day on this picture, too. It is "Servants' Entrance," starring Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres. But Lew has already finished when I arrive.

"Look," Lew begins, "I'm just leaving but if you can drag your dead carcass out of

bed in the morning, we'll go up to the Bowl and watch them rehearse. I go every morning I'm not working and those rehearsals are a scream. That Englishman, Sir Something Wood, really gets music out of those lugs up there and his sarcasm is something that should be a revelation even to you."

"I'm going up to Yellowstone tonight," I announce loftily. "You worry about getting your own carcass out of bed."

The plot of this picture is sorta complicated. Janet and her fiancée, Karl (G. P. Huntley), are both wealthy but they have made a bet with their friends that they can get jobs and support themselves for a certain length of time. Lew is a young

inventor who is working as chauffeur for Janet's father, but, as he got the job after Janet left home, she doesn't know who he is, nor does he recognize her.

She gets a job as chambermaid somewhere and, from what I gather, Mr. Huntley turns out to be a gigolo of sorts. At any rate, Janet's father loses his money or something and it is necessary for Janet and Huntley to be married sooner than they had anticipated.

She gets into a boat and goes out on the lake looking for him. There are two or three rowboats in the picture—one of them near Janet. In the night air the clear tones of people laughing and talking are audible. In one of the boats someone is singing and playing a mandolin. In the distance can be heard the hum of a speedboat. In a nearby boat are two people, but they are silhouettes in the darkness and cannot be identified. As Janet paddles near them we see it is Huntley and, with him, Dorothy Christy.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were like this all the time?" he asks.

"There is no reason why it shouldn't be," Dot replies, looking at him through narrowed lids. "I have enough for two—more than enough."

"But I'm just a chauffeur," Huntley protests.

"I knew you were no ordinary chauffeur the moment I saw you," Miss Christy informs him. "I was mad about you before I found out you were Karl Berghoff. Your family is one of the finest in Sweden. I'm nobody—except that my husband left me a fortune."

"You're awfully sweet," Huntley informs her.

Poor Janet. She's been taking all this in and she's found out once again that gilded tombs do worms enfold and so do gilded carcasses—especially when they belong to attractive young men.

Never mind, Janet. Lew is waiting for you—less than a reel away. And there's a boy who'll do right by you—if you let him have his own way all the time.

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"

Hedda Nilsson.....Janet Gaynor
Eric Landstrom.....Lew Ayres
Hjalmar Gnu.....Ned Sparks
Viktor Nilsson.....Walter Connolly
Mrs. Hanson.....Louise Dresser
Karl Berkhoff.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Sigrid Hanson.....Astrid Allwyn
Hans Hanson.....Siegfried Rumann
and others

At M-G-M

I JOG on over to M-G-M and what an upset my plans get on *this* lot. It seems they've got everybody on their contract list working, just to make it tough for me.

First, there's "The Green Hat."

"We can't take anyone on that set without Constance Bennett's permission," Kay Mulvey begins when I appear in the publicity office.

So I write Connie a note and send it in by Clifton, her chauffeur, and in a minute out comes Gladys Young, her secretary, and personally conducts me on to the set.

Kay's eyes are sticking out like cherries on a stem. "This is unheard of," she breathes. "There hasn't been another writer on this set since the picture started. Do you mind if I touch you?"

"I've always told you nit-wits around Hollywood, that if you play ball with Connie, she'll play ball with you," I retort.

"Now, don't talk to me today," Connie smiles as she passes by, "because I'm working like mad to finish up so I can get away. But you call me up at home and come out to see me before I leave. Stick around as long as you like, though."

It's a nifty scene—Napier's (Herbert

GET IN *Shape* FOR FASHION

THE modern mode bows to the youthful figure. Gentle curves have become indispensable. Clothes are built to feminine contours.

To many of us, this spells reducing. Select your diet wisely. Exercise moderately. And be sure your meals contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Lack of bulk may endanger both health and complexions—and rob you of the charm you seek to win. Yet it can be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes "bulk" as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than risking patent medicines.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

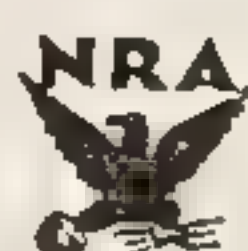


You'll agree that ELISSA LANDI, beautiful Columbia star, is thoroughly charming in informal riding clothes.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Keep on the Sunny Side of Life"

Tells all the facts about faulty elimination, and how to correct it. Gives the complete story of bran, with tempting recipes. Special section on dieting, with calorie table, reducing diets, height and weight table. Profusely illustrated in color. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. Z-10, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life."

Name _____

Address _____

TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

New **REMINGTON**
ONLY **PORTABLE**

10¢
A DAY



TEN DAYS TRIAL

Only 10c a day buys this latest model machine. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable. Standard keyboard. Carrying case included free. Try it in your home or office for 10 days. If you do not agree that it is the finest Portable at any price, return it at our expense. Don't delay.

FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE

Mail Coupon Today or Use Post Card

REMINGTON RAND INC.,
DEPT. 161-10, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy new Remington portable typewriter for only 10c a day. Also enclose your new catalogue.

Name

Address

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER



PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.

At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano"—and many new tricks, stunts, etc.

Niagara School of Music
Dept. 4002, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

\$\$\$ Photoplay Ideas \$\$\$

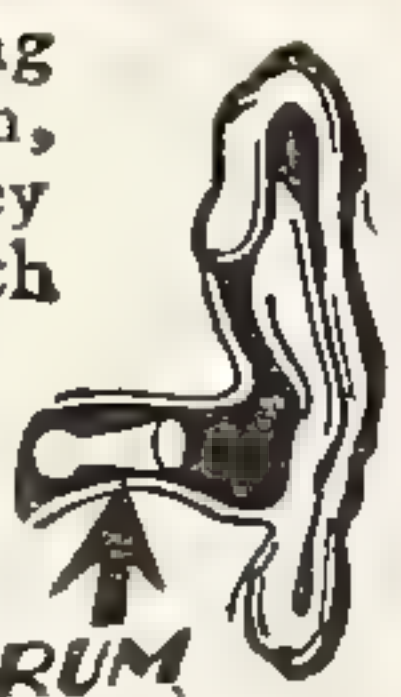
Stories accepted in any form for criticism, revision, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios. Our sales service selling consistent percentage of stories to Hollywood Studios—the MOST ACTIVE MARKET. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Send original plots or stories for FREE reading and report. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of others. Deal with a recognized Hollywood Agent who is on the ground and knows market requirements. Established 1917. Write for FREE BOOK giving full information.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.
551 Meyer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 985, 70 5th Ave., New York

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

Stage, Talking Pictures and Radio. (40th Year). Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann, Una Merkel, Mary Pickford. Drama, Dance, Vocal, General Culture teaching and directing. Appearances, Debuts. For Catalog, write Sec'y LANE, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Marshall's) apartment. There's a fireplace, of course, with some geraniums on the mantel, chintz curtains, red damask divan in front of the fireplace and a conglomeration of furniture, representing no particular period—but livable. There are built-in book-shelves at one side of the mantel.

Off at one side of the set—out of camera range—is a phonograph that goes continually. Joan Crawford loaned Connie her collection of records until she started work herself and then she took it back. So Connie had to get one of her own. It would drive me screwy.

This book of Michael Arlen's had a tremendous sale and most of you saw Garbo's version of this picture, so there's no use giving you the plot all over again.

After Connie's husband has killed himself on their wedding night and her brother (Hugh Williams) has turned against her because she lets him think she was to blame, she is ostracized. She lives a wild, reckless life abroad, but when she learns her brother is dying she returns to England to tell him the truth about her husband, so Hugh won't die hating her. He refuses to see her and dies without knowing the man (her husband) he had idolized was a rotter, a wastrel and a lot of other things.

Broken and hurt, Connie turns to Marshall.

"I don't know if we could have been happy," Marshall admits, "but at least I wouldn't have known this awful sense of defeat. You are the only thing I've ever really wanted in my life and I wasn't strong enough to take you and keep you. I was born to live and die like a man in a dream who can never touch the woman he sees beside him always."

"And whose fault is that?" Connie demands harshly. "Not mine. Wasn't I yours—here in this very room—the weeks before I married Boy Fenwick—if you'd wanted me?"

"It wasn't my fault that Boy killed himself because of you," Marshall throws at her.

"Please," Connie begs, "I thought we were friends tonight."

"I must make myself remember all I have against you or I'll never let you go again," Marshall mutters, and then his voice takes on a harsh tone. "Has the life you've led given you a great deal of happiness, Iris?"

"No," she whispers. "It's hurt."

"Hurt?" he murmurs in a low voice.

"Yes," she answers bravely, "it seemed unfaithful to you—and that hurt."

I know it is considered heresy to compare anyone to Garbo but it seems to me that Connie ought to be a lot better in this part than the Great Swede. Here's who:

"THE GREEN HAT"

Iris Constance Bennett
Napier Herbert Marshall
Lady Eve Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Venice Elizabeth Allen
Gerald Hugh Williams
Sir Maurice Henry Stephenson
Hilary Robert Lorraine
Guy Lumsden Hare
Dr. Masters Leo Carroll
Trubel Alec B. Francis

Incidentally, it was just after he finished this picture that that grand old trouper, Alec B. Francis, passed on.

On your left, ladies and gents, right where the phonograph is playing loudest, we have "Sacred and Profane Love," with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Otto Kruger. That is, M-G-M paid a hunk of money for the title to the old play that Elsie Ferguson starred in years ago and had a new scenario written around it. Then, along came clean-up week, so now they've changed the name to "Chained." Ho-hum.

Everybody is chained to the wrong person. Otto Kruger (as Field) loves Joan

Crawford (Diana) and wants to marry her; but is chained to his wife (Marjorie Gate-son). The latter refuses to divorce him. He sends Joan to South America on a trip and Joan falls in love with Mike (Clark Gable). She returns to New York to tell Otto about it and finds that Otto's wife has relented and is on her way to Reno for a divorce and Kruger has told everyone he is going to marry Joan. So Joan is chained to Kruger through loyalty, and gives Clark his *congé*. But Clark meets her later in New York, follows her and Kruger to their mountain lodge at Lake Placid, and tells Kruger the truth.

Kruger is always the gentleman. He orders a place set for Clark at the table and the three of them sit down, while Kruger in his casual way, lets them know he intends going back to his wife and leaving them free for each other.

Also mixed up in the proceedings are Stuart Erwin as Johnny and Una O'Connor as Amy.

"Hi, pal," says Clark. "How's tricks?"

"Fine," I nod. "Where you going this time when you finish the picture?"

"Down around Encinada and into the interior of Mexico, I think," Clark grins. Get him talking about his hunting or fishing and Clark is in his glory.

"Dick Arlen told me I could borrow his yacht any time they're not using it," I suggest. "We can go fishing on that if you like."

"Lord," says Clark. "I wouldn't know how to act on a yacht. That's too luxurious. I really rough it when I go out anywhere. Anyhow, I want to go up into the interior of Mexico."

"Well, happy landings," I wish him as I leave.

"Hail and farewell," says Joan as I pass her dressing room. "You're not staying long."

"Gotta hurry. It's getting late and I've got a lot to do."

"Well, come out sometime when you're not in such a hurry and let's have a chat," Joan invites me. Swell gal!

"CHAINED"

Diane Joan Crawford
Mike Clark Gable
Mr. Field Otto Kruger
Johnnie Stuart Erwin
Amy Una O'Connor
Mrs. Field Marjorie Gateson

Now, we come to "Have a Heart." This used to be an old musical comedy. Heaven only knows what it is now because they haven't finished writing the script. All I know is that Stu Erwin (yep, he's working in this picture, too) has sent off for a pack of "Sure Fire Playing Cards." The owner can tell what his opponents are holding. He wants Una Merkel to lend him five dollars so he can get in a game and win a lot of dough. Una is also by way of being a manicurist. She is just finishing him off.

"All right, Ox Heart," she says to Stu. "I'm through with your hoofs. Back to your pasture."

"No five dollars?" Stu asks as he starts towards the door.

"No!" snaps Una.

"Did I hear right?" Stu continues, still going towards the door, "no five dollars?"

"You heard perfect," says Una emphatically.

"Hi, lug," Jimmie Dunn calls to me from the sidelines. I won't be working for awhile yet, come on over to my dressing room and I'll buy you a—er—a lemonade."

"No, you won't," I grin. "I'm going to stay here and talk to Una."

"No you're not, either," says Una. "You come up to the house any time you want but I've got to study my lines now."

Fancy that. Busy as I am, me willing to give up time to visit and getting turned

down. I say, "Have a Heart." Here are the others in this heartless crowd:

"HAVE A HEART"

Jimmie James Dunn
Sally Jean Parker
Joan Una Merkel
Gus Stuart Erwin
Helen Muriel Evans
Schauber Douglas Dumbrille
Dr. Spear Samuel S. Hinds
Joe Paul Page
Mrs. Abrahams Pepi Sinoff
Mrs. Kelly Kate Price

As I'm leaving the stage I bump into Paul Page. "Haven't seen you in a coon's age," he announces. "I'm just finishing up today. How's about some tennis?"

"Fine," I agree. "We can play on Lew Ayres' court."

"Call you tomorrow," Paul promises and is gone before I can tell him I won't be here tomorrow. Oh, well, he'll find out when he calls up.

Next, in this never-ending procession of M-G-M hits in the making, we come to "Four Walls," now called "Straight Is the Way." The last scene of it is being shot as I arrive.

Benny (Franchot Tone) has just got out of prison after five years. His mother (May Robson) and Bertha (Karen Morley) have waited for him. He used to be a gangster and Shirley (Gladys George) was his girl. Now Monk (Jack LaRue) is running the gang and Shirley is Monk's girl. But she's ready to throw Monk over any time and go back to Benny, if Benny will take charge of the gang again. But he wants no part of her or of the gang.

When Benny goes on the roof one hot night, Shirley follows him and again tries to lure him back to her. They are caught there by Monk and in the struggle that follows, Monk falls off the roof and is killed.

"Look at that kid," Franchot Tone whispers to me, as he points to Tony Russo. "He's Jack LaRue's double in the big struggle and he fractured a rib and knocked himself out when he fell off the roof. He was out cold for about ten or fifteen minutes but when he came to, he made them tape up his rib and he went right on with it. That's what you call 'nerve.'"

The scene they're shooting is a close-up of the struggle between Franchot and Jack.

"Look here," Director Paul Sloane yells to Jack, "spin around when he hits you and don't give me any of those dance steps, either."

"Oh, swish," Jack mimics as he does a pirouette.

"Yeah, swish," sneers Paul. He turns to Franchot and grins. "Don't pull your punch, Franchot, when you hit him. Let him have it."

"I don't know if I can take it," LaRue minces, in mock alarm.

"It's all right," Sloane assures him. "I'll eat my lunch whether you get hit or not."

Nice boy!

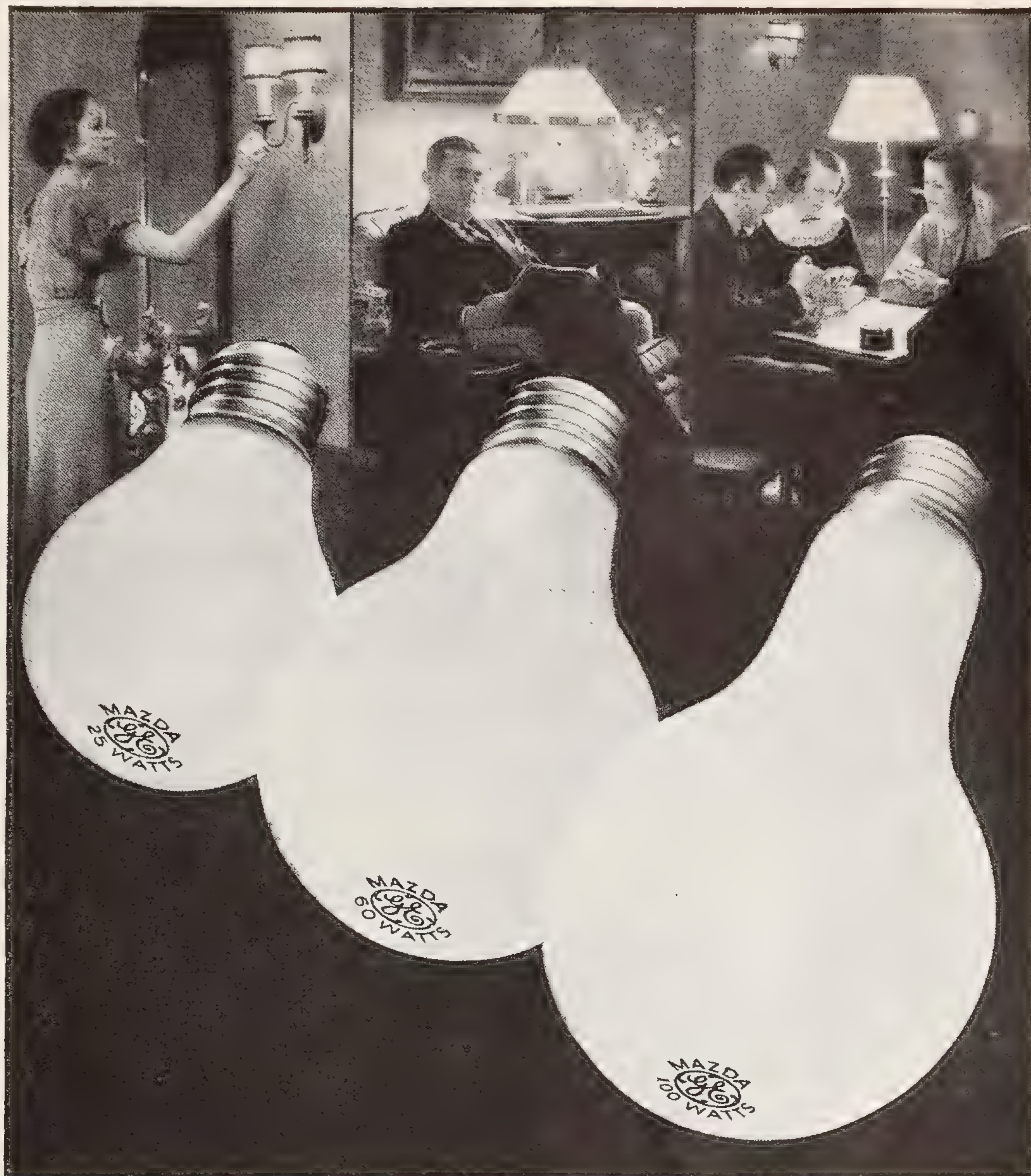
Here's the line-up in today's battle:

"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"

Benny Horowitz Franchot Tone
Mrs. Horowitz May Robson
Bertha Karen Morley
Shirley Gladys George
Sullivan C. Henry Gordon
Skipper Nat Pendleton
Monk Jack LaRue
Dr. Wilkes William Bakewell

In parting, all I've got to say is this: "If Franchot looks like a Horowitz, I'm Adonis."

I swear, when you're in a hurry there's no limit to the work one has to do. From "Straight Is the Way" I run into "Hide-out." Another semi-racketeer story.



There is a *right* lamp for every socket in your home

Scarcely one home in ten has adequate light for reading, sewing or any other close visual task. Eye-strain, and eventually impaired vision, result when eyes are compelled to work in half-light. Make sure you and your family are not handicapped by improper and insufficient light. Follow these five simple rules:

1. *Reading Lamps:* Use one 100-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp, or two 60's, or three 40's, depending upon the number of sockets.

2. *Ceiling Fixtures:* Kitchen and laundry, 100 to 150 watts. Living room or dining room, a total of 150 to 200 watts.

3. *Wall Brackets:* 15 to 25 watts for decorative lighting. 60 watts on each side of the bathroom or dressing table mirror.

4. *All bulbs should be shaded* to avoid glare. Shades should be light-colored inside and open at the top to throw light to the ceiling.

5. Buy lamp bulbs that bear the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer. Then you are sure of getting good light at low cost.

Check the lights in your home today, noting all under-size lamps. Then get an assortment of Edison MAZDA Lamps from your dealer.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, "The New Story of Seeing." Tells important facts about light and eyesight. General Electric Co., Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

True Beauty demands a slim, youthful figure

Not merely fashion, but feminine attractiveness, too, demand the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have successfully reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I am so happy and grateful. I have reduced 31 lbs. and my brassiere is just 5 inches shorter."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. S-9, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

Lucky Wilson is a racketeer. When things get hot for him he hides in the Catskill Mountains. Special Investigator McCarthy pursues, and, in a race through the night, Lucky escapes but not until a bullet has plowed through his shoulder. Weakened from loss of blood, far out along the Connecticut countryside, his car careens into a ditch where he is found unconscious, hours



In "Hide-Out," Maureen O'Sullivan and her kid brother introduce that note of purity which we are all so crazy about nowadays.

later, by a farmer named Miller. Recuperating under assumed identity at the modest Miller farmhouse, he at first hates the place. But Pauline, the lovely schoolmarm daughter, soon arouses his interest.

We pick them up after dinner one night, when Pauline is correcting examination papers and her kid brother is practicing his piano lesson. Suddenly a bell rings upstairs. It's Lucky.

Mrs. Miller picks up a glass of milk to take to him.

"I'll go," says Pauline.

"You got your work to do," her mother objects.

"It's almost finished," Pauline informs her, taking the glass out of her hand and starting from the room.

"I'll go," yells Willie. Anything to get out of practicing.

"You sit right down," his mother admonishes him.

"Well, if he gives you anything," Willie screams, "I get half—"

Maureen O'Sullivan, who plays Pauline, disappears immediately after the shot is finished and I don't know any of the others in the scene so there's no use sticking around. But here's the cast for you:

"HIDE-OUT"

Lucky.....Robert Montgomery
Pauline.....Maureen O'Sullivan
McCarthy.....Edward Arnold
Mrs. Miller.....Elizabeth Patterson
Willie.....Mickey Rooney
Mr. Miller.....Whitford Kane
Tony.....C. Henry Gordon
Babe.....Muriel Evans

The last, thank goodness, on this lot is "Student Tour," and when I arrive on the set, guess who's there? You never could guess so I'll tell you. Two of my favorite Warner Brothers' players who have been borrowed for this epic—Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan. Maxine, I've told you about before. Phil is new and both of them are getting their first real break in this picture.

Golly. It would take someone a lot older and smarter than me to unravel all the plot in this picture for you. All I know is what I'm told, and I couldn't remember a third of what I was told about this one. There's a beautiful garden and Maxine, wearing a frumpy dress, shell-rimmed glasses and holding a text book in her hand wan-

ders into it. There isn't any dialogue.

But when the scene is finished, Phil turns to me: "Want to hear a swell number?" And he gets them to play the recording he has just made of a song called "Taj Mahal." It's a pip, and what a voice that boy has! Wait'll you hear it.

"Where you going now?" Phil demands.

"Over to Warner Brothers and Universal," I reply.

"Come on," he says. "I'm all through in the picture and I'll go over to Warners with you and show you around. I'm a big shot now since I've been borrowed."

"Nuts," I answer.

"I was afraid of that," says Phil sadly. "Come on. I'll be generous even if you won't let me be big."

"STUDENT TOUR"

Hank.....Jimmy Durante
Lippincott.....Chas. Butterworth
Anne.....Maxine Doyle
Bobby.....Phil Regan
Lilith.....Florine McKinney
Mushy.....Douglas Sowley
Jeff.....Monte Blue

At Warner Brothers

"I've been out here six months," Phil vouchsafes as we drive along, "and this is my first real break. They've just taken up my option for another six months and my girl will be out here from New York for a visit in a couple of weeks and, boy, am I happy."

Suddenly he bursts into song: "I'm sitting on top of the wo-orld," he carols. By the time he's finished all the songs he knows about how happy he is, we're at Warner Brothers and I've had about a thousand dollars worth of entertainment for nothing. Phil used to broadcast in New York on a sustaining program for Columbia, and his broadcast went out over a mere sixty-one stations. Probably you've heard him.

"Now, here," he begins when we get inside the studio, "you have Barbara Stanwyck in 'A Lost Lady.'"

"It's a pleasure," I respond.

"You see," Phil explains earnestly, "she marries a chap—Phillip Reed—and less than forty-eight hours later he is shot to death at her feet. She thinks life isn't worth living so her uncle sends her to the mountains. She meets Frank Morgan up there and he falls in love with her."

"That's not hard to believe," I murmur.

"Shut up," says Phil. "When he gets ready to leave she realizes she'll be pretty much alone so she offers to marry him after telling him she can never love him or anyone else again."

"Good old Babs," I enthuse. "Honesty is the best policy."

Phil ignores my enthusiasm and continues: "He's trying to make her happy, so he builds her a house and what a house!"

We get on to the stage and there it is. I'll say it's a house. It's an estate!

There are a series of lap dissolves showing all Morgan has done for Barbara, and at the end we come to them driving up to the gates in a big roadster. The head builder comes up as they are about to drive in, tips his hat and hands Morgan the keys to the place. Morgan nods and hands them over to Barbara.

Barbara is touched but I don't believe she's much impressed because the house Morgan is giving her can't compare to the one she really owns.

There's no dialogue in this scene. When it's finished she comes gayly down into the group of people standing around. Imagine my dismay and consternation when she doesn't recognize me. Me that had such a swell interview with her only a week ago. Oh, well. After failing to recognize Miss Griffies, I guess I can't grouse if Barbara fails to remember me.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Astrology the Oldest Science Known to Man Reveals favorable periods for travel, health, love, happiness, business, financial affairs. KNOW YOUR DESTINY. Prof. Mme. Beulah has helped thousands of men and women everywhere. Prepare and plan for any emergency. Print clearly your full name, address, year, month, day (hour if possible) and place of birth and mail with \$1. cash or U. S. 3c stamps. If not thoroughly satisfied money refunded. **FREE**—your one most vital question answered free.

PROF. MME. BEULAH
110 West 42nd St., New York City

WANT TO BROADCAST?



If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, 2000—14th St., N. W., Dept. 4K10, Washington, D. C.



Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, "How to Work Wonders With Words." North American Institute, Dept. 4437 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

"A LOST LADY"

Marian.....Barbara Stanwyck
 Ellinger.....Ricardo Cortez
 Daniel Forrester.....Frank Morgan
 Neil.....Charles Starrett
 Ned Montgomery.....Phillip Reed
 Robert.....Hobart Cavanaugh
 John Ormsby.....Henry Kolker
 Judge Hardy.....Walter Walker

"Just around the corner," Phil hums—
 "There's sunshine for me," I chime in.
 "No," says Phil. "There's the 'Case of the Howling Dog.'"

"The what?"

"The Case of the Howling Dog.' It's pretty complicated. Cartwright wants Foley arrested because Foley's police dog howls and is running him crazy. Warren William is Mason, a criminal lawyer, Grant Mitchell is Drumm, the District Attorney, Arthur Aylesworth plays Pemberton and Russell Hicks is Foley. We pick them up in Drumm's office."

"I would," Drumm is saying into the 'phone, "but it happens Perry Mason is here representing one of them. He demands an investigation." He hangs up the 'phone and turns to Mason. "You know, Perry, you're hard to get along with."

"Not when my clients get a square deal," Mason retorts.

The door opens just then and Deputy Sheriff Pemberton comes in. "Who are the witnesses?" he asks, when the introductions have been made.

"There's Arthur Cartwright," Foley answers, "who claims the dog howls. And Cartwright's housekeeper. She may also claim she heard the dog howl but you'll find she's deaf as a post and couldn't even hear it thunder. Then, there is my wife who is ill in bed, but she can talk to you. She knows the dog is quiet as a mouse. And there's Miss Benton, my housekeeper."

"How about the dog?" Pemberton grins. "He ought to have something to say about this."

"You'll find him a willing witness," Foley smiles.

"Okay," from Pemberton. "Come on, fellows."

"Well, what do you make of it?" Phil asks.

"It makes no sense to me," I snap. "Let's go."

"THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG"

Perry Mason.....Warren William
 Bessie Foley.....Mary Astor
 Della Street.....Helen Trenholme
 Lucy Benton.....Dorothy Tree
 Arthur Cartwright.....Gordon Westcott
 Sergeant Holcomb.....Allen Jenkins
 Clinton Foley.....Russell Hicks
 Elizabeth Walker.....Helen Lowell

So we amble over to the set of "Happiness Ahead," where that rising young actor, Mr. Dick Powell, is disporting himself in the company of Miss Josephine Hutchinson, who played "Alice in Wonderland" on the stage.

The scene is the interior of a night club or restaurant—or something. Dick is on top of a chair singing to the crowd. I forget the name of the song, but it was a good number.

"That boy can really sing," says Phil generously. And that from one singer to another is really praise.

"Hi, mugs," says Dick, when the song is finished. Then he turns to me. "The architect is coming over tonight for a final conference on the plans for my new house. Can you come up and go over them with us?"

"I'm trying to get away to go up to Yellowstone," I demur. "If we don't leave until late maybe I can make it."

"Sure you can," says Dick. "I'll be looking for you."



Easy to end pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin

Thousands report quick improvement with famous medicated cream.

DRESS SMARTLY! Make yourself as attractive as you can! But what's the use if a blemished skin ruins your charm for men?

Don't despair—your skin *can* be made clear, lovely, alluring. Not with ordinary creams, though! They remove only the surface dirt. Follow the advice of doctors, nurses and over 6,000,000 women who have already discovered this priceless beauty secret! Use Noxzema, the *medicated*

cream that actually helps *correct* complexion troubles—be they pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness or rough skin.

HOW IT WORKS

Noxzema's penetrating medications work deep into the pores—purge away clogged, blemish-causing poisons—leave pores *medically* pure and clean. Its balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—*overnight*—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

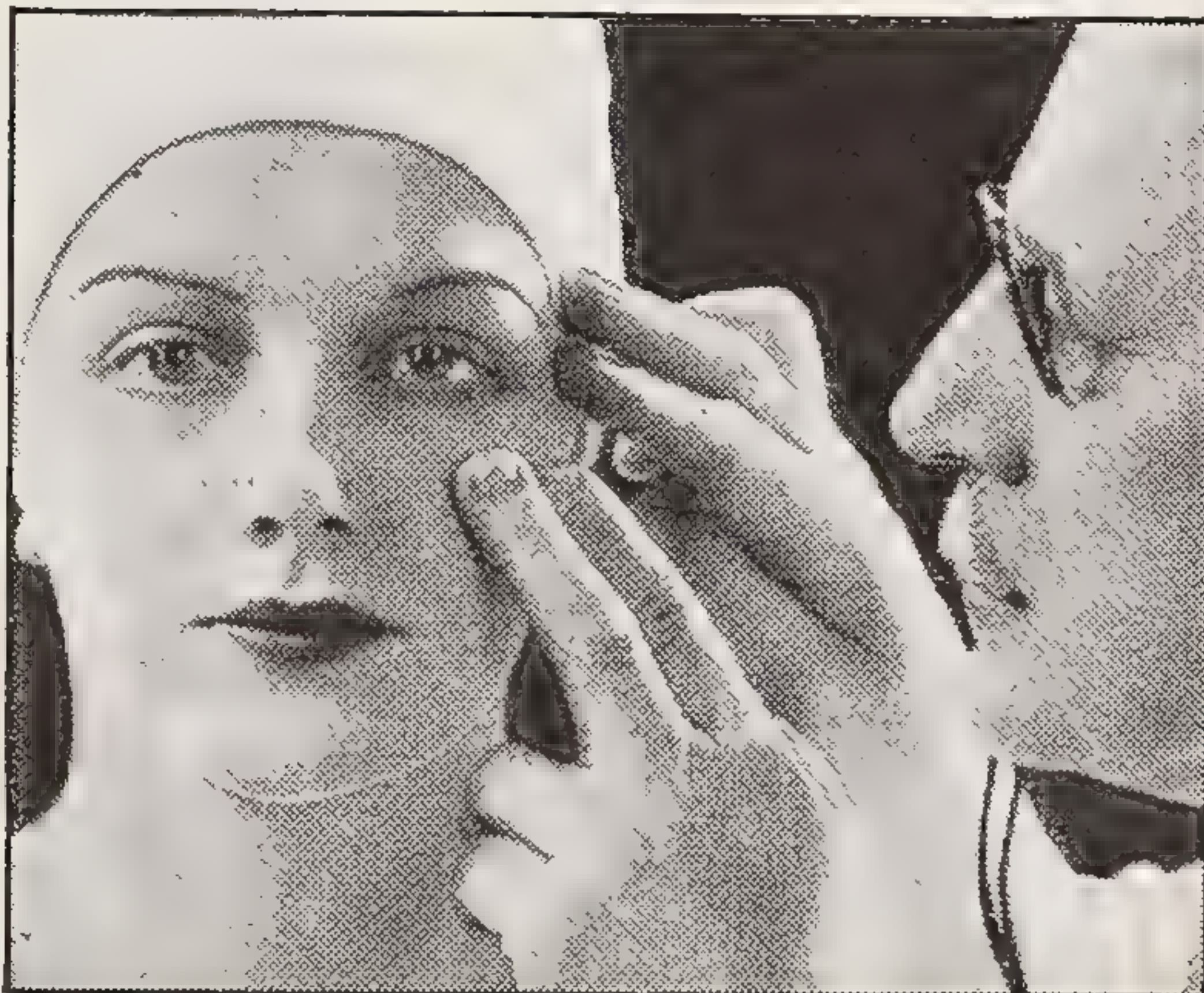
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin *tonight!* If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 810, Baltimore, Md.



Noxzema



New Beauty in 10 Days

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a *corrective* facial cream. Today Noxzema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

Get a trial jar of Noxzema—use it for 10 days to correct skin flaws—see how clearer, lovelier your skin becomes.

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET • NO MEDICINES
• NO EXERCISES •

AN AMAZING invention called A Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

FEW MINUTES A DAY ROLLS FAT AWAY

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for **FREE** Trial Offer—Today

ROLLETTE COMPANY,
3826 North Ashland Avenue
Dept. 102, Chicago, Illinois



ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star,
featured in "Very
Honorable Guy."

ASTROLOGY Reading 25¢

If you are interested in Astrology, you may receive a 1000-word Zodiac reading for only 25 cents. This reading discusses your tendencies in relation to your occupation, health, talents, love emotions, marriage and partnership.

Send your exact birthdate and 25c, coin or stamps, for your reading. In addition you will also receive a palmistry chart free of charge. Whether or not you believe in Astrology, you will find this reading based on your sign of the Zodiac interesting and entertaining. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. 906, San Diego, Calif. If you have a friend who wishes reading, send 50c for the TWO readings.



FREE
Palmistry Chart
with each order.

Asthma

Hay Fever • • Bronchitis

Prominent medical authority now advises colleagues—"There is no distressing and disabling diseased condition more amenable to correct handling than asthma." This coincides with our reports of thousands of cases. Revolutionary discovery of European physician—regarded as exceedingly important contribution to Materia Medica—has worked wonders. No adrenalin. No dope. Combats toxic condition. Attacks basic cause. Nothing else like it. Write at once for amazing details. R. M. B. Laboratories, Inc., 1344 Securities Building, Seattle, Washington.

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, **Opportunities in Modern Photography**, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 4437, 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing **KLEERPLEX WASH**. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients. Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, Shine. Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause **QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES** your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash **TODAY.** At your drug or department store—or send \$1.—(plus .10 postage) to **KLEERPLEX** (Dept. 17) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C. or pay postman (plus C.O.D. charge). Outside U. S. \$1.25, and no C.O.Ds. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!** Clip this ad.

"GENTLEMEN ARE BORN"

Bob Lane.....Dick Powell
Joan.....Josephine Hutchinson
Henry Bradford.....John Halliday
Josie.....Dorothy Dare
Tom Bradley.....Frank McHugh
Chuck.....Allen Jenkins
Anna.....Ruth Donnelly
Mrs. Bradford.....Marjorie Gateson
Meehan.....Russell Hicks
Boss of window washers.....J. M. Kerrigan
Girl.....Mary Louise Treen
Girl.....Mary Russell



Dick Powell's songs in "Happiness Ahead" are still echoing over the Warner lot.

"'Big Hearted Herbert' and 'Desirable' are on location," Phil informs me, "so I guess that about washes us up. Give me a ring when you get back. So long."

At Universal

TEDDY McDONALD, who has turned down several offers to act, because, as he says, he wants to eat regular, is waiting to show me around. At least, he isn't exactly waiting. I happen to catch him in the publicity offices so he can't get out of it.

"Say, Dick," says Teddy as we start over to the stages, "how'd you like to write the story of my life? Of course, I've never starved and nothing very colorful has ever happened to me but, then, there's my love life. Now, you take this Creole I've got a luncheon date with today—"

"You take her," I suggest. "This is my busy day."

"Okay," says Teddy totally unperturbed. "You're throwing away the chance of a lifetime. Well, anyhow, if you want to be strictly business, this set we're on is 'Imitation of Life' directed by the incomparable Mr. Stahl and starring Claudette Colbert. Claudette and Louise Beavers are partners in a pancake business. Louise's little girl is a white negro and Claudette's little girl has just called her 'a nigger.'"

The scene is Claudette's sitting room in back of the restaurant. The two women with their little girls are there.

"Jessie Pullman!" Claudette exclaims to her daughter, "for shame on you."

"There, now, Peola," Louise attempts to soothe her little girl, "quiet yo'se'f. You gotta take it, chile, and you might as well begin now."

"Apologize to Peola this instant," Claudette storms at her offspring.

"No, Miss Bea," says Louise philosophically, "don' make her 'pologize. Ain't no good in dat."

Suddenly Peola turns on her mother and beats at her with her little fists. "You—you—," she cries, "it's 'cause you're black! I ain't a nigger—you're the nigger. You make me black!"

"Peola!" Claudette exclaims in horror. "How can you?"

"She can't he'p herse'f jus' now, Miss Bea," murmurs Louise. "Hits like her pappy was. He beat his fists 'gainst life all his days. It jus' eat him th'ough and

th'ough. Hush, now, baby," she goes on. "You gotta learn to take it."

A scene like that has a sobering effect on anyone. I can't help wondering how many people will come away from that picture without realizing that here is a terrific social problem to which there seems no solution.

They haven't finished casting the picture yet, but as far as they've gone, it's:

"IMITATION OF LIFE"

Beatrice Pullman..Claudette Colbert
Delilah.....Louise Beavers
Jessie Pullman.....Juanita Quigley
Peola.....Siebe Hendricks

"Claudette and Louise have equal parts all through the picture," McDonald informs me. "It's the first time anything like it has ever happened."

"Well," I rejoin, "I've always felt I'd like to see more of Louise than the bits she usually plays. I'll bet she'll be terrific in this."

"Next on the list," McDonald continues, "since you don't want my love life, is 'Wake Up and Dream.' How's that for a title? If I remember correctly, it's one of those I thought up myself."

"I'll bet," I jeer.

McDonald looks hurt at my skepticism and says nothing loudly.

Presently we find ourselves in a dump of a living room with a quarter sawed oak, upright piano. Russ Columbo is sitting in front of it, with one arm resting on the music rack. His head is resting on his arm. He is idly strumming a tune—one he rehearsed in Atlantic City.

Suddenly the door to the bedroom opens and June Knight pops out, wrapped in one of Russ's bathrobes, much too big for her—and a pair of his slippers. She pauses in the doorway a second, regarding Russ with a worried, solicitous expression on her face.

Then, "Found this little outfit in there," she says gayly. "Do you mind?"

"Very smart, too," says Russ straightening up and turning to her. He doesn't want to be caught moping.

"It's kind of got you down, hasn't it?" June asks.

"Charlie and I have been together for ten years," Russ reminisces. "We broke in together—watering elephants—running errands. We've fought our way through carnival shows, saloons, circuses and what have you. Do you think I'd split with him now? It would be like cutting my arm off. He's just like my brother."

"Where do I fit in?" June wonders, a little bitterly.

Russ looks at her for a moment and I can tell where she fits in, but he only says, "You know what Charlie thinks of you. He's been walking around in a dream ever since the first day he saw you."

"Did you ever like anybody very much?" June asks after a minute. "Like you say Charlie likes me?"

"No," he answers without looking at her. "I'm kind of a catch-as-catch-can guy. Maybe I haven't met the right one."

"No," she agrees slowly, "I guess not."

What a swell theme song for Lyle Talbot that would be: "I'm a catch-as-catch-can guy." I must think to tell him about it. "Who else is in this?" I go on to McDonald.

He spits them off glibly:

"WAKE UP AND DREAM"

Paul Scotti.....Russ Columbo
Charlie Sullivan.....Roger Pryor
Toby Brown.....June Knight
Cellini.....Henry Armetta
Mme. Rose.....Catherine Doucet
Egghead.....Andy Devine
Earl Craft.....Spencer Charters
Preston.....Matt McHugh
Seabrook.....Gavin Gordon

"There's one other little gem you must see," McDonald goes on. It's called 'The Gift of Gab.' Practically everybody in pictures and on the radio have parts in it. Right now, some of the principals are having a little argument in Eddie Lowe's apartment.

When we arrive on the set, Eddie Lowe, attired in a red satin dressing gown that looks suspiciously like the one Phillip Reed wore in "Glamour," is lying on the divan. Doug Fowley is sitting on it. Hugh O'Connell sits, facing them. Suddenly as she comes into the room, followed by Victor Moore, we hear Gloria Stuart demanding, "Who's boring whom?"

"Good morning," Mr. Moore pipes, but no one pays any attention.

"Hello, honey," Lowe mutters absently to Gloria without even bothering to rise.

"Well, I mean—it looked like a good morning to me," Vic insists.

"What an effusive greeting," says Gloria. "Are you afraid I've got poison ivy?"

"Sit down, sugar," Eddie invites her and turns to Vic. "Whaddaya know, Colonel?"

"Well, my bird hasn't used his bath yet," Vic offers, "but this morning he went in wading."

"What about your broadcast?" Gloria demands of Eddie. "You'd better get going."

"I'm not going to broadcast," says Eddie calmly.

"You—aren't—going to broadcast?" Vic stutters in terror.

"But, Phil," Gloria protests, "you've got to. You can't let Bailey and the Colonel down like that."

"You've got to think of my liver," Mr. Moore whines.

"Think of your own liver," Mr. Lowe snaps peevishly, sitting up. "I told Bailey this morning unless he kicked in with the dough I want, I'm washed up. And I'm not kidding. No new contract, no broadcast—and that's that."

"And that is—that?" Vic echoes.

"Exactly!" from Mr. Lowe.

"But you can't do that, Phil," Gloria protests once more. "Why, if it weren't for the Colonel here, you wouldn't be where you are today. You can't let him down that way."

"She's right, Gabbie," Hugh chimes in, to Lowe. "No kiddin'. Argue with them next week, but—"

"Listen, fat boy," Eddie turns on him angrily, "there are half a dozen things I'm getting tired of and you're all of 'em. See—"

"All right," Gloria rages. "I tried to help you but you're just a loud false alarm. You let everybody down. You'd let me down one of these days, only I'm not going to be here to let you do it. Don't broadcast the game. Just be a heel. That's easy for you." Starting towards the door, "I've listened to you for seven months. You make my ears ache." To Vic, "Come along, Colonel." And with that she flounces out of the room.

"Oh, I know just the thing for an ear-ache," the Colonel promises, following her.

A little bird whispered to me that the only arguments on this picture were not the ones in the script. With an array of talent such as they've got for this masterpiece, I'll bet there was plenty of wrangling. Look at it:

"THE GIFT OF GAB"

Gabney.....Edmund Lowe
Barbara.....Gloria Stuart
Singer.....Ruth Etting
Margot.....Alice White
Trivers.....Victor Moore
Janitor.....Henry Armetta
Mac.....Douglas Fowley
Patsy.....Hugh O'Connell
Sound Man.....Sterling Holloway

Others: Phil Baker, Ethel Waters,
Gene Austin, Candy and Coco, Win-

HERE IS QUICK SAFE SURE

Relief

FROM PAINFUL FEET—

CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE TOES



Below This Line

"If you value your looks and health, give proper care to the part of your body 'below this line,' says DR. SCHOLL.

It makes no difference which of these foot troubles you may have—or how difficult you have found it to get relief—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will make you foot-happy the instant you apply them! Wherever your shoe rubs, presses or pinches an aching corn, painful callous, throbbing bunion, tender joint, sore toe, irritated instep or chafed heel—use one of these thin, soothing, healing, protective pads and RELIEF WILL BE YOURS. They are safe, sure; easy to apply; waterproof and don't come off when you bathe.

EASE NEW OR TIGHT SHOES—PREVENT SORE TOES, BLISTERS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes fit with ease, and enable you to walk, dance or golf in comfort. They protect the feet and prevent corns, sore toes and blisters.

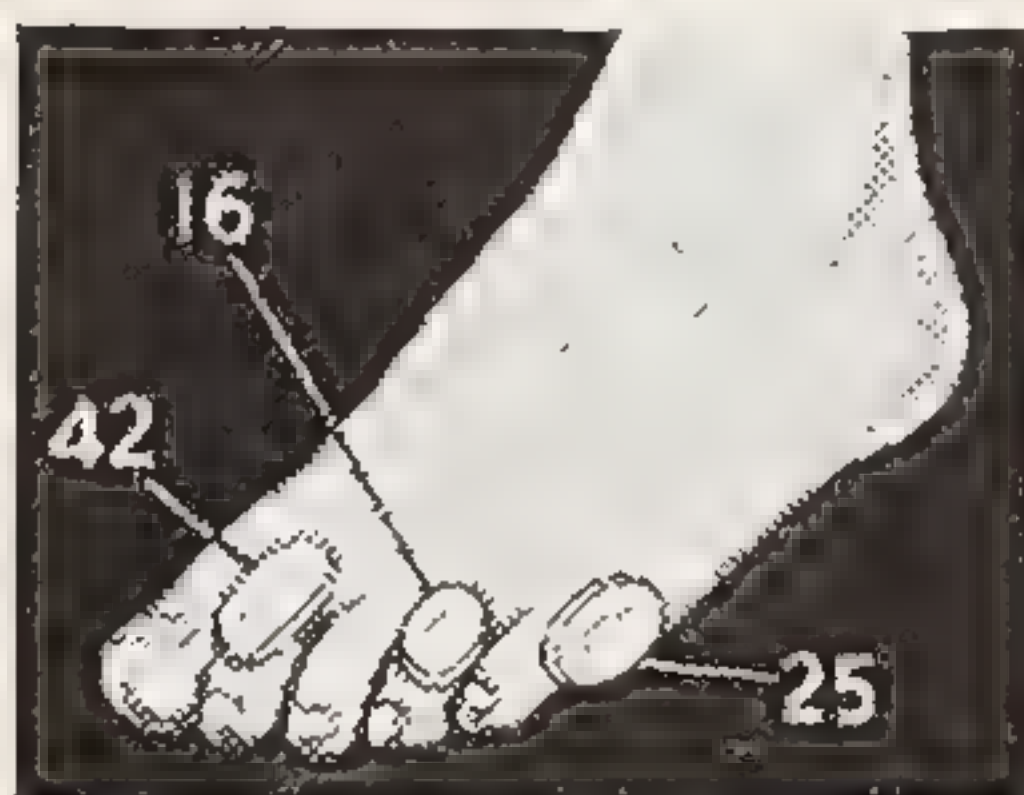
REMOVE CORNS AND CALLOUSES

Use these cushioning pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly and safely loosen and remove corns and callouses. No risk of acid burn this safe, sure way, or danger of blood-poisoning, which can so easily occur when you cut your corns or callouses. Get a box today at your drug, department or shoe store.

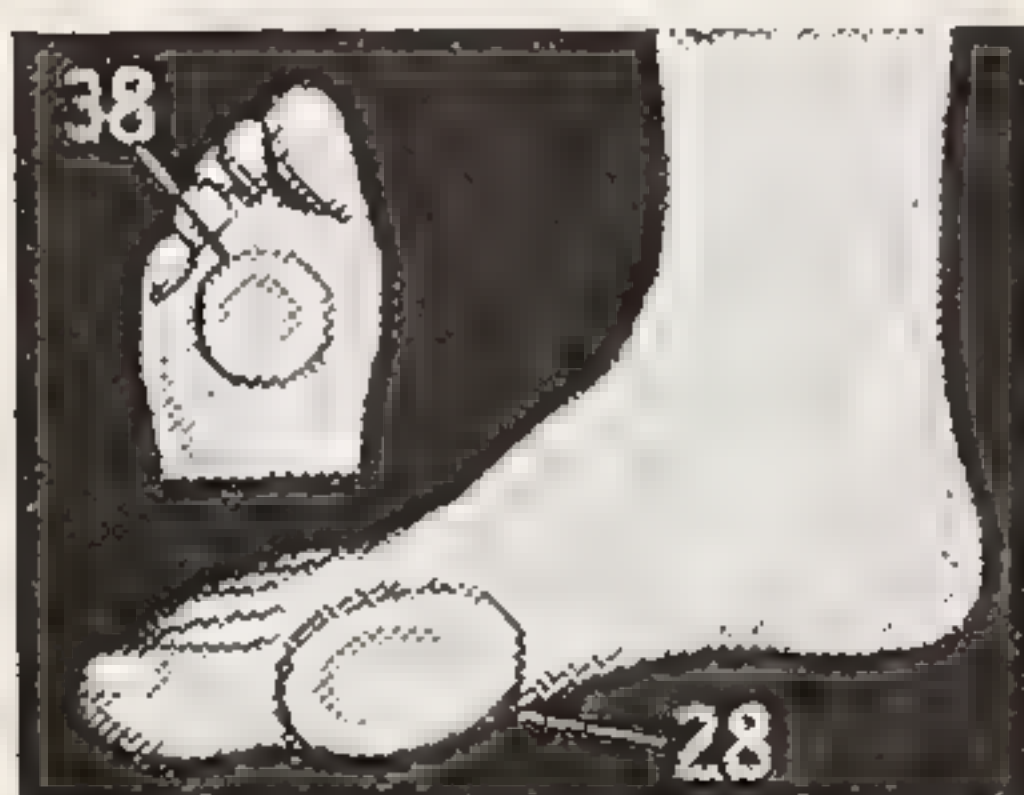
SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES—THICK

In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK", for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses. They remove pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.

Special Sizes—THICK



No. 42 for Hammer Toe
No. 16 for Thick Corns
No. 25 for Tender Joint Behind Little Toe



No. 38 for Thick Callouses
No. 28 for Large Bunions



For Corns—Sore Toes



For Callouses



For Bunions



For Soft Corns

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

TIBET

Learn the Wisdom of the Sages

TRUTH ALONE FREES MAN FROM BONDAGE! Through Mentalphysics you learn how to THINK RIGHT—LIVE RIGHT; the secret method of Ancient Wisdom that brings YOU Youth and Health, Success, Happiness, Beauty and Charm.

★ ★ Fear and Failure Disappear for ever.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER today as ever. IT CAN BE YOURS. . . .

★ ★ You need help . . . We have helped thousands WE CAN HELP YOU . . . costs nothing to find out.

A sealed book is now ready for your perusal—it explains what Mentalphysics can and will accomplish for you. Send for this book—it's free. Dept. SU-10.

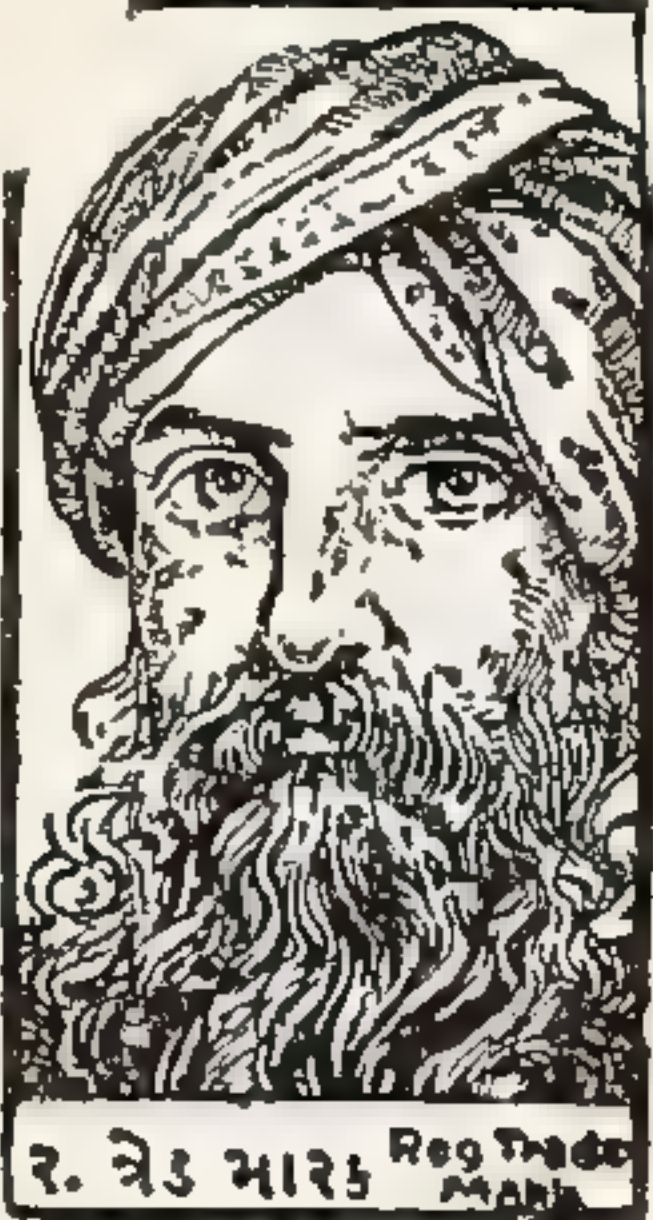
The INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS

THE FAULTLESS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Let Me Tell You

About your business, travel, changes, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days and many other interesting and important affairs of your life as indicated by astrology. Send for your special Astral Reading. All work strictly scientific, individual and guaranteed satisfactory. FOR MANY YEARS PRIVATE ASTROLOGICAL ADVISER TO ROYALTY and the ELITE. Write name, address and date of birth plainly. No money required, but if you like send 15 cents (stamps) to help defray costs. Address: PUNDIT TABORE (Dept. 465-C), Upper Forjett Street, BOMBAY VII, BRITISH INDIA. Postage to India is 5c.



SKIN TROUBLE? PSORIASIS — ECZEMA

and other obstinate skin eruptions Is it necessary to suffer from these unsightly skin irritations? PSORACINE, a wonderful new discovery now relieving many stubborn cases where other treatments failed. Try it no matter how long afflicted. Write for sworn proof and free information.

EDWARD Q. KLOWDEN
519 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable. No wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
765 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehe Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 4437, Chicago, Illinois

U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Start \$1260 to \$2100 year MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Write immediately for free list of positions and particulars telling how to get them. Many Fall examinations expected.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. G-305 Rochester, N.Y.

nie Shaw, The Three Stooges, Binnie Barnes, Beale St. Boys, Graham McNamee, Gus Arnheim and Band, Downey Sisters, Sidney Skolsky, Marcia Remy, Rian James, Chester Morris, Paul Lukas, Boris Karloff, June Knight, Lowell Sherman, Jane Wyatt and Bela Lugosi.

I bid McDonald goodbye and betake myself to R-K-O.



It is the "Age of Innocence" and John Boles and Julie Haydon can no longer resist. It is Irene Dunne's picture—and what she will do about this . . . !

R-K-O

IT SEEMS this day is never going to end. When I reach the studio, they tell me Ann Harding is on location with "The Fountain" and that this is the last day of shooting. So I can't tell you anything about that.

But "The Age of Innocence" is on the lot, even though it's just finishing. The scene is the promenade on an ocean liner, when John Boles and Julie Haydon are returning from their wedding trip. John is in love with Irene Dunne, and the prospect of returning to New York married to someone else isn't particularly alluring. They stand silently looking at the skyline.

Suddenly John turns and walks away. Julie slips her arm through his and gazes up at him adoringly, little suspecting what's in his mind.

I don't know either of them, Miss Dunne isn't working and as there are no laughs, so far as I'm concerned, on this set, I'll give you the cast and we'll call it quits:

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

Countess Olenska (Ellen) Irene Dunne
Newland Archer John Boles
May Welland Julie Haydon
Beaufort Lionel Atwill
Mrs. Welland Laura Hope Crews
Mr. Welland Herbert Yost
Granny Mingott Helen Westley
Mrs. Archer
Theresa Maxwell Conover
Janey Archer Edith Van Cleve
Butler Leonard Carey

It's a different story over on the next set where Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady and Edward Everett Horton are holding forth in "The Gay Divorce." The thing that burns me is, with that swell title, they're going to change it on account of all the hullabaloo that's being raised lately.

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 10 W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



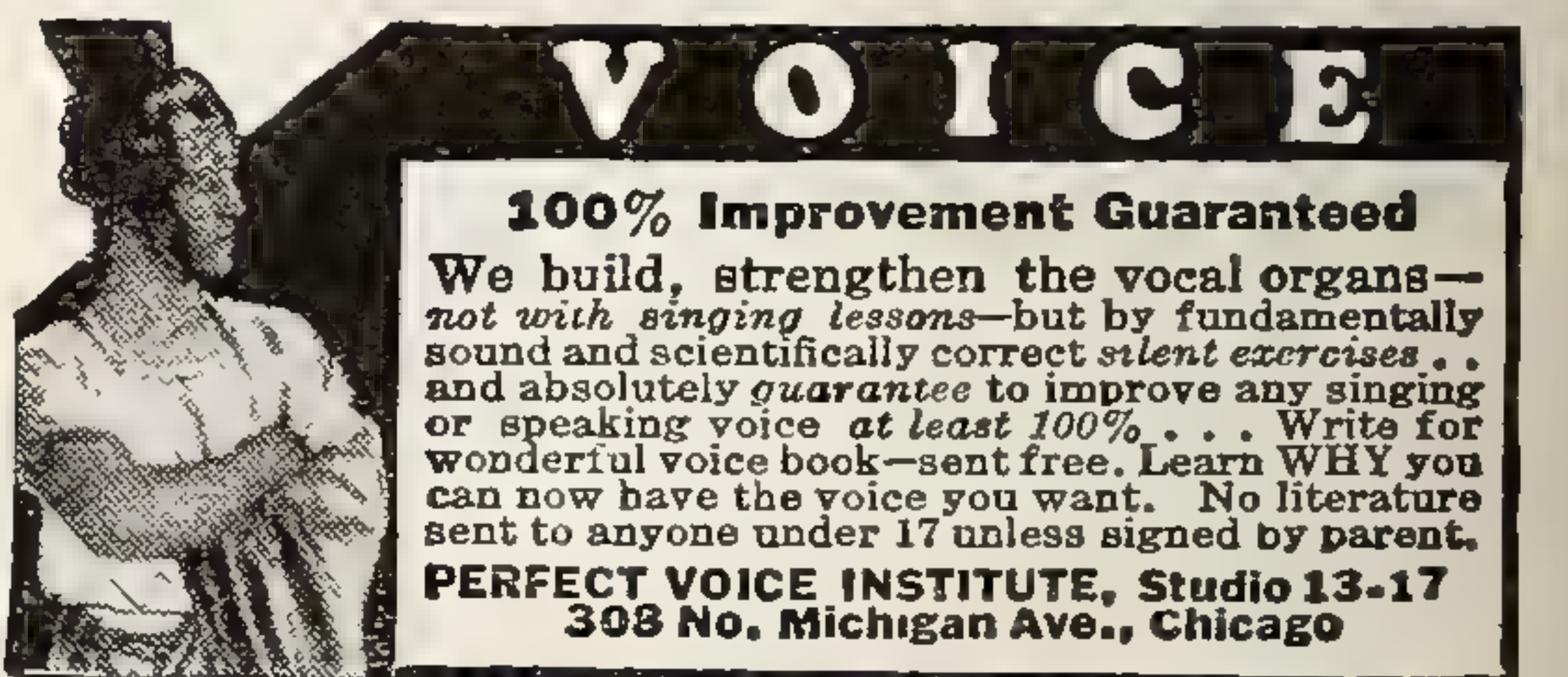
Unloved Hair OFF Face Lips Chin I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 73, Chicago.

REDUCE FAT! AMAZING NEW WAY!

No teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercises or starvation diet. Made from a secret herbal plant extract. Tried and tested by untold numbers with miraculous, amazing results. Praised by thousands. Designed to make you lose as much as 5 pounds a week by taking our pleasant new Anti-Fat double action tablets 3 times a day. Fat is dangerous to the heart and general health. Guaranteed to reduce if directions are followed. Quick, safe and harmless. The fat just disappears. Also used to prevent fat. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just mail \$1.00 for 1 month's supply. REDUCE NOW. Trial Supply 25c. Don't delay. Snyder Tablet Co., Dept. 303-E, 1434 N. Wells, Chicago

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can make YOU a NEW MAN!

I changed myself from 97-lb. weakling into twice winning title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man". I'll put layers of powerful muscle all over your body. If you're fat, flabby, I'll pare you down to fighting trim—or build you up if you're skinny. FREE—Write for my book "Everlasting Health and Strength" Tells how my natural method of Dynamic Tension gets quick results. Contains actual photos, valuable body facts. Send for your copy—NOW! It's FREE! CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 65-K, 133 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.



VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent. PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 13-17 308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Learn Advertising at Home

Make money in advertising. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free booklet—"Win Success in Advertising", and full particulars. No obligation.

Page-Davis School of Advertising
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 4437, Chicago, U. S. A.

SONGS WANTED FOR RADIO BROADCAST NEW WRITERS INVITED

Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Erik Rhodes is sitting at a piano off to one side of the stage, playing and singing a chansonette to Alice Brady. It sounds like "l'amour toujours amour" but he says it isn't. Alice has a pretty swell voice herself. When she and I were very young—but not together—I heard her sing in a revival of "Pinafore." Nowadays she remembers me as the chap she called "damned fool" because the first time I came to interview her I had a glass of beer with my lunch when I was on a diet. Mr. Horton doesn't know me at all and Mr. Astaire labors under the same misfortune, but Ginger knows me. Now, there's a girl for you! The only thing I don't like about Ginger is her waistline. When I look at my own, which is fast approaching 34, and then glance at hers which looks about 18, I lose all taste for Ginger, and become a very dull conversationalist.

Just about this time, the director calls them in for a scene. Ginger and Astaire take their places at the breakfast table, and Alice and Horton, along with Erik (who is a professional co-respondent) have just come in. Evidently Messrs. Horton and Astaire have been up to some trickery because Eddie eagerly demands, "Did it work?"

"Did it work?" Fred echoes. "Meet the future Mrs. Holden."

"Egbert and I are going to be married, too," Alice informs them, patting Eddie on the arm.

"Yes, yes, we are," Eddie agrees and then he remembers and turns a quizzical gaze on Alice. "Why, darling," he expostulates, "we were married—last night—on our way back from London."

"Were we?" Alice asks and then seeing his confusion, she covers it up to her own satisfaction if not his. "Oh, of course. How stupid of me. I forgot. Let's all hurry back to London and have a big celebration."

"Scusi, please," puts in Erik. "I am also good at parties."

Fred sweeps Ginger into his arms and they joyously dance around the room, over chairs and tables. You have never seen the equal of that dance. It was the sensation of New York last winter. Only while they're doing it in the studio, Ginger slips and twists her ankle. She must be in agony but it's the final scene in the picture so she insists that the doctor tape it up and she goes right on with the scene.



The Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture that we have been waiting for so long is practically finished, and still called "The Gay Divorcee."

"THE GAY DIVORCE"

Guy Holden.....Fred Astaire
Mimi.....Ginger Rogers
Hortense.....Alice Brady
Egbert Fitzgerald.....
Edward Everett Horton
Tonnetti.....Erik Rhodes
An Eccentric Waiter.....Eric Blore

At Fox's Western Avenue Studio

JUST when I think I'm all through and can thumb my nose at the studios for awhile, I remember I've not been to Fox's Western Avenue Studios.

I dash madly around there and find my old friend, Charlie Chan, at work—this time in London. It's an impressive set—a library with a huge, carved desk. Come to think of it, every time I've been on a Chan set, it's been an elaborate room with a desk in it. Apparently nothing ever happens except in rich circles. Warner Oland is nowhere in sight, but Drue Leyton is there in a smart little coatsuit with a black felt hat and white collar and cuffs. Mona Barrie, whom I confused with Nydia Westman when I reported "One Night of Love," is in a beaded, blue satin evening dress with a long fringe, and Alan Mowbray is impeccable in a dinner jacket.

Drue is pacing up and down the floor when the door opens and Alan and Mona enter.

"I—I hope you don't mind my coming here," Drue begs in subdued tones.

"What's happened?" Mary asks.

"Neil thinks Hugh is guilty," Drue tells them. "He thought so all the time he was defending him—and today he told someone who might have helped. Now, I've got to start all over."

"Cut," calls the director.

"See that chap," Frank Perrett whispers as we leave. "His name is Walter Johnson. He used to be in a respectable business and then someone saw him and suggested he take a test and now he's in pictures."

Mr. Johnson is a good looking chap but I can't be bothered now. It's nearly six o'clock and I've still got to finish packing. Before I go, though, I must give you the roster:

"CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON"

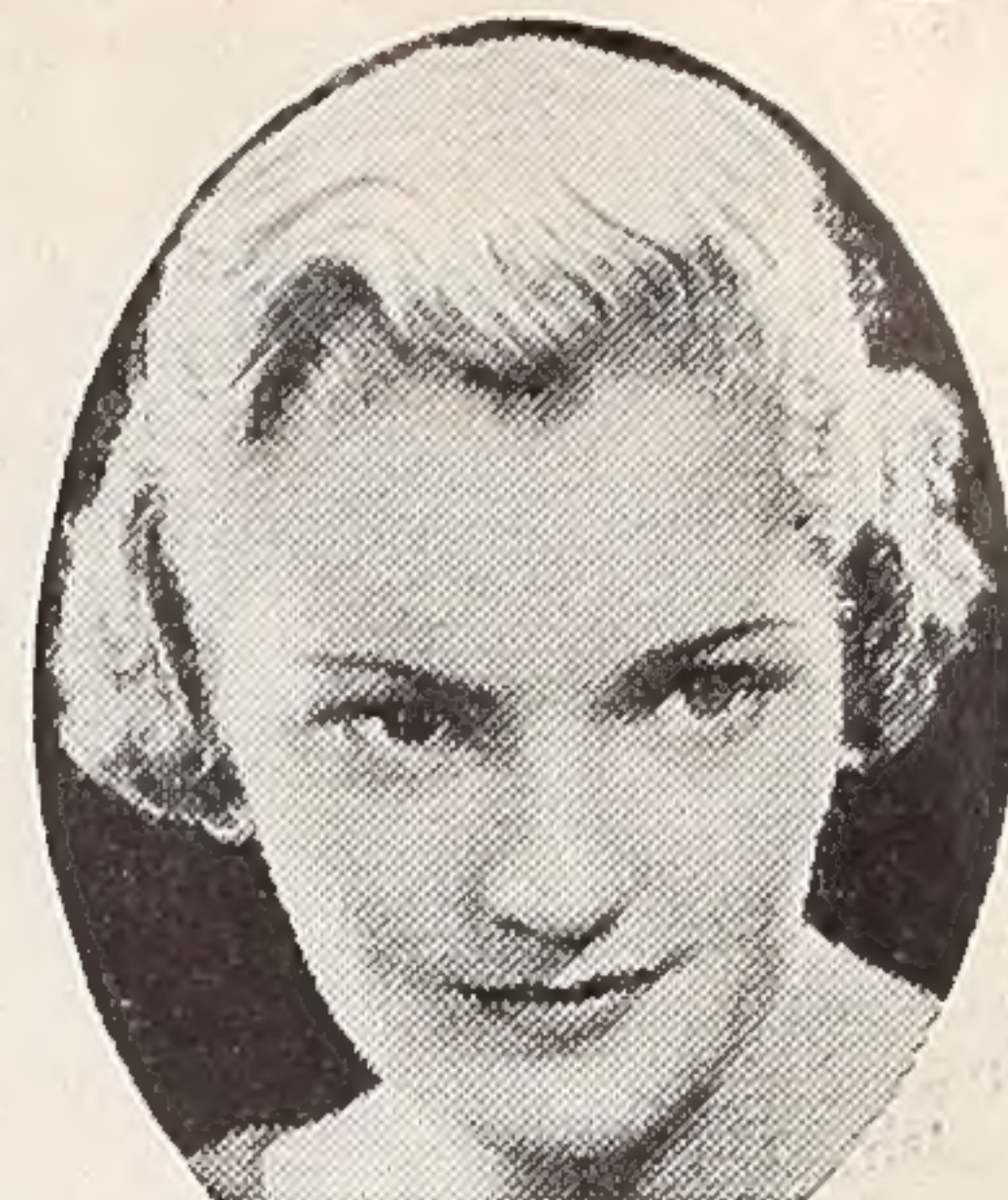
Charlie Chan.....Warner Oland
Pamela Gray.....Drue Leyton
Hugh Gray.....Douglas Walton
Neil Howard.....Ray Milland
Lady Mary Bristol.....Mona Barrie
Major Jardine.....George Barrard
Richmond.....Alan Mowbray
Hepplewhite.....Murray Kinnell
Garton.....Walter Johnson
Mrs. Fothergill.....Madge Bellamy
Home Secretary.....David Torrence

That's all. 'Scuse, please? See you next month!

THE new over-night plane service to New York from Los Angeles is bringing more and more celebrities to the East. Gary Cooper worked in Hollywood on Monday, visited friends in New York Tuesday, and returned to the studio to work Wednesday.

BLONDES

Wash
golden
sunshine
into your
hair!



BLONDE hair, like silk chemises, demands special treatment. That's why thousands of blondes shampoo their hair only with Blondex, the shampoo created especially for them. They know it not only helps prevent darkening, but also keeps the hair light, sparkling, and golden. Safely brings back the beautiful sheen and lustre that made blonde hair so attractive. It is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Blondex is a powdery shampoo that bubbles instantly into a rich, creamy lather. At all drug and department stores in two sizes — \$1.00 and 25¢.

YOUR FACE

CAN BE CHANGED

Dr. Stotter, a graduate of the university of Vienna, with many years of experience in Plastic Surgery, reconstructs unshapely noses, protruding and large ears, lips, wrinkles around the eyes and eyelids, face and neck, etc., by methods as perfected in the great Vienna Polyclinic. Moderate Fees. FREE BOOKLET "FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION" SENT ON REQUEST. Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 41-J, N. Y.



KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a \$2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations. D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 30-M, Providence, R.I.

BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Mail the coupon. Many men I trained at home in spare time make \$40, \$60, \$75 a week. Many make \$5, \$10, \$15 a week in spare time while learning. Get facts about Radio's opportunities and my amazingly practical 50-50 method of training. Home experimental outfits make learning easy, practical, fascinating. Money back agreement protects you. Mail coupon for free 64-page book.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4KP9
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly)

Name Age.....

Address

City State.....

CONSTIPATION

MUCUS COLITIS, GASEOUS STOMACH

X-RAY ILLUSTRATIONS

BEFORE

AFTER



Note the stringy, knotty appearance of unhealthy colon



FLORATONE makes normal healthy colon

"WELL AGAIN"

"After taking 3 Floratone treatments my bowel movements were regulated. Now my Mucus Colitis has disappeared and my gaseous stomach troubles overcome. I am well again for the first time in years." W. S. Girardin.



Overcome for Sufferers

Floratone, a safe new home treatment for treating these ailments, is being used exclusively in a Los Angeles Clinic with splendid results. Floratone brings relief from Constipation in 15 minutes and continued use for several weeks successfully treats the most stubborn cases of Constipation, Mucus Colitis, and Gaseous Conditions of bowels and stomach for chronic sufferers. Its discoverer does not care how long you have taken pills, mineral waters, salts, etc., he wants you to use Floratone 10 days and prove its value to you WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT. MAIL COUPON NOW.

ACCEPT 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

FLORATONE COMPANY,
Dept. J-3, 2512 W. 7th St., Los Angeles

Rush me 10-day trial offer and FREE 16-page book, "Facts About Constipation, Colitis and Floratone," Without Cost.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

FREE
BOOK

The Final Thing



Grace Moore

IF YOU know a young, budding genius, see that he or she goes to "One Night of Love," the Grace Moore picture. It is the story of a girl who wants to become an opera singer, and does. The glorious voice of Miss Moore makes it all very real and musical and, before you know it, you too feel the stirrings of ambition and yearn to make something of that talent of yours.

So inspiring is this picture that the sensitive artist souls everywhere will be stirred and many of them will be swept from their moorings. They will say farewell to mothers and friends, and soon we will be meeting them in Greenwich Village.

Israel Zangwill in "The Master" expressed his wonder that even in the lowliest places a great artist may be born; strange to his parents, never understood by his boyhood friends, and then, finally, honored and loved by all the world.

So Grace Moore's picture will go across the land. And because of its marvellous spirit, many pictures will be painted and verses penned. Some inspired youths will start on paths leading to Salons and Academies and some will set forth for trails that end in garrets.

Thus does Fate shape our destinies.

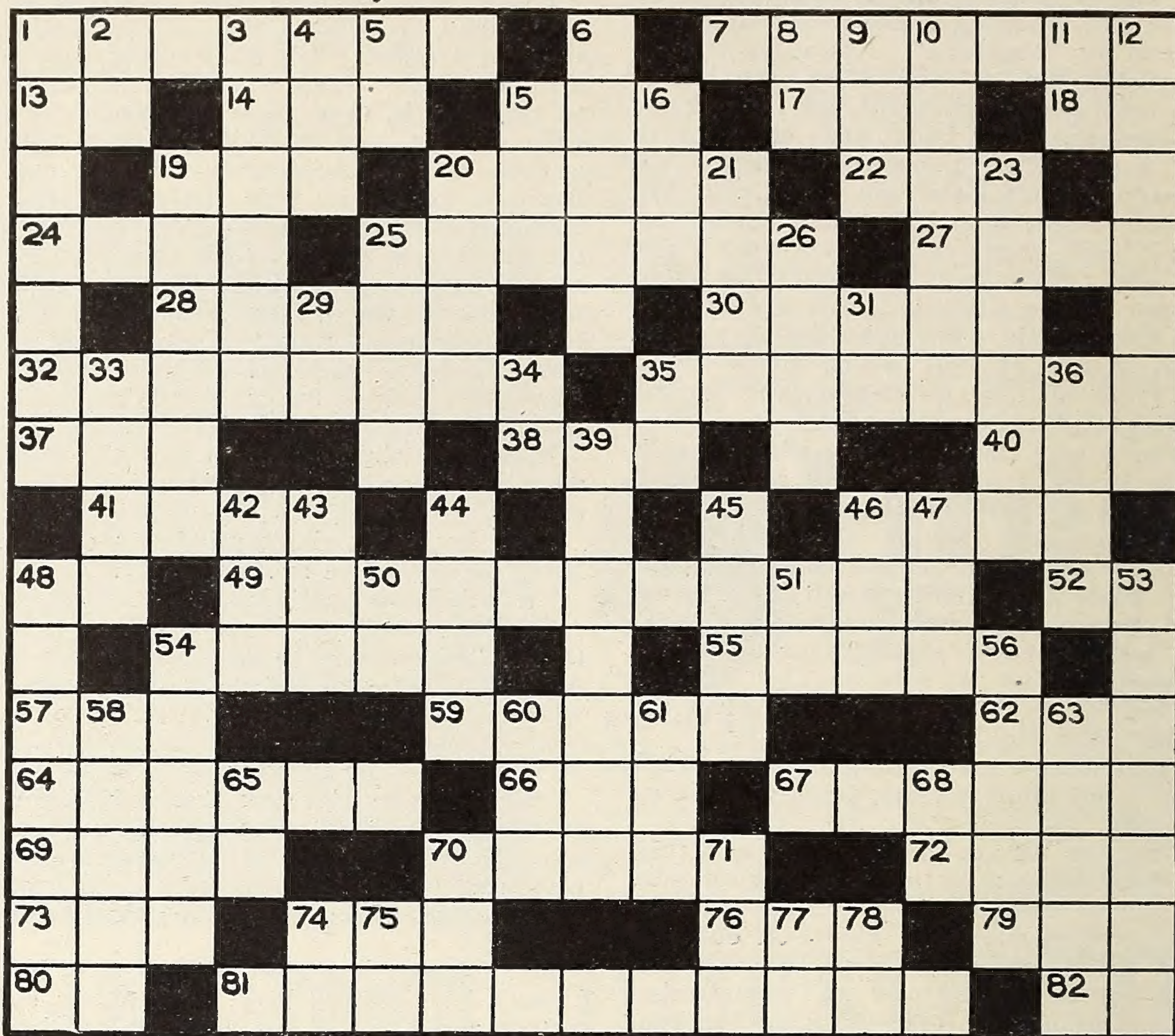
Meet you in Milan—or in my garret.

Edw. Keen

EDITOR

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

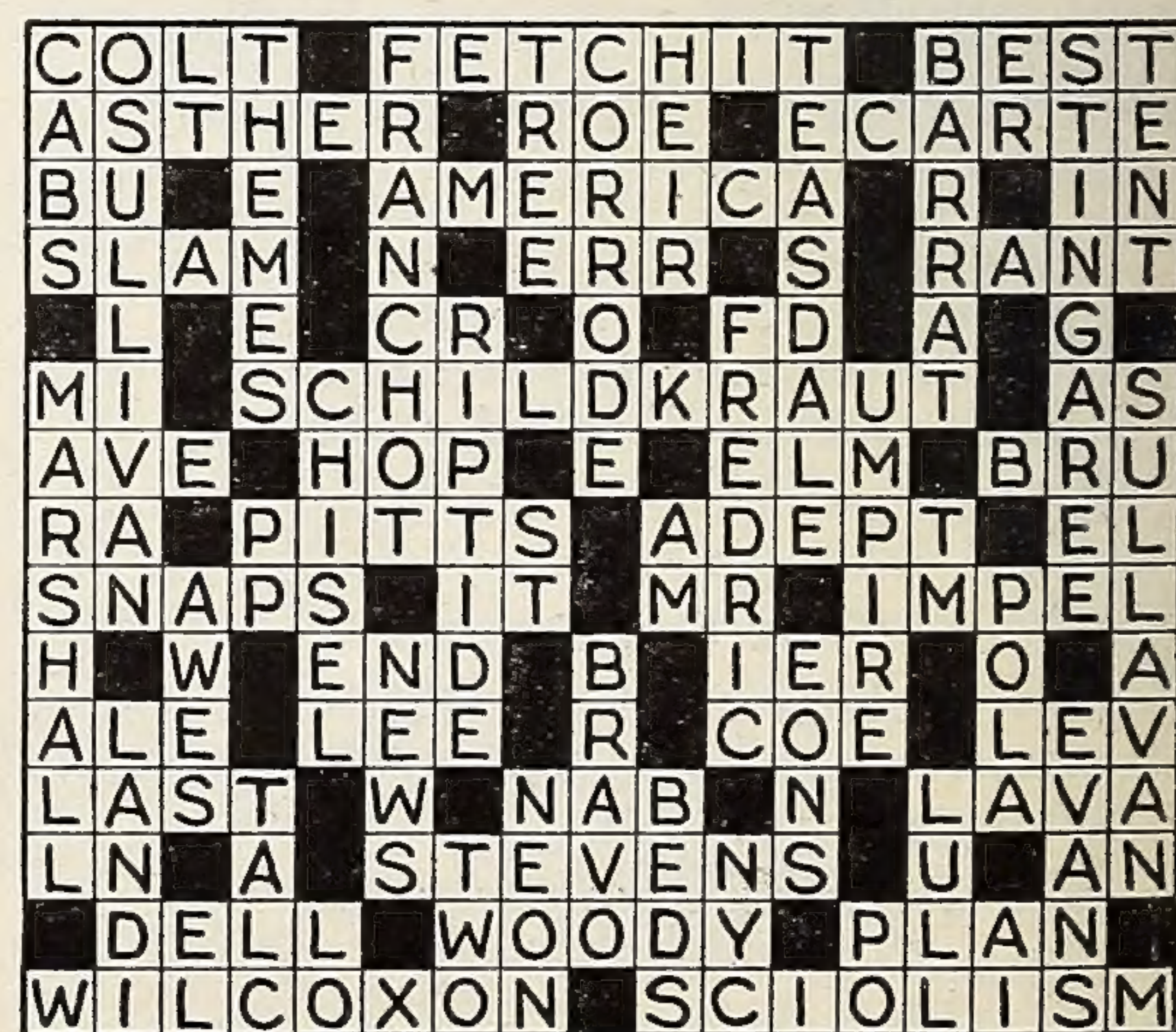
- 1 The rich eligible bachelor of "Cheaters"
- 7 Star of "The Fountain"
- 13 Indefinite article
- 14 To take solid food
- 15 "Samboul Quest" was her first starring picture
- 17 Division (abbr.)
- 18 Either
- 19 Weep
- 20 She has a home in Honolulu
- 22 A "man in white" (abbr.)
- 24 Uproar
- 25 Revolves
- 27 What the postman did
- 28 A girl's name in intimate form
- 30 To terrify
- 32 He stars in "Whom the Gods Destroy"
- 35 Mort Holmes in "This Man Is Mine"
- 37 A lady sheep
- 38 Before
- 40 A section of Brooklyn (abbr.)
- 41 Famous English school
- 46 The salesman in "Money Means Nothing"
- 48 Battalion (abbr.)
- 49 Tarzan
- 52 Southern state (abbr.)
- 54 She was excellent in "Of Human Bondage"
- 55 A lawful proprietor
- 57 Good old twelve percent
- 59 Rectify
- 62 Acme
- 64 The wife in "Vergie Winters"
- 66 Part of the verb "to be"
- 67 Shines vividly
- 69 Extended
- 70 The lovely dream girl in "Berkeley Square"
- 72 A stage and radio comedian
- 73 To steep
- 74 The Old Maestro
- 76 Make a mistake
- 79 Mrs. Joel McCrea
- 80 The "Thirty Day Princess" (initials)
- 81 Charley in "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back"
- 82 Elder (abbr.)

DOWN

- 1 The male star of "The Merry Widow"
- 2 Upon
- 3 The deacon in "Half a Sinner"
- 4 An old timer who returns in "Ladies Should Listen"
- 5 Near
- 6 An English actor in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
- 8 A printed published notice
- 9 To free
- 10 In "Housewife" with George Brent
- 11 Denial
- 12 Shared honors with Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings"
- 15 A measure of distance (abbr.)
- 16 Still
- 19 B. A. Rolfe plays it

- 20 The male love interest in "Half a Sinner"
- 21 A species of Joe Penner's duck
- 23 More placid
- 25 A small stream of water
- 26 To stretch from side to side
- 29 Ed Wynn's pet word
- 31 A player in "The Notorious Sophie Lang" (initials)
- 33 Louis the XV in "Du Barry"
- 34 Old English pronoun
- 35 To exist
- 36 Tips
- 39 A well known composer
- 42 To be indebted
- 43 Snare
- 44 At sea
- 45 To work in a laborious manner
- 46 A marsh
- 47 Metal in its natural state
- 48 Usually cast as a maid
- 50 A pronoun
- 51 The mother in "No Greater Glory" (initials)
- 53 New York City is his birthplace
- 54 To catch in a net
- 56 Destroyed
- 58 Takes pleasure in
- 60 A human being
- 61 Before marriage
- 63 Goddess of vegetation
- 65 South Dakota (abbr.)
- 68 She's in "The Gay Divorce" (initials)
- 70 An insect
- 71 The roaring M-G-M trademark
- 74 A measure (abbr.)
- 75 Jack Dempsey's former wife (initials)
- 77 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 78 Right (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





Brings You Sixteen Issues

AN eight-month subscription to both SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN at half the single copy price.

Think of it! Sixteen issues of your favorite screen magazines at a little more than a nickel each—and delivered to your door.

That means that twice a month for eight months you will receive a brand new screen magazine, brimming full of all the latest Hollywood news.

The last of each month you will get the new issue of SCREENLAND. And then about two weeks later your new SILVER SCREEN will arrive. In other words, for eight long months you will never be without a fresh copy. And all for a dollar.

Fill in the coupon and mail today!

BE AMONG the first to cash in on this unusual offer—the most liberal ever made to our readers.

And remember SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN have long been recognized as the two leading screen magazines. And they are going to be bigger and better than ever during the coming months.

You'll enjoy every word of the news and gossip columns, the reviews of the new pictures, the interviews with your favorite stars. And you'll like the beauty articles, the home furnishing pages, the contests, the snapshots of picture people at work and play, the rotogravure section and dozens of other features that make SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN the best edited magazines that money can buy.

So fill in the coupon *right now* and mail it to us with a dollar in money-order, check, or cash. And for eight months you'll get the biggest dollar's worth of pleasure you ever bought.

SILVER SCREEN SUBSCRIPTION CLUB,

SILVER SCREEN MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Here's one dollar (\$1.00) for which you are to send me an eight-month subscription to SILVER SCREEN MAGAZINE and an eight-month subscription to SCREENLAND. (Canadian postage \$1.10 extra; Foreign \$1.55 extra.)

Name

Address

*"All clear
they Satisfy"*

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder."

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."



"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night — snowing — and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."

46 2550